ON FEBRUARY 1ST

I WILL BEGIN TO CLOSE OUT MY ENTIRE STOCK OF

WINTER GOODS FOR ACTUAL COST, For Cash.

Come in and get goods in price lower than you have ever seen them. Clothing, Overcoats, Boots, Shoes, Men's Woolen Shirts, Blankets Dress Goods, in fact every thing you need.

THESE GOODS

Must Be Closed Out

BEFORE MY SPRING STOCK COMES IN.

—I MEAN BUSINESS—

And will convince you that my prices are lower than you can buy elsewhere in the county.

VERY TRULY YOURS

MARLINTON, W. VA. S. W. HOLT.

Looking Backward

—MAY BE A PLEASING PASTIME,—

But we take more pleasure in "Looking Forward" to the time when the population of this county will all have become convinced that at my establishment is the best place to buy anything in the mercantile line than anywhere else in the county.

Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, etc.

—YOU MUST EAT!—

Since it is a self evident fact that you must Eat to Live, or Live to Eat I desire to present to your consideration my complete stock of

GENERAL GROCERIES.

CAREFUL SELECTION, PURE GOODS, REASONABLE PRICES

—APPEAL TO YOUR—

REASON POCKET HEALTH

West End of Bridge.

**P. GOLDEN,
Marlinton, W. Va.**

In Poor Health

means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected. Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

Brown's Iron Bitters

If you are feeling out of sorts, weak and generally exhausted, nervous, have no appetite and can't work, begin at once taking the most reliable strengthening medicine, which is Brown's Iron Bitters. A few bottles cure—benefit comes from the very first dose—*it won't stain your teeth*, and it's pleasant to take.

It Cures

Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver Troubles, Neuralgia, Constipation, Bad Blood Malaria, Nervous ailments Women's complaints.

Get only the genuine—it has crossed red lines on the wrapper. All others are substitutes. On receipt of two 2c. stamps we will send set of **Ten Beautiful World's Fair Views** and book—free.

BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

NOTICE! I will offer for sale or rent, my store-house and lot at Lobelia. A first class stand for a store. No opposition. Seven miles from Academy, and ten from Renick's Valley. Four miles from turnpike, and near the line of the B. & O. R. R. survey. A promising town.

Lobelia. W. Va. W. B. HILL.

West Virginia Catholics to Have an Official Paper.

We print the following notice, of especial interest to Catholics, by request of Rev. O. H. Moye, of Wheeling:

A new church paper has made its appearance before the public. It has assumed the name of *The Church Calendar of West Virginia*. It is made up of a Calendar of the religious feasts celebrated in the Catholic Church, little items of news concerning church affairs in West Virginia, and other small articles that would interest members of the Catholic Church. The first number also contains a directory of the churches, missions, and stations, as also the clergy of the Diocese. The paper is printed in Wheeling, and its headquarters are at the Cathedral.

PATTERSON SIMMONS
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Plasterer and Contractor.

Work done on short notice.

FEED, LIVERY
—AND—
SALE STABLES.

First-Rate Teams and Saddle-Horses Provided.

☞ Horses for Sale and Hire. ☜

SPECIAL ACCOMODATIONS FOR STALLIONS.

A limited number of Horses boarde.

All persons having horses to trade are invited to call. Young horses brokec to ride or work.

J. H. G. WILSON,
Marlinton w. Va.

W. H. Hill v. E. M. Brown, dismissed adjusted.

W. A. Bratton, Trustee, v. Wm. S. Burr et als, answers of defendants filed.

D. W. Sharp v. Silas Barlow, referred to, W. A. Bratton, Commissioner.

A. C. Wooddell v. F. H. Chapman, cause revived.

H. S. Rucker v. John M. Wilfong, decree of sale of land.

Sam'l B. Scott, appointed commissioner in chancery.

S. W. Holt v. Beverly Waugh, referred to commissioner S. B. Scott.

J. C. Arbogast admr. of Peter Beverage v. J. McKinnison, decree for plaintiff for $11.52 and costs.

E. O. Moore v. F. K. Moore, omitted from docket.

Rachel Beverage v. Hugh McLaughlin, answer to supplemental bill filed.

Andrew C. Wooddell admr. v. Andrrw C. Wooddell's Heirs, referred to commissioner Bratton.

McAllister v. Lardy, and Augusta National Bank v. Lardy etc. decree entered and cause ended.

K. S. Fultz v. G. W. Beverage, referred to commissiner Scott.

Wm. A. Parsons v. A. Combs, decree of sale entered.

Jos. V. Cackley v. James T. Rose, decree of sale entered.

Jacob Piles v. John Piles, and R. P. G. Sharp v. H. S. Rucker, order speeding cause entered.

Daniel O'Connell v. The Cumberland Lumber Company answer of defendants filed.

Lyons McKee & Co., v. F. C. Vandevort, cause retired objected.

N. Frank & Sons v. E. I. Holt, consent decree entered the creditors accepting 50 cents.

Bruffey's admr. v. Bruffey's Heirs, referred to commissioner Bratton.

Geo. C. Hill's admr. v. Geo. C. Hill's Heir's, special commissioner directed to execute order of October term 1894.

Daniel Miller & Co., v. Wm. C. Coulter, decree of sale.

Elhart Joyner & Co., v. J. W. Riley, referred to commissioner Scott.

Cumberland Lumber Co. v. O'Connell, injunction dissolved as to Harvey Kerens, B. F. White, and Samuel Cline.

State of West Virginia v. One Hundred Acres and Fifteen Acres in the matter of Forfeited Lands, referred to commissioner McNeil.

Same v. Joseph Pennell, and others, decree of sale of tract of 50 acres.

B. M. Yeager, Commissioner of School Lands, reports twenty-two tracts of waste and unappropriate lands in this county.

Levi Gay v. William Skeen, and others, etc., decree of sale, and decree entered for distribution of the fund according to commissioner McClintic's report, no. 4.

John Galford v. W. W. Galford, and others, decree entered pronouncing plaintiff's title to land under will absolute, clearing his title.

M. Shackman v. C. B. Swecker, answer of defendant filed.

Gibson's Administrator v. Gibson's Heirs, decree of sale of lands ordered.

Coulter v. Coulter, a suit for divorce and alimony, dismissed.

W. A. Bratton, Trustee, v. Burr, answers filed.

Cumberland Lumber Company v. O'Connell, answers filed.

Witz, Biedler & Co. v. Herold & Moore, etc., referred to commissioner Scott.

Skeen's Adm'r. v. McGraw, sale confirmed to John T. McGraw.

Levi Gay v. J. B. Lockridge, answer of Mrs. L. B. Lockridge filed.

Levi Gay v. John Galford, answer filed.

INDICTMENTS.

State v. Alex. Armstrong, Felony,
Frank Cumberland, "
two cases against both,
Alex. Armstrong, carrying deadly weapons, 2 cases. Frank Cumberland same.
State v. Charles Slavin, Felony.
" Andrew Kellison, "
" R. S. Fertig, selling liquor, 5
" William Gragg, " 1
" Ephraim Vandervander, 2
" Minor Vaandervander, 1
" Frank Jackson, Jo Dilley, Jr misdemeanor
" Ed Young, " 7 cases.

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

Dr. G. C. Osgood,
Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

Dr. J. F. Kincheloe,
Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. Archer, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

United Hospital and Dispensary,
Boston, Mass.

Allen C. Smith, *Pres.*,

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

Waverley BICYCLES.

Are the Highest of All High Grades

Warranted Superior to Any Bicycle Built in the World, Regardless of Price, or the Name of the Maker.

Read the following opinion of one of the most prominent American dealers, who has sold hundreds of these wheels:

RICHMOND, VA., Oct 2, 1894.

Indiana Bicycle Company, Indianapolis, Ind.:

GENTLEMEN—The Waverly Scorcher and Belle came to hand yesterday. We are afraid you have sent us the high priced wheel by mistake. You can't mean to tell us this wheel retails for $85? We must say that it is, without exception, the prettiest wheel we have ever seen, and, moreover, we have faith in it, although it weighs only 22 lbs., for of all Waverleys we have sold this year and last (and you know that is a right good number), we have never had a single frame nor fork broken, either from accident or defect, and that is more than we can say of any other wheel, however high grade, so called, that we sell. We congratulate ourselves every day that we are the Waverley agents.

Yours truly, WALTER C. MERCER & CO.

High Frame, Wood Rim, Detachable Tire, Scorcher, weight 22 lbs . . $85.

Steel Rims, Waverly Clincher, Detachable Tires, weighs 25 lbs $85

Regular Frame, same weights $85

Ladies' Drop Frame, same weights and Tires . . $75

26-inch Diamond, Wood Rims, weight 21 lbs . . $74

A - GOOD - AGENT - WANTED.

In every town a splendid business awaits the right man. Get our Catalogue "J." Free by mail.

INDIANA BICYCLE CO.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

IT TICKLES YOU
THE INSTANT RELIEF YOU GET FROM
LIGHTNING HOT DROPS.

CURES Colic, Cramps, Diarrhœa, Flux, Cholera Morbus, Nausea, Changes of Water, etc.
HEALS Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Scratches, Bites of Animals, Serpents, Bugs, etc.
BREAKS UP Bad Colds, La Grippe, Influenza, Croup, Sore Throat, etc.

SMELLS GOOD, TASTES GOOD.

SOLD EVERYWHERE AT 25C AND 50C PER BOTTLE. NO RELIEF, NO PAY.

HERB MEDICINE CO. [Formerly of Weston, W. Va.] SPRINGFIELD, O.

The Confederate Veteran
and the
Pocahontas Times, $1.65.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VOL. 12, NO. 38. MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, APRIL 19, 1895. $1.00 IN ADVANCE.

Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff,..................J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff,...........R. K. Burns.
Clerk County Court,.......S. L. Brown.
Clerk Circuit Court,....J. H. Patterson.
Assessor,..............C. O. Arbogast.
Commissioners Co Court { C. E. Beard, G. M. Kee, A. Barlow.
County Surveyor.......George Baxter.
Coroner,..............George P. Moore

County Board of Health: Dr. J. W. Price, L. M. McClintic, M. J. McNeel, J. C. Arbogast.

Justices: A. C. L. Gatewood, Split Rock; Charles Cook, [illegible] H. Grose, Huntersville; Wm. L. Brown, Dunmore; G. R. Curry, Academy; Thomas Bruffey, Lobelia.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, third Tuesday in June, and third Tuesday in October.

County Court convenes on the first Tuesday in January, March, October, and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

LAW CARDS.

N. C. McNEIL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Coufrts o Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,
ATTY. AT LAW & NOTARY PUBLIC
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. A. BRATTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

ANDREW PRICE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will be found at Times Office.

SAM. B. SCOTT, JR.
LAWYER,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

All legal business will receive prompt attention.

PHYSICIAN'S CARDS.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,
DENTIST,
MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
BEVERLY, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in The Times.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office next door to H. A. Yeager's Hotel. Residence opposite Hotel. All calls promptly answered.

J. M. BARNETT, M. D.,
HAS LOCATED AT
FROST, W. VA.

Calls promptly answered.

ANDREW CARNEGIE, in a recent article in *The Forum* entitled "What I would do with the tariff if I was tsar," advances the novel idea, and it is the main thought of the whole paper, that only the rich and luxurious class use imported articles, and that this class likes to have the supplies used by them high, and out of reach of the common herd, in fact, making *price* a great object. He says further that the goods of the laboring class are manufactured in America almost exclusively, and proves it by figures. A comparatively small part of the revenue of the tariff is imposed upon articles of consumption which rich and poor must use alike, such as sugar. As there are two institutions benefitted by the tariff, the government, which derives a revenue, and the manufacturer, who is afforded protection, Mr. Carnegie very conclusively proves that of money caused to be paid by a tariff the rich pay theirs into the treasury at Washington, and the poor into the pockets of the manufacturer. Never before the perusal of that article had we realized that we did not directly support the government with the mite that we contributed every year by reason of high prices, but it seems as though we poor people were one degree removed from this honorable position, for we have first to make some manufacturer rich and through this medium we will get our money into the treasury to be judiciously expended by some fiftieth-odd Congress. That the products of the home manufacturer are higher on account of the fostering of a protective tariff, we take as granted, and that nothing but the very best fabrics are imported we very well know. There is one topic of the tariff question of which writers are very shy of speaking, and that is, what makes a tariff necessary? To get at the root of the disease we must attack the cause, and every statesman heretofore, who has turned his thoughts in that direction, has decided that the ailment was well-nigh incurable, because the cause, expenditure, could not be removed.

So it is that, what should be an all-wise government, for the sake of raising a comparatively small sum from the rich for revenue, has put the masses at such a disadvantage with the manufacturer that he is able to extract a sum from the lower and middle classes infinitely greater than the selfish government receives for its expenses. Even our own Hon. William L. Wilson introduced into Congress a bill referred to by Bourke Cochran as the "most damnable protective measure yet introduced," and we will need a Tsar while a Congress remains in power which is afraid to remove the cause of a war-tariff—unnecessary expenditure.

* * *

GEORGE ARKLE, a justice of Wheeling, has been cleared of charges of larceny, in North Carolina, by a decision of the Supreme Court of that State. Two years ago Mr. Arkle was traveling in North Carolina, and found a pocket book containing $140 in money and checks of $3,700. He hunted up the owner and demanded a reward of $200. The owner offered him $140, and over this they differed. Arkle was then arrested and convicted in the lower court. On an appeal, conducted by Col. Arnett, he was exonerated in every way.

Small Savings.

Shall we be pardoned for repeating the old Scottish proverb that "many a little make a mickle?" It is so true in its teachings of thrift that it ought to be impressed upon every person, young and old, for no one is too old to begin to save.

The basis of the prosperity of the French people is their thrift. Of course not every French man and woman saves and puts by something, but the practice is nearly universal. It seems true, also, that those who earn the least, and who are forced to pinch and screw the haadest to give themselves food, shelter and clothing of some sort, form the great saving class.

At the end of 1893 the public and private savings-banks of French had more than eight million depositors, and the amount standing to their credit was three and three-quarters billion francs. Yet this vast sum—about equal to the net public debt of the United States—was made up of little accounts which average but four-hundred and sixty francs, or ninety-two dollars each.

To save money is one of the lessons taught in French schools. A savings-bank book, with a small sum to the credit of the owner, is a prize commonly given to the bright pupil; in cases when an American school would give the money outright, or a book, or a bicycle. Moreover, millions of French people who do not trust the banks have money saved in old stockings and in discarded teapots.

The accumulation of saving by a community is doubly beneficial. The person who saves has something laid by "for a rainy day," and the community has a fund which can be lent at home. Where savings-banks exist and are generally patronized it is not necessary for the people to look to capitalists in other states for money to be borrowed on mortgage at exorbitant rates. They can borrow of the local bank, and can have the satisfaction of feeling that the interest they pay goes to their own neighbors.

This has been the experience not only in the large cities of the Eastern States, but also in the factory towns where savings-banks are established, and where a vast majority of the depositors are the "hands," who work for an average wage of not much more than a dollar a day.

In some parts of the country—possible the form of endeavor is more common than we suppose it to be—there a systematic effort to teach the poorest people to save. We have in mind a friendly society made up of ladies each one of whom has taken under her oversight three or four families in which the father is a drunkard, or the mother a widow, or where there are many young children.

The lady visits each family once a week, makes all its members her friends, and encourages them to save something and to entrust it to her. Ten cents, or a quarter, any thing which the family can spare, is accepted. A careful account is kept, and when the coal supply runs short there is money on hand to pay for it.

We know of an Irish family, consisting of a widow and five or six very young children, who were receiving pauper relief at the time this system was applied to their case, and who are now almost independent. The boys are doing well, earn their own living, and supply their mother. Morover, they have learned to save. The mother no longer needs the weekly visit, but she still sends her savings to the lady who first had charge of her case.

Of course there are many people who cannot save, but there are more who do not save because they think they cannot. What we have said is for the benefit of the second class, who are apt to ascribe their difficulties to any cause rather than to the real one. For the first class we can have nothing but sympathy, and a wish for better times and circumstances.

If all who can save were to do so, and were to mass their savings for the common good, they would deal the most effectual blow possible at the power of the great capitalists, whose accumulations of wealth are believed by many persons to be one of the great dangers of the time.—*Exchange.*

A British Statesman.

William Court Gulley will be the speaker of the British house of commons to succeed Arthur Wellesley Peel. He is the choice of the government, and will be elected. It is not generally known, perhaps, that the man to be thus honored is descended from a prize-fighter.

John Gully, the grand-sire of the coming speaker, was not only a prize-fighter, but one of renown, and at one time held the title champion of England. His father, in turn, was a butcher—but what of that?—so was the father of Cardinal Wolsey. Even old England, where pride of ancestry runs riot and prains count for less than a coat of arms, has had her experience with men of plebeian brain, who have forced success and attained prominence by sheer desert. Among the occupants of the woolsack she has had a newcastle's karbnr's son, and at another time the offspring of grocer. One prime minister was the son of an actress, and another the descendant of a cotton-spinner. Surely there should be no quibble because the next speaker is the descendant of a pugilist.

There is much of interest in the life of elder Gulley. He was born in Bristol, August 21, 1783, the son of a master butcher of respectability. He early took to the prize ring, and when twenty-two years old had his first battle with Hen Pierce, called the "Game Chicken," who was then champion of England. Previous to this time Gulley was little known in London and had never signalized himself as a pugilist. He had for some time followed the avocation of butcher, but being unsuccessful had taken country lodgings in the neighborhood of St. George's Fields, as the King's Bench prison was facetiously termed. There he had a fine, open situation and found room enough to exert his muscles in the active emusement of rackets.

Gully fought many famous battles in the prize ring, but his reputation does not end with his career in the ring. He become in after years one of the noted public men of his time. After a few years past in the occupation of tavern-keeper, in which he earned general respect, he was so fortunate in turf speculations and so well served by sound judgment in racing matters that he retired and become the purchaser of War park, Hertfordshire. Here he associated with the first circles of the county. Fortune still smiled upon him, he become a spirited breeder and race horse proprietor, an owner of collieries, and lastly, in 1832, attained the proud position of one of England's senators, being returned to Parliament as representative for Pontefract in the first reformed Parliment. He died at Durham, March 9, 1863, in the eightieth year of his age, leaving a family of five sons and five daughters.

* * *

THE "Sons of the Revolution" met at Fairmont lately. It is an organization to which any one who is a lineal descendant of a Revolutionary soldier is eligible for membership. The West Virginia Society was organized last year, and many of the most prominent men of the State are enrolled as members.

* * *

OSCAR WILD's plays have all been tabooed and have been withdrawn from the stage.

Income Tax Upheld

With the exception of income derived from rent of real estate and municipal bonds, two very important items, the Income Tax has been held to be constitutional. This decision marks an epoch in American history, and in the annals of the future will be given a prominent place, especially will this be true if we are on the eve of some great society event, as so many think. We give the opinion *verbatim:*

THE COURT'S CONCLUSION.

(In Charles Pollock vs. the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company, et al.) It is established:

1. That by the Constitution Federal taxation is divided into two great classes: Direct taxes and duties, imports and excises.

2. That the imposition of direct taxes is governed by the rule of apportionment among the several States, according to numbers, and the imposition of duties, imposts and excises by the rules of uniformity throughout the United States.

3. That the principle that taxation and representation go together was intended to be and was preserved in the constituaion by the establishment of the rule of apportionment among the several States so that such apportionment should be according to numbers in each State.

4. That the States surrendered their power to levy imposts and to regulate commerce to the General Government and gave it the concurrent power to levy direct taxes in reliance on the protection afforded by the rules prescribed, and that the compromise of the Constitution cannot be disturbed by legislative action.

5. That these conclusions result from the text of the Constitution and are supported by the historical evidence furnished by the circumstances surrounding the framing and adoption of that instrument and the views of those who framed and adopted it.

6. That the understanding and expectation at the time of the adoption of the Constitution was that direct taxes would not be levied by the General Government except under the pressure of extraordinary exigency, and such has been the practice down to Aug. 15, 1894. If the power to do so is to be exercised as an ordinary and usual means of supply, that fact furnishes an additional reason for circumspection in disposing of the present case.

7. The taxes on real estate belong to the class of direct taxes, and that the taxes on the rent or income of real estate, which is the incident of its ownership, belong to the same class.

8. That by no previous decision of this court has this question been adjudicated to the contrary of the conclusions now announced.

9. That so much of the act of Aug. 15, 1894, as attempts to impose a tax upon real estate without apportionment is invalid.

The court is further of opinion that the act of Aug. 15, 1894, is invalid so far as it attempts to levy a tax upon the income derived from municapal bonds. As a municipal corporation is the representative of the State and one of the instrumentalities of the State Government the property and revenues of municipal corporations are not the subjects of Federal taxation, nor is the income derived from State, county and municipal securities, since taxation on the interest therefrom operates on the power to borrow before it is exercised and has a sensible influence on the contract, and therefore such a tax is a tax on the power of the States and their instrumentalities to borrow money, and consequently repugnant to the constitution.

* * *

The Delaware legislature has enacted a law making it punishable by a fine of $25 to fly any foreign flag on any public building in the State.

LOVE'S PARTING.

"Farewell, farewell!" We breathe the word
That tells us where our paths must part,
Our breasts with deep distress are stirred,
And fondest tears unbidden start.
But though the world shall roll between,
With boundless seas and mountains high,
Though death itself shall intervene,
Our hearts can never say "good-by."

We have so twined the sigh and song,
So closely wreathed the thorns and flowers,
That to our souls conjoined belong
The shine and shadow of the hours,
So wedded we in sight and sound,
In dread and dream, in earth and sky—
Each life has so the other bound,
Our hearts can never say, good-by."

The happy fields, the brooks, the birds,
The lilies white and roses red,
Ah! they have listened to our words
As from our eyes the truth has sped.
And now we reach the moment when
Our heavy hearts in anguish sigh
"Farewell until we meet again!"
But they can never say "good-by."

—Nixon Waterman.

AN ODD NEIGHBOR.

BY CHARLES C. ABBOTT.

THERE was a strange silence everywhere, as is not uncommon in the month of August, for now the promises of summer have been made good, and the world is at rest. Not a leaf stirred, and, except the plaintive note of some far-off bird, I could hear only my own footfalls. The trees and fields and shaded winding lane were as I had seen them last, when darkness shut them in, but now, in the early morning, it seemed as if the sun had brought sad tidings. It has always appeared to me that August days are days for retrospection, and that the mind is supersensitive at such a time. It takes notice of those things which in the hurry and clatter of June are overlooked. This is no mere whim, and on this occasion the effect was to convince me that something unusual had happened or was about to occur. It is not an uncommon experience. Premonitions are too frequent to be lightly treated as mere coincidences. It was this clearly premonitory action that made the world seem to me completely at rest. There are matter-of-fact folks who would testily remark, "Dyspepsia;" there are people of excellent intentions who persistently blunder.

I had heard of an oaken chest, with huge brass clamps, and to-day set out to find it. There was not a wagon to be seen when I turned from the lane into the township road, and so I had the dusty highway to myself, a furthering of my fancy. Even more lonely was the wood-road into which I turned, and of late it had been so little used, it was as much the meeting-ground of bird-life as of humanity. Everywhere it was shaded by cedars of great age or by elms under which the moss had grown since colonial days. Along this ancient way the rambler has little to remind him of the changes wrought in the passing century. What few houses are passed in the course of a long walk are old-time structures, and more than one has been abandoned. The reason was plain; the land is poor, and whatever inducements were held out to the original settlers had not been continued to the fifth and sixth generations. Still, not all the tract had reverted to forest. A little garden-plot about each of the cottages that were occupied was still held back, by spade and hoe, from the encroachments of wild growth, and in the last cottage to be reached, surrounded by every feature of an old-fashioned garden, lived Silas Crabtree. As a child I had feared him, and now I both disliked and admired him; why—as is so often the case—I could not tell.

The man and his house were not unlike. The cottage was a long, low building, one and a half stories high. A window on each side of the door barely showed beneath the projecting roof of a narrow porch extending the full length of the front. There was a single step from the porch to the ground. From the roof projected two squat dormer windows. The shingles were darkened by long exposure, and patches of moss grew about the eaves. Silas was like this. The windows and door and long low steps recalled his eyes, nose and mouth, overtopped by low projecting brows and unkempt hair, that were well represented by the cottage roof with its moss and dormers. So far the house and its solitary inmate; but the open well with its long sweep, the clump of lilacs, the spreading beech with initials cut long years ago—these were a poem.

While the day was yet young, I passed by, and Silas was sitting on the porch. The quiet of this month of day-dreams was unbroken. The catbird hopped about the grass, but was mute; a song-sparrow was perched on the topmost twig of a dead quince-bush, but did not sing; a troop of crows was passing overhead in perfect silence. Feeling more strongly than ever the moodiness of the morning, I strove to break the spell by shouting, with unnecessary emphasis: "Good-morning, Uncle Silas." With a sudden start the old man looked up and stared wildly about him. Straightway the catbird chirped, the sparrow sang, and from over the tree-tops came the welcome cawing of the crows. Even a black cat came from the house and rubbed its arched back against Silas's knees. The spell was broken, and the old man growled (for he could not talk as other men): "I'm glad you've come."

"Oh, I was only passing by; were you asleep?"

"Sleepin' or not, I was thinkin' of you. Come in."

Stepping rather reluctantly into the yard, I sat down on the floor of the porch near Silas—for he did not offer to get me a chair—and waited for him to speak.

"As a boy," said Silas, in softer tones than I had ever heard before, "you had a grudge again' me, as your father had again' mine, and your grandpap again' mine, and so on away back. It never showed much, that I know of, but the feelin' was there; and yet we started even, for my folks came from England as long ago as yourn. I know now how it all came about. It's down in some old papers in the desk that I've had a man come and go over. It's plain now why folks never set store by the Crabtrees; but it's all right, and soon the ground will be cleared for something better than Crabtrees to grow on."

"Why, what do you mean?" I asked, purposely interrupting the old man, thinking he might be merely working off the effects of too frequent potations—a no uncommon occurrence.

"Can't you wait till you find out? I've had a man here, I say, who could do the writin' and read the old papers. That's enough for that. Now, it was this way. Away back, the old Crabtree of them days had a notion of thinkin' for himself, and, foolish-like, sayin' what he thought. So the Friends, as they call themselves, made him write out why he did this and said that, but it went for nothin', and they turned him out o' meetin'. You'll find the same in the meetin' records as you will in there." And Silas pointed his thumb over his shoulder, towards the house. Even this slight movement was made with some effort; but it was evident that Silas had not been drinking.

"Before all this happened," the old man continued, after a long pause, "the Crabtrees were all right. Away back, they were looked at for their shade and shape and sweet-smellin' blossoms and all that; but after the racket, then it was only the sour crab-apples that people could see, and this worked again' the young folks and pulled 'em down. Perhaps you don't see what I'm drivin' at, but—"

"Don't see!" I exclaimed: "Uncle Silas, you're a poet, a regular poet."

"A what?" Silas asked, with a faint attempt at smiling. "You've called me many a name in your day, like all the rest of 'em, but never that afore this, that I know."

"I mean to be complimentary," I replied, but with some confusion, seeing, as I had often done before, what mischief lurks in ill-timed polysyllables.

"Worse and worse, with your long words; but let me do the talkin'. My folks didn't clear out after the fuss, as they ought 'a' done, but held on and worked their way, as they'd a right to do. Perhaps it was a bad thing they didn't go to church when they stopped goin' to meetin'; I don't know; but they lost headway, with the Quakers again' 'em. It soured, of course, the first of the Crabtrees, and the later ones got a deal more gnarly and bitter, till it come down to me, with little more'n human shape; and now it's the end of us. There's no Crabtrees besides me, and I wanted to get things in shape, for there's some would like the old cottage that ain't goin' to get it. I don't know that there's any more to tell you." And Silas looked out towards the road and into the woods upon its other side.

I kept my seat. I could not do otherwise. The Silas of to-day was not he whom I had known in years past. Although there was no evidence of it in the old man's words, I was convinced he had reference to me as his heir; but what of that? He might change his mind a dozen times, for he was not so very, very old—not much, if any, over eighty; and what, indeed, had he to leave?

Many minutes passed, and then, as I made a slight movement, merely to change my position, Silas spoke in the same strangely softened voice. "Don't go, don't go; there's one thing more—" He suddenly paused, and stared, with a wild look, directly at me. The silence was painful; his strange appearance more so. In a moment the truth flashed across me; he was dead.

I was not surprised to learn, immediately after the funeral, that I had been left the sole legatee of the man whose death I had witnessed; but it was not an altogether pleasant discovery. I had learned, too, that it was my own ancestor who had been most active in the senseless persecution, and it was with no pleasure that I recalled the past as I took formal possession of the cottage and its contents, entering the house for the first time in my life. To cross the threshold was to step backward into colonial times. How true it is that it needs at least a century to mellow a house and make it faintly comparable to out-of-doors!

The hall-way of the Crabtree cottage was neither short nor narrow, but you got that impression from its low ceiling and the dark wooden walls, which time had almost blackened. Lifting a stout wooden latch, I passed into the living-room, with its ample open fireplace, long unused, for a little air-tight stove had done duty for both cooking and heating for many years. This was the only innovation; all else was as when its first occupant had moved into the "new" house and given over the log hut to other uses. The high-backed settle, the quaint, claw-footed chairs, a home-made table, with bread-trough underneath, seemed never to have been moved from their places since Silas's mother died. These made less impression than would otherwise have been the case, because with them was the old desk to which Silas had referred. It was a bureau with five brass-handled drawers, and above them the desk proper, concealed by a heavy, sloping lid. The dark wood had still a fine polish, and the lid was neatly ornamented with an inlaid star of holly wood. It, with the three-plumed mirror on the wall above it, was the eclipsing feature of the room. All else, well enough in its way, seemed commonplace. Drawing a chair in front of the desk, I sat down to explore it, but was bewildered at the very outset. Lowering the lid, the many pigeon-holes, small drawers and inner apartment closed by a carved door, took me too much by surprise to let me be methodical. Everywhere were old, stained papers and parchments, some so very old the ink had faded from them; but there was no disorder. At last, knowing it was no time to dream, I drew out a bundle of papers from a pigeon-hole, and noticed in doing so that a strip of carved wood, which I had taken for ornament, slightly moved.

It proved to be a long and very narrow drawer, and this again had a more carefully hidden compartment in the back, as a narrow line in the wood showed. Peering into this, I found a scrap of paper so long and closely folded that it fell apart when opened; but the writing was still distinct. It was as follows: "It is his Excellency's, General Howe's, express order, that no person shall injure Silas Crabtree in his person or property." It was duly signed, countersigned, and dated December 9, 1776. So Silas, the great-grandfather, had been a Tory! I was prepared now for revelations of any kind. To look quietly over papers, one at a time, was too prosy an occupation, and the suggestion that there might be more secret drawers was followed until every nook and cranny had been laid bare, and there were many of them.

Silas, in anticipation of just an occurrence as I have described, had placed a roll of papers so prominently in the desk that I naturally took it up with a serious purpose. The modern red tape with which it was tied gave it an appearance of importance above the others. These time-stained sheets contained his ancestor's version of the trouble with his coreligionists, and I soon found it was most unpleasant reading. My own ancestor had been an unrelenting persecutor, and, in the name of religion, the cause of all the Crabtree troubles; and now the last of his race had taken this strange revenge, telling me the unwelcome story why his people had been nobodies of the backwoods and my people dwellers in fat land. It was some satisfaction to know that the two families were not related, but, reading on and on as fast as the crude writing permitted decipherment, I learned that a marriage, generations ago, had been contemplated, and successfully thwarted by the father of the would-be bride. Nothing but ill came of it, and the rest we know. The wit of the Crabtrees had not quite died out, but smouldered like the burning of damp wood, never receiving the quickening of education, and ever struggling against the curse of alcohol.

It was a sad story; too sad to contemplate, this dreamy August day. Closing the desk, I sat by the open fireplace, as if watching the blazing logs of midwinter. As silent now indoors as out, and every object about me suggesting myself as the cause of infinite trouble, I grew desperate, and, for more light, a bit of sunshine, threw open the solid shutter of the little south window. The bright yellow beams were magical. What a strange little window it was! Three of the eight small panes were replaced by paper, and the others were all dimmed by decomposition that made the glass prismatic. Through them no object could be plainly seen. Every tree and bush was broken and distorted. The world was all askew as seen through the cracked and warped glass; as much gone wrong as in reality it had been to the Crabtrees.

Though not half explored, I went from the house to the porch, that I might return from the past to the present. How hot and steamy were the far-off woods and the one single clearing in sight! The sizzling rattle of the noontide cicada was the only sound. I gladly returned to the old fireplace, although it was mid-August, and then to the desk, putting on some show of rationality, for Crabtree's lawyer was expected. I even made a fire in the little stove to warm the lunch I had brought, and, after an attempt at eating, awaited the man's coming, with pipe and coffee.

A rattle of wheels, a click of the rickety old gate's latch, and a knock at the door, quickly followed each other, and without ceremony the lawyer appeared. With a coolness, precision, and dry-as-dust manner that soothed my fretted nerves, he proceeded to business, and did what little was to be done. Some papers which he had taken away he returned; and then, his whole manner changing, he actually smiled, lit a cigar, filled with a true lazy man's twist the single easy-chair, and handed me a bit of paper, saying, "This Silas asked me to hand to you, fearing it might be overlooked if left in the desk."

I took it with some distrust, but could not fathom its meaning. The characters had been printed by Silas and the words phonetically spelled. It was a puzzle, and I was in no humor to guess its meaning.

"What is it, anyway?" I asked.

"That's plain enough," the lawyer replied; "it reads, 'Do as you'd be done by.'"—Lippincott's Magazine.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Schnebile, the new explosive, is composed chiefly of chlorade of potash.

Hiram S. Maxim has already expended $85,000 upon his flying machine.

Astronomers claim that there are over 17,500,000 comets in the solar system alone.

A bat can absorb and digest in one night three times the weight of its own body. Bats never have more than two little ones at a time.

General Mercier, French Minister of War, has authorized the use in the French army of the recently discovered anti-diphtheric serum.

The width of the Atlantic could be reduced one-half by lowering its depth 6564 feet. By lowering it three miles one could walk from Newfoundland to Ireland.

A scientist proves that typhoid and cholera bacilli or germs will live many weeks in a vacuum, and can endure some five or more months of complete dryness.

There are ten miles of pneumatic tubes in the streets of Chicago. They are used to deliver messages from the telegraph offices and office of the Associated Press to the newspapers and City Hall.

Simultaneous photographs at points distant from each other have already yielded information as to the height of meteors above the earth's surface, this being shown to be from sixty-five to forty-five miles.

According to Dr. Chalmers's researches, the mean duration of life at birth—based upon the mortality experience of Glasgow during the ten years 1881–'90—is 36.4 years, 35.2 for males and 37.7 for females.

Professor Agassiz indicates the growth of reefs at Key West, Fla., at the rate of six inches in one hundred years, and adds that if we doubled that amount it would require seven thousand years to form the reefs in that place, and hundreds of thousands of years for the growth of Florida.

Of the hundred thousand plants catalogued by botanists only one-tenth part have appreciable odors. Of fifty specimens of mignonnette, that of our garden is the only scented one, and, of a hundred varieties of the violet, only twelve have the exquisite perfume that is so popular. In general the proportion of fragrant to odorless flowers is about one per cent.

Any one living exclusively on potatoes would consume forty grammes of potash salts per day, which explains why we always require salt whenever we eat potatoes. All vegetable foods are rich in potash; and it is a fact that people in the country districts use more salt than the inhabitants of towns and cities, where more meat is eaten. In France the country people use three times more salt than the town people.

Submarine Torpedo.

Seymour Allan, a resident of Sydney, has invented a submarine torpedo boat, which, he claims, is capable of sinking to any depth, and of traveling rapidly under water without revealing its presence. A working model of the boat was tried in the public baths at Sydney, New South Wales, in the presence of the Earl of Hopetoun, the governor, the naval commandant, and a number of naval and military officers. The experiments were a complete success, the model rising, sinking, turning, reversing, or remaining stationary in obedience to the electric current by which it is worked. The inventor claims that a full-sized boat would be capable of remaining under water for three days. It would carry torpedoes on the bow and stern decks.—Scientific American.

In Italy the Senate consists of princes of royal blood, and an unlimited number of members appointed by the King for life. In 1890 there were 355 members.

DON'T FRET.

Are your enemies at work?
Don't fret.
They can't injure you a whit;
If you heed them not a bit
They will soon be glad to quit.
Don't fret.

Has a horrid lie been told?
Don't fret.
It will run itself to death,
As the ancient adage saith,
And will die for want of breath.
Don't fret.

Is adversity your lot?
Don't fret.
Fortune's wheel keeps turning 'round—
Every spoke shall touch the ground,
All in time shall upward bound.
Don't fret.

—Ram's Horn.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

In golf society people think they have found the missing links.—Statesman.

A genius is a man who does something that others say cannot be done.—Ram's Horn.

Most people eat as if they were fattening themselves for the market.—Atchison Globe.

It sounds rather odd to read in the hardware market report that cutlery is dull.—Truth.

Woman is always pleased with the last new wrinkle, provided it is not on her own face.—Puck.

Cashier—"We never pay bills on Saturdays." Shorts—"But my name is not Bill."—Chicago Record.

The trouble with most people's economy is that they don't save any money by it.—Atchison Globe.

A man should have no secrets from his wife except surprises he is getting up for her birthday.—Atchison Globe.

She looked a perfect poem
With that witching face of hers;
But, when I tried to kiss her, she
Proved not at all a verse.
—Puck.

There is a certain kind of charity that would attach balloons to birds of the air, that they might be saved from fatigue.—Puck.

A girl always likes to find a man after her own heart; because what is the good of a fellow who is after some other girl's heart?—Truth.

Caller—"Can I see Miss Snuggle?" Servant—"She's engaged, sir." Caller—"Of course she is, and I'm the man she's engaged to."—Vick's Monthly.

Tell us not in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream,
When to pay the coal and gas bills,
All the winter we must scheme.
—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

It is more romantic and better for the digestion to sleep with wedding cake under the pillow than to try to sleep with it in the stomach.—Atchison Globe.

Caller—"Do you notice any difference since the doctor treated your eyes?" "Yes; I can see a fifty-dollar bill without my glasses now."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"This is my first experience as a steeple chaser," murmured the Kansas farmer as he whirled through the air just behind the fragments of the village church.—Yale Record.

Friend—"Well, Ethel, how do you like married life?" Ethel (enthusiastically)—"It's simply delightful. We've been married a week and have had eight quarrels, and I got the best of it every time."—Fun.

Mrs. Strongmind—"If women would only stand shoulder to shoulder they would soon win the suffrage." Dr. Guffy—"But, madam, that is something they can't do, with the present styles in sleeves."—Harper's Bazar.

Employer—"How did you break that vase?" Office Boy—"I had it in my hand when I heard your bell ring and dropped it, because you told me yesterday to drop everything and answer your bell whenever you rang."—Harper's Bazar.

Applicant for Situation as Zoological Keeper—"May I ask why you think it necessary that candidates should be married men, sir?" Secretary—"My good man, how on earth do you expect any one else could stand the continual row?"—Half-Holiday.

Dancing by the Mile.

An average waltz takes one over three-quarters of a mile, a square dance makes you cover half a mile, and a galop equals a good mile. Count up for yourself how much the girl with a well-filled programme traverses in an evening. Twenty dances is the average, you know. Of these about twelve are walzes. There at once are nine miles. Three galops and she has gone twelve miles. Five other dances at a half a mile apiece bring her to fifteen miles, to say nothing of the intermission stroll and the trips to the dressing-room to renovate one's gown and complexion.—Appleton Post.

Wheat Cheap, But Bread Dear.

Referring to the continued fall in the prices of wheat, an English paper remarks: "Both here and in the United States large quantities of the inferior kinds will be used for feeding purposes. Wheat has never been so cheap before within the memory of living man. The odd thing is, we do not find our bakers' bills any smaller."—New York World.

R'S BILL

ressedAppetite

ressure to tell not only
neral health but also
that of my whole fam-
ily. A friend who
knew of my poor
health advised me to
use Hood's Sarsapar-
illa. After two bottles
a great change in my
health was noticed. I
do not have that tired
feeling, no pain in the
stomach, especially
after eating, and in
fact I feel like a new
person and hold some
pleasure in life. Every
member of my family
is using Hood's Sarsa-
parilla and with ben-
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Cures

, Brooklyn, New York.

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NGERS.

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Yours truly,
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MEN and WOMEN GOING TO SCHOOL should know that one hundred dollars pays entire expense of tuition, books, stationery, board, room rent, fuel and lights at the most celebrated practical school in the U.S. **$100**

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are in a low state of health, and on the verge of
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trength. Scott's Emulsion nourishes, strengthens, promotes the making of solid flesh, enriches the blood and tones up the whole system.

For Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Consumption, Scrofula, Anaemia, Loss of Flesh, Thin Babies, Weak Children, and all conditions of Wasting.

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Send for pamphlet on Scott's Emulsion. FREE.

wne, N. Y. All Druggists. 50 cents and $1.

Quaint But Full of Meaning.

"A crick"—"a stitch"—"a twist"—"a jam"—"a halt"—"a raw spot"—"a blue spot"—"don't aches," etc., are queer names well known among the ills of flesh, bone, muscle, nerves and joints, and are better understood as being so easily and surely cured by St. Jacobs Oil. The names are pointers to what it has done and always will do readily. Some too readily, either, for many of the infirmities indicated by these queer nomenclatures, if neglected, often lead to very serious results, which the great remedy for pain stands ready to resist and prevent. None the less useful is it to have on hand always ready, for the sudden pain is very often the fatal one.

Aluminum paper is announced.

$100 Reward. $100.

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address

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Petroleum is the latest suggestion for preventing congelation of navigable waters.

A Child Enjoys

The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effects of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be costive or bilious, the most gratifying results follow its use; so that it is the best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle.

There Is Nothing

"Just as Good" as Ripans Tabules for headaches, biliousness and all disorders of the stomach and liver. One tabule gives relief.

A Louisville tobacco warehouse holds 7,000 hogsheads.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures
all Kidney and Bladder troubles.
Pamphlet and Consultation free.
Laboratory Binghampton, N. Y.

Warsaw, N. Y., has a 1,520 foot deep salt well.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation. 25 cts., 50 cts., $1.

South Carolina's rice crop is 70,000,000 pounds.

52

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle

Gas was first employed as fuel in 1868.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has no equal as a Cough medicine.—F. M. ABBOTT, 383 Seneca Street, Buffalo, N. Y., May 9, 1894.

Neither One Nor the Other.

An elderly Irish woman who was in a Madison avenue car yesterday wished to get out at Forty-second street. The conductor was on the front platform, so the woman, addressing a gentlemanly looking young man opposite her, said:

"Shtop the car."

The young man looked over her head.

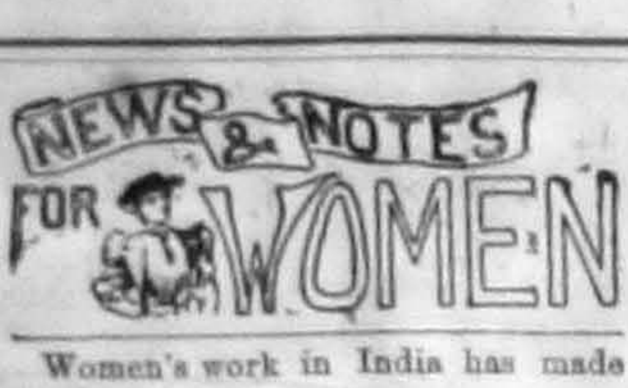
"Shtop the car, I say," she repeated, glaring at him savagely.

Still no response.

"Didn't I tell ye to shtop this car," she shouted, gripping her umbrella.

"I am not the conductor," remarked the young man with sarcasm, while the young women in the car tittered.

"Faix, an' you're not," replied the Irish woman scornfully, "an' you're no gentleman, nayther. Moreover, you're no blessin' to your mother, you're not. If you were you wouldn't let a respectable woman get carried two blocks out of her way without any askin' from her either."—New York Herald.



NEWS & NOTES FOR WOMEN

Women's work in India has made great progress.

There are now 711 women missionaries—foreign and Eurasian—in India.

The average age at which women marry in civilized countries is said to be twenty-three and a half years.

Mrs. Emma Scott, of Birmingham, was elected enrolling and engrossing clerk by the Alabama State Senate.

Opalescent colors are again coming into favor, and garnitures of opalescent beads are in the very height of fashion.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Selous are now making a wedding tour in tents through Asia Minor, attended by five servants.

In Paris hair dye is considered so detrimental to long life that one insurance company refuses to insure the lives of women that use it.

Black and yellow are a favorite combination. Fine, soft black net over lemon-colored silk is specially becoming to a spirited brunette.

Miss Francis E. Willard says that good cooking is essential to human happiness, while bad cooking has driven thousands of men to drink.

Bluet blue, cerise and magenta pink are the three colors now most favored by modistes and milliners and the majority of the fashionable feminine world.

The Georgia Senate passed a bill making it a penal offense for any person to make remarks or write articles that reflect upon the good name of a woman.

Among the members of the class '95 in the Chautauqua Reading Circle is a young Japanese girl, who expects to graduate with her class at Chautauqua next term.

Opera cloaks with big sleeves are vexing problems to women. One of the new models is so voluminous that the owner is obliged to go sidewise through an ordinary door.

Miss Emma Frances Dawson, one of the best women writers on the Pacific coast, is a Maine lady by birth, and her most notable poem is "Old Glory," a song in honor of the American flag.

The National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, in its recent convention again passed resolutions condemning vivisection, and deprecating the slaughter of seals for women's garments.

Dr. Y. May Kin was the first Chinese lady to receive a medical degree in America. She has now a large practice in Kobe, Japan, and was the first scientifically educated female practitioner in that country.

A peachy complexion, like that of a young girl, was possessed by the Marquis de Crequy even to the close of her long life. She died at the age of ninety-eight, and for the last forty years lived almost entirely on oranges. She often ate a dozen of them for breakfast.

A lady in South Kensington, London, has found a new use for dogs. One muddy day lately she was seen in the street with a parcel in one hand, an umbrella in the other and an Irish terrier holding the trail of her dress in her teeth. He never let the dress touch the ground.

The neglected women of India have now the prospect of skilled medical treatment. There are sixty-five hospitals and dispensaries now affiliated to the Countess of Dufferin's fund for supplying medical aid to them, ten of these having been built, and kept up by native Princes.

Mme. Casimir-Perier has received so many disgusting and insulting letters since her husband became President of France, and has been so upset by the many ugly drawings inclosed, that her correspondence is now opened by a secretary before being handed to her for perusal.

It is said that a red parasol destroys in a great measure the actinic power of the sun, and must therefore keep the skin from freckles. Photographers long ago availed themselves of this peculiarity of light transmitted through a red medium, and it seems reasonable to suppose that a red shade might protect the complexion.

The most noteworthy feature in general style is the continued popularity of the bodice unlike the skirt. With the exception of the huge sleeve, which often matches the skirt, the corsage is generally in contrast to it. As many as three corsages are furnished with one expensive velvet skirt: a low-necked bodice for elaborate wear, a high-necked bodice, with demi-sleeves, for dinner, and a long-sleeved, high bodice.

The collar has become almost as much an objective point of the waist as the sleeves. Large rosettes on either side and at the back, and sometimes in front, give fulness around the throat in the effect of a ruche. Sometimes a huge bow of lace and chiffon is placed high up on the left side of the collar, which no longer lies in closely-drawn folds, but is often puffed and folled in various ways to increase its size.

No Substitutes

For Royal Baking Powder. The "Royal" is shown by all tests, official, scientific, and practical, stronger, purer, and better in every way than all other Baking Powders. Its superiority is privately acknowledged by other manufacturers, and well known by all dealers.

If some grocers try to sell another baking powder in place of the "Royal," it is because of the greater profit. This of itself is good evidence of the superiority of the "Royal." To give greater profit the other must be a lower cost powder, and to cost less it must be made with cheaper and inferior materials, and thus, though selling for the same, give less value to the consumer.

LOOK with suspicion upon every attempt to palm off upon you any baking powder in place of the "Royal." There is no substitute for the "Royal."

Cynical.

An Arabian proverb, put in the form of a dialogue, reflects the cynicism of Arab wit. It runs thus:

"Yes, he's indicted, but he'll never be convicted."

"Why not?"

"Nobody to testify against him."

"Why not?"

"Because he hasn't any friends!"

A Foxy Scheme.

A New York syndicate has been formed for the purpose of buying an island off the coast of Maine, stocking it with black foxes and engaging in the fur trade.

In Our Great Grandfather's Time,

big bulky pills were in general use. Like the "blunderbuss" of that decade they were big and clumsy, but ineffective. In this century of enlightenment, we have Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, which cure all liver, stomach and bowel derangements in the most effective way.

Assist Nature a little now and then, with a gentle, cleansing laxative, thereby removing offending matter from the stomach and bowels, toning up and invigorating the liver and quickening its tardy action, and you thereby remove the cause of a multitude of distressing diseases, such as headaches, indigestion, or dyspepsia, biliousness, pimples, blotches, eruptions, boils, constipation, piles, fistulas and maladies too numerous to mention.

If people would pay more attention to properly regulating the action of their bowels, they would have less frequent occasion to call for their doctor's services to subdue attacks of dangerous diseases.

That, of all known agents to accomplish this purpose, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are unequaled, is proven by the fact that once used, they are always in favor. Their secondary effect is to keep the bowels open and regular, not to further constipate, as is the case with other pills. Hence, their great popularity, with sufferers from habitual constipation, piles and indigestion.

A free sample of the "Pellets," (4 to 7 doses) *on trial*, is mailed to any address, post-paid, on receipt of name and address on postal card.

Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

P N U 52

How He Felt.

W. S. Gilbert was lunching, not long ago, at a country hotel, when he found himself in company with three cycling clergymen, by whom he was drawn into conversation. When they discovered who he was, one of the party asked Mr. Gilbert "how he felt in such a grave and reverend company." "I feel," said Mr. Gilbert, "like a lion in a den of Daniels."

The Old Theater Pit.

In olden times the parquet of a theater was called the pit, and was filled with the rabble.

TO
ECONOMIZE
LIFE

We must keep up the supply of force needed by the system. This can only be done by Nutrition. Nutrition and good digestion are synonymous.

R·I·P·A·N·S
TABULES

Should be taken immediately when there in any digestive derangement manifest.

They are the sovereign remedy for DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, and all disorders of Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

ONE TABULE
GIVES RELIEF.

WALTER BAKER & CO.

The Largest Manufacturers of
PURE, HIGH GRADE
COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES
On this Continent, have received
HIGHEST AWARDS
from the great
Industrial and Food
EXPOSITIONS
In Europe and America.

Unlike the Dutch Process, no Alkalies or other Chemicals or Dyes are used in any of their preparations. Their delicious BREAKFAST COCOA is absolutely pure and soluble, and costs less than one cent a cup.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

WALTER BAKER & CO. DORCHESTER, MASS.

PHYTOLACCA BERRY TREATMENT for Fat and Attendant Ills. Our Leaflet on this subject is sent Free and is well worth reading; treatment inexpensive and only safe one known. Address BOERICKE & TAFEL, Pharmacists, 1011 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. **Business Established in 1835.**

BEECHAM'S PILLS

(Vegetable)

What They Are For

Biliousness	indigestion	sallow skin
dyspepsia	bad taste in the mouth	pimples
sick headache	foul breath	torpid liver
bilious headache	loss of appetite	depression of spirits

when these conditions are caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

One of the most important things for everybody to learn is that constipation causes more than half the sickness in the world; and it can all be prevented. Go by the book.

Write to B. F. Allen Company, 365 Canal street, New York, for the little book on CONSTIPATION (its causes consequences and correction); sent free. If you are not within reach of a druggist, the pills will be sent by mail, 25 cents.

For the Times.

Nonsense Rhymes.

She in cold blood, without excuse,
With our poor heart has played the deuce!
She for her pleasure gave us pain,
Then told us that we came in vain.
Tired of life afraid of death,
Too sick to even draw our breath,
Oh! would that she could feel the smart
Which agonizes our poor heart.
Oh! would it was we were outlawed
And had the village overawed,
Then down we'd swoop with dastard band,
And supplicate her for her hand,
When she accepted we'd be wed,
With pistols at the pastor's head,
We'd toss the preacher half-a-dime
And ask him for the correct time,
Then harkaway to some retreat,
And find, no doubt, "revenge is sweet."

Furnishing the Court-Horse.

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Terms reasonable and made known on day of sale. H. A. YEAGER.

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State of West Virginia
vs.
One hundred acres
and
Fifteen acres

In the matter of forfeited lands.

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A copy, Teste:
J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

The plaintiff and all unknown claimants of any part or parcel of the above named 100 acre and 15 acre tracts of land, will take notice that on the 20th day of May, 1895, at my office in the town of Marlinton, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, I will commence the discharge of my duties under above decree, at which time and place you and each of you can attend and protect and defend any interests you may have in said tracts of land. Given under my hand this 17th day of April, 1895. N. C. McNEIL,

a19 4t.] Commissioner.

☞ TIMES office for job-work. ☜

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TERMS OF SALE:—sufficient cash in hand to pay the costs of suit and expenses of sale, and the residue upon a credit of 6 and 12 months, the purchaser giving bonds with approved personal security for the deferred payments, bearing interest from date, and a lien to be retained until all the purchase money is paid. N. C. McNEIL,
Special Commissioner.

I, J. H. Patterson, Clark of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do certify that bond has been executed by the above Special Commissioner as required by law

J. H. PATTERSON,
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Notice to Creditors.

To the Creditors of Andrew C. Wooddell, Deceased:

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said Andrew C. Wooddell to the payment of his debts, you are hereby required to present your claims against the estate of the said Andrew C. Wooddell, for adjudication to W. A. Bratton, Commissioner, at his office in the said office on or before the 1st day of June, 1895.

Witness, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said Court, this 15th day of April, 1895. J. H. PATTERSON,
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Notice.

All persons are hereby notified not to pass through my place with horses or to trespass on my land in any other way, and that all trespassers will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

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ACADEMY............Joe McNeel's,
EDRAY..............S. B. Moore's,
(Possibly at CLOVER LICK.)

It is the intention of the owners of this horse to make two seasons with him, giving the earlier season to Pocahontas and the later to Greenbrier.

EXTRACT FROM LETTER CONCERNING "LEADER."

"This breed is conceded by all who are familiar with the subject to be the Arab, Barb, and Turkish horse. Recognizing these facts in my selections I have always refused animals whose pedigree, when analyzed, did not trace in all lines directly to the Oriental origin. In offering you the colt "Leader" I think I can safely say that no horse of any blood possesses a pedigree tracing through its different lines so many times to this highly prized blood as does "Leader." I am frank to say that I have never traced one that showed half as many. This colt traces 396 times to the Arab, 464 to the Barb, and 434 to the Turk. This statement may seem incredible to you. I have the documents to prove it, however. If I cannot substantiate all I say, the colt will not cost you a dollar. I venture to say that you cannot buy another colt in the United States, at any price, has one-twentieth the number of Arab crosses that this one possesses."

Yours very truly,
(Signed) M. W. DUNHAM.

"Leader" is a very handsome horse, stylish and large, and has taken first premium over a large lot in the State of Illinois. The judge said to the crowd that he was "the best colt to suit him he had ever seen."

TERMS, TO INSURE: One mare $8; two mares, bred by same owner, $15; three mares, bred by same owner, $21.

GREENBRIER LIVE-STOCK CO.

The Income Tax will be almost as effective as the Interstate commerce law.

Millinery Notice.

We wish to call the attention of the ladies' to the fact that Mrs. J. M. Cunningham and Miss Maud Yeager will establish a first class milinery establishment in Marlinton not later than the last week in April. Wait until that time before investing in your needs in this line, for their stock will positively embrace all the late and tasteful styles. Miss Maud Yeager is now in Baltimore taking a special course in millinery, and will return with a complete line. 3t

FEED, LIVERY
—AND—
SALE STABLES.

First-Rate Teams and Saddle-Horses Provided.

☞ Horses for Sale and Hire. ☜

SPECIAL ACCOMODATIONS FOR STALLIONS.

A limited number of Horses boarde

All persons having horses to trade are invited to call. Young horses brokec to ride or work

J. H. G. WILSON,
Marlinton w. Va

E. H. Smith,
PRESCRIPTION
DRUGGIST,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

—DEALER IN—

Drugs, Paints and Oils,

Varnishes, Patent Medicines, etc., etc. etc.

Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours, day or night. A competent Pharmacist will have charge of the Prescription Department.

We invite everybody and promise close prices and polite attention.

☞ At E. A. Smith & Son's Old Stand.

J. A. SHARP & CO.

—Have Established a Firstclass—

Harness and Saddlery
Store and Shop,

—AT—
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Something that has been needed in this county for years.

They carry a complete line of

HARNESS, SADDLES, COLLARS, HARDWARE, and TRIMMINGS.

Both Factory and Handmade.

At Rockbottom Prices.

ALSO,

THE UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT,

Is fitted out with a complete stock of latest and best designs, and coffins can be furnished on short est notice.

☞ Successors of G. F. Crummett, who is employed by the firm.

C. B. SWECKER,
General Auctioneer
and Real Estate Agent.

I sell Coal, Mineral and Timber Lands. Farms and Town Lots a specialty. 21 years in the business. Correspondence solicited. Reference furnished.

Postoffice—Dunmore, W. Va., or Alexander, W. Va.

M. F. GIESEY,
Architect and Superintendent,
Room, 19, Reilly Block,
Wheeling, W. Va.

PATTERSON & SIMMONS
MARLINTON, W. VA.
Plasterer and Contractor.
Work done on short notice.

In Poor Health

means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected.

Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

Brown's Iron Bitters

If you are feeling out of sorts, weak and generally exhausted, nervous, have no appetite and can't work, begin at once taking the most reliable strengthening medicine, which is Brown's Iron Bitters. A few bottles cure—benefit comes from the very first dose—*it won't stain your teeth*, and it's pleasant to take.

It Cures

Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver
Neuralgia, Troubles,
Constipation, Bad Blood
Malaria, Nervous ailments
Women's complaints.

Get only the genuine—it has crossed red lines on the wrapper. All others are substitutes. On receipt of two 2c. stamps we will send set of Ten Beautiful World's Fair Views and book—free.

BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

Important to You.

Having resumed the practice of veterinary surgery (limited) I will treat the following diseases in Pocahontas and adjoining counties, viz: ring-bone bone spavin curb pollevil, fistula, and heaves. Terms, specific and cures guaranteed. I am also general agent for Eldred's Liquid Electricity, which is a specific for all kinds of fevers, sore-throat, cuts, sprains, bruises, bowel-troubles, and pains of every discription, external or internal. Its timely use will prevent all kinks of contagious diseases. Address,

T. J. WILLIAMS,
Top of Alleghany, W Va

Peerless Feed Grinder.

It will last a lifetime. One horse power sufficient. Grinds any grain, either just merely cracking it, or fine enough to make family meal. Every big farmer is buying one. Referencees, R. W. Hill, C. E. Beard, Lee Beard, G. W. Callison, Frank Hill, Geo. W. Whiting, wm. Callison, and J. H. McNeel, Academy. Am making a canvass of the county and will call on you in a short time. Price in reach of all. Agency for Pocahontas and Greenbrier counties. Eight sold in one day. For particulars, write to

R. M. BEARD,
Academy, W. Va. 1 20m

MARLINTON HOUSE.
Located near Court House.
Terms.
per day.... 1,00
per meal--- 25
lodging - - 25

Good accommodations for horses at 25 cents per feed.

Special rates made by the week or month.

C. A. YEAGER, Proprietor.

G. C. AMLUNG,
FASHIONABLE
BOOT AND SHOEMAKER
EDRAY, VA.

All work guaranteed as to workmanship, fit and leather.
Mending neatly done.
Give me a call.

BLACKSMITHING
AND
Wagon Repairs.

C. Z. HEVNER.
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Shops situated at the Junction of Main Street and Dusty Avenue, opposite the postoffice.

FIRE FIRE

Insure against loss in the

Peabody Insurance Co.,
WHEELING, W. Va.

Incorporated March, 1869.
Cash Capital $100,000.00.

N. C. McNEIL.
MARLINTON W. Va.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

ANDREW PRICE, EDITOR

Marlinton, Friday, April 19, 1895

Official Paper of Pocahontas County.

Subscription ONE DOLLAR in advance. If not paid within the year $1.50 will be charged.

Entered at the post office at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

PEACE has practically been consummated between Japan and China.

THE income tax has been through the mill and has come out badly injured. It seems a foolish quibble for the court to say that an income derived by the means of rent from real estate and interest on municipal bonds should not be taxed, while an income derived from any other source should be. This defeats the law in a great measure and makes it unjust even as among the rich themselves. All the immense wealth represented by the great city buildings go free, and some millionaires who were thought our lawful prey, are saved from their just deserts at the people's hands by the Supreme Court. If anybody owes anything to our great government for protection to property, it is the owner of real property in the seaboard cities.

LAST week the progress of the State was marked by the issue of the first number of the *Journal of Commerce* of Grafton. It is a monthly periodical of the magazine order. No style of journal could be more appropriately established in the rapidly developing State of West Virginia. In it will be found news of mineral and lumber interests; railway projections; manufacturing reports; and of all that goes to make up a busy country. We spontaneously recommend this monthly to those of our readers who wish for reliable news of the matters which it reports. We clip the following items, having noticed the name of our town mentioned in them:

"The Dry Fork of Cheat River Railroad will be completed in the near future to Marlinton, on the Greenbrier River, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, and thence to the Chesapeake Railroad."

"All arrangements have been made for the erection of a large Pulp Factory at Marlinton, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, by Eastern capitalists. This with the many investments of monied men in this section will add much to the beautiful town of Marlinton."

Reversed.

The case of Dewing & Sons against Col. E. Hutton, in the Supreme Court of Appeals, from Randolph county, was handed down last Saturday, having been decided in Col. Hutton's favor. This suit has been pending several years, and involved immense interests. In the Circuit Court, judgment was given against the defendand, and an appeal was taken. The costs of the suit have been enormous and the record was one of the most voluminous ever submitted to the court. The decree of the circuit court was reversed and the cause remanded.

Notice to Trespassers.

All are hereby notified not to trespass on my land in any way by hunting, fishing, tearing down fences or by grazing or salting stock on the mountain land belonging to the St. Lawrence Company, which adjoins my farm, and is now in my possession.
WM. L. HARPER,
April 16, 1895.

Notice.

All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the undersigned firm will please take notice that they are hereby requested to come forward and settle up.

E. L. BEARD & Co.
Academy, W. Va.

The ladies of Marlinton cleared about $30 at the festival given at the court-house on Wednesday evening.

For the Times.

Nonsense Rhymes.

She in cold blood, without excuse,
With our poor heart has played
the deuce!
She for her pleasure gave us pain,
Then told us that we came in vain.
Tired of life afraid of death,
Too sick to even draw our breath,
Oh! would that she could feel the
smart
Which agonizes our poor heart.
Oh! would it was we were outlawed
And had the village overawed,
Then down we'd swoop with dastard band,
And supplicate her for her hand,
When she accepted we'd be wed,
With pistols at the pastor's head,
We'd toss the preacher half-a-dime
And ask him for the correct time,
Then harkaway to some retreat,
And find, no doubt, "revenge is
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Furnishing the Court-Horse.

At a County Court held Saturday the contract for furniture for the new court-house was let to the Manly Manufacturing Company at $2300. Two bids were in, the other bidder being Conant Brothers, of Toledo, Ohio, at $2410. These bids were made on a schedule heretofore adopted by the County Court and furnished to both parties. It includes suitable and sufficient furniture for the rooms of the new building together with the furniture now on hand. The main court-room will be furnished with opera chairs and fittings for the bar.

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vs.
One hundred acres
and
Fifteen acres
In the matter of forfeited lands.

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J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

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To the Creditors of Andrew C. Wooddell, Deceased:

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Witness, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said Court, this 15th day of April, 1895. J. H. PATTERSON,
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2t. Clover Lick, W. Va.

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It is the intention of the owners of this horse to make two seasons with him, giving the earlier season to Pocahontas and the later to Greenbrier.

EXTRACT FROM LETTER CONCERNING "LEADER."

"This breed is conceded by all who are familiar with the subject to be the Arab, Barb, and Turkish horse. Recognizing these facts in my selections I have always refused animals whose pedigree, when analyzed, did not trace in all lines directly to the Oriental origin. In offering you the colt "Leader" I think I can safely say that no horse of any blood possesses a pedigree tracing through its different lines so many times to this highly prized blood as does "Leader." I am frank to say that I have never traced one that showed half as many. This colt traces 396 times to the Arab, 464 to the Barb, and 484 to the Turk. This statement may seem incredible to you. I have the documents to prove it, however. If I cannot substantiate all I say, the colt will not cost you a dollar. I venture to say that you cannot buy another colt in the United States, at any price, has one-twentieth the number of Arab crosses that this one possesses."

Yours very truly,
(Signed) M. W. DUNHAM.

"Leader" is a very handsome horse, stylish and large, and has taken first premium over a large lot in the State of Illinois. The judge said to the crowd that he was "the best colt to suit him he had ever seen."

TERMS; TO INSURE: One mare $8; two mares, bred by same owner, $15; three mares, bred by same owner, $21.
GREENBRIER LIVE-STOCK CO.

The Income Tax will be almost as effective as the Interstate commerce law.

Millinery Notice.

We wish to call the attention of the ladies' to the fact that Mrs. J. M. Cunningham and Miss Maud Yeager will establish a first class milinery establishment in Marlinton not later than the last week in April. Wait until that time before investing in your needs in this line, for their stock will positively embrace all the late and tasteful styles. Miss Maud Yeager is now in Baltimore taking a special course in millinery, and will return with a complete line. 3t

FEED, LIVERY
—AND—
SALE STABLES.

First-Rate Teams and Saddle-Horses Provided.

☞ Horses for Sale and Hire. ☜

SPECIAL ACCOMODATIONS FOR STALLIONS.

A limited number of Horses boarde

All persons having horses to trade are invited to call. Young horses broke to ride or work
J. H. G. WILSON,
Marlinton w. Va

E. H. Smith,
PRESCRIPTION
DRUGGIST,
MARLINTON, W. VA.
—DEALER IN—
Drugs, Paints and Oils,
Varnishes, Patent Medicines,
etc., etc. etc.

Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours, day or night. A competent Pharmacist will have charge of the Prescription Department.

We invite everybody and promise close prices and polite attention.

☞ At E. A. Smith & Son's Old Stand.

J. A. SHARP & CO.
—Have Established a Firstclass—
Harness and Saddlery
Store and Shop,
—AT—
MARLINTON, W. VA.
Something that has been needed in this county for years.
They carry a complete line of
HARNESS, SADDLES, COLLARS, HARDWARE, and TRIMMINGS.
Both Factory and Handmade.
At Rockbottom Prices.
ALSO,
THE UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT,
Is fitted out with a complete stock of latest and best designs, and coffins can be furnished on shortest notice.

☞ Successors of G. F. Crummett, who is employed by the firm.

C. B. SWECKER,
General Auctioneer
and Real Estate Agent.
I sell Coal, Mineral and Timber Lands. Farms and Town Lots a specialty. 21 years in the business. Correspondence solicited. Reference furnished.
Postoffice—Dunmore, W. Va., or Alexander, W. Va.

M. F. GIESEY,
Architect and Superintendent,
Room, 19, Reilly Block,
Wheeling, W. Va.

PATTERSON SIMMONS
MARLINTON, W. VA.
Plasterer and Contractor.
Work done on short notice.

In
Poor
Health
means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected.
Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

Brown's
Iron
Bitters

If you are feeling out of sorts, weak and generally exhausted, nervous, have no appetite and can't work, begin at once taking the most reliable strengthening medicine, which is Brown's Iron Bitters. A few bottles cure—benefit comes from the very first dose—*it won't stain your teeth*, and it's pleasant to take.

It Cures
Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver
Neuralgia, Troubles,
Constipation, Bad Blood
Malaria, Nervous ailments
Women's complaints.

Get only the genuine—it has crossed red lines on the wrapper. All others are substitutes. On receipt of two 2c. stamps we will send set of Ten Beautiful World's Fair Views and book—free.
BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

Important to You.

Having resumed the practice of veterinary surgery (limited) I will treat the following diseases in Pocahontas and adjoining counties, viz: ring-bone bone-spavin curb pollevil, fistula, and heaves. Terms, specific and cures guaranteed. I am also general agent for Eldred's Liquid Electricity, which is a specific for all kinds of fevers, sorethroat, cuts, sprains, bruises, boweltroubles, and pains of every discription, external or internal. Its timely use will prevent all kinks of contagious diseases. Address,
T. J. WILLIAMS.
Top of Alleghany, W Va

Peerless Feed Grinder.

It will last a lifetime. One horse power sufficient. Grinds any grain, either just merely cracking it, or fine enough to make family meal. Every big farmer is buying one. Referencees, R. W. Hill, C. E. Beard, Lee Beard, G. W. Callison, Frank Hill, Geo. W. Whiting, wm. Callison, and J. H. McNeel, Academy. Am making a canvass of the county and will call on you in a short time. Price in reach of all. Agency for Pocahontas and Greenbrier counties. Eight sold in one day. For particulars, write to
R. M. BEARD,
Academy, W. Va. 1 26m

MARLINTON HOUSE.
Located near Court House.
Terms.
per day.... 1.00
per meal --- 25
lodging - - 25
Good accommodations for horses at 25 cents per feed.
Special rates made by the week or month.
C. A. YEAGER, Proprietor.

G. C. AMLUNG,
FASHIONABLE
BOOT AND SHOEMAKER
EDRAY, . VA.
All work guaranteed as to workmanship, fit and leather.
Mending neatly done.
Give me a call.

BLACKSMITHING
AND
Wagon Repairs.
C. Z. HEVNER.
MARLINTON, W. VA.
Shops situated at the Junction of Main Street and Dusty Avenue, opposite the postoffice.

FIRE FIRE
Insure against loss in the
Peabody Insurance Co.,
WHEELING, W. Va.
Incorporated March, 1869.
Cash Capital $100,000.00.
N. C. McNEIL,
MARLINTON W. Va.

HOME NEWS

—We notice in the *Glenville athfinder* that Hon. Geo. H. offatt will start a Democratic per soon, at Charleston.

Mott Wallace, Esq., is busy assessing the personal property of the dray and Lelels districts, as dep- y of C. O. Arbogast.

—At Staunton, Ben Hite was as found guilty of the murder of enry Weeks and sentenced to onfinement in the penitentiary for welve years.

—Messrs. A. M. McLaughlin nd M. D. McLaughlin brought a ig drove of cattle to their places n Elk, from their Greenbrier arms this week.

—The cattle are being driven to hegrazing lands. Drovesare coming from Virginia and other points, nd the bluegrass country of West ocahontas will soon be full of tock cattle.

—The rain that fell on night of he 7th of this month seemed to ave been particularly heavy on the head waters of Elk and Valley Rivers, and those rivers were higher than they have been for years.

—Attention is called to the advertisement of the Warwick place near this town which is offered for rent. This is a finely improved farm, consisting of about two hundred acres of fine sod, and is in first class condition.

—There is a report of general circulation that Pete Kramer, the main witness in the Collins murder case, was drowned between Marlinton and Ronceverte. He started from this place on April 5th, in alight skiff and has not been heard from since. Having word direct from Ronceverte, we may safely say that the report has no truth in it.

—In Charleston last week a bold Lochinvar, Col. A. D. MacCorkle, brother of Governor MacCorkle, chartered a special train to carry he and his intended to Ohio when they were united in marriage. The lady was Miss Come Comstock, a prominent society leader of Charleston. The elopement was quite a success, and a great improvement over the old-fashioned style riding horses to death through the mud.

—Col. R. S. Turk, of Staunton, the owner of the old court-house building at Huntersville, is actively engaged establishing a school at that place. The village of Huntersville is admirably adapted to furnish the site of a good school, being beautifully situated and possessing suitable buildings for the accommodation of any number of students. The character of school Col. Turk has in mind is on the style of a normal, and destined to fit young men and women for the profession of teaching or for entering college, as well as to furnish a business course, with typewriting and stenography for those who desire it.

—Never in the memory of man has the price of horses fallen so low. What with the electric and elevated railways, the advance of railroad development, the bicycle, and the increase of tramps, the horse is going to the wall. The supply is greater than the demand, and until this is adjusted, a process which is going on now, horses will be dirt cheap. The report from the last horse market at Harrisonburg, Virginia, says that the best were selling at $35—horses which would have brought $150 easily a few years ago. In Chicago 3000 horses were sold for $3 a head to a man who killed them to fatten hogs on their carcasses.

—Recently Mr. W. McClintic, the extensive stock raiser of Buckeye, became the owner of an abnormal lamb. The lamb would have been a great curiosity if it could have been kept alive. The deformity consisted in the shape of its head which was perfectly formed with the exception of the lower jaw, which was missing, giving the lamb's head a snake-like appearance. It had no tongue, and a very small opening through the throat. It was a fine, strong lamb but could not live. The head was sent to this office, and and was on exhibition for several days, and it did have a very peculiar look. One tenderfoot said the lamb lacked upper teeth, but he must have been mistaken.

—Messrs. Machen, of New York, and Rickard, of Harrisonburg, were here this week in the interest of the much talked of railroad to be built through this country. They spent the night at the Cunningham House, and while here had private talks with some of our prominent townsmen, but from what we can gather these talks did not amount to a railroad by a good deal. They told one man the road might run through Pendleton or Hardy Counties, West Virginia. From another we learned that they wanted private subscriptions to the road, so they went back east without giving much satisfaction to the public, and without fixing the date of arrival of the first train. One thing is sure, if they want subscriptions to help to build a railroad, Highland is not a very good locality to get them.—*Highland Recorder.*

—Charges have been preferred against two of the faculty of the West Virginia University. One against the United States Army officer stationed there as commandant of the cadet corps for using the gymnasium and commencement halls for dances, much to the discomfort of some, and also against Dr. Hartigan, the eminent scientist, whose work has done much to elevate the college from mediocrity, and who is now charged with neglect. All the fools are not yet dead, or graduated, at Morgantown.

—The year of 1895 delights in anything that savors of a storm. The Easter storm came as surely as if it knew that it was billed to arrive on time. The frosts have set the sugar trees running again, which is an unusual occurrence after the middle of April. Last winter's snow is still in the mountains and a very fine snow fell on Easter Sunday.

—For Rent.—The pasture lands of the heirs of C. E. Warwick, deceased, on Stoney Creek. For terms apply to R. E. L. Doyle, on the premises, or address John C. Warwick, Hinton, W. Va.

—Now is Your Chance!!—All clothing I have on hand will be closed at first cost for cash. This sale will continue for about 5 days. Don't miss it. P. GOLDEN.

—Some changes are being expected in the ownership and management of the hotel proprietors of this town soon.

Personal.

Rev. John A. Taylor was in town Monday.

Among the prominet visitors in town this week was Col. Geo. S. McNeel, of Academy.

Messrs. Miles and Foster, are the latest arrival sfrom England, at Mingo, and are stoping with Mr. Jas. Hebdon.

Mr. H. A. Yeager will retire from the hotel business shortly.

Mr. Jim Watson is stopping in Marlinton at present.

Rev. C. M. Sarver has been stationed by the conference at Petersburg, Grant county. His friends in this circuit are sorry to lose him.

PETERSBURG, VA., April 7.—General William Mahone has made a deed of trust, which has been recorded in the office of the Clerk of the Corporation Court. Judge Edmund Waddell, of Richmond, is the trustee. The deed conveys the General's palatial residence, in Petersburg, with all his household goods, and other real estate. The deed is made to secure the holders of certain notes, amounting to $80,500.—*Exchange.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

DENTISTRY. Dr. J. H. Weymouth will be at Huntersville on the 22th of April, and remain 3 days; Green Bank, 29th 3 days; Clover Lick, May 6th 3 days. Call early and make your engagements.

Lightning Hot Drops—
What a Funny Name!
Very True, but it Kills All Pain.
Sold Everywhere. Every Day—
Without Relief, There is No Pay!

BY THE HARDEST.

Marlinton Wins Again from Mingo. A Fight to the Finish.

Once again the carefully trained athletes of our progressive town have met the hardy Englishmen on the field and after a hard-fought battle of ninety minutes won the football game by the score of 2:0. This event closes the season.

One peculiarity of this game which has grown so popular in the last few years with our muscular race, is that there are dozens who prefer to see the game played to playing, and this was never more fully proven than in the game of last Saturday. About three hundred persons, among whom were many ladies, watched the game during a driving storm of snow and rain, hail and sleet, which almost blinded the players. At one time the ground was covered with hail-stones as large as bird's eggs. But the people stayed and shouted themselves into a pretty state of hoarseness. Marlinton did not lack for "rooters," but the muddy roads and heavy rains had kept the Pocahontas partisans away, and the people of Randolph shouted right loyally for their own county.

The teams seemed to be evenly matched, and when the first half ended it was plain to be seen that the game would go to the side which outwinded the other. Skill and strength seemed balanced, and Marlinton—we had gone to Mingo to win—had only one hope left and that was in endurance. It did not prove a false one, and in the last few minutes the pace seemed to tell on several of the Mingo men, and the ball stayed dangerously near the Mingo goal. Finally within six minutes of the finish, the ball was actually crowded through the goal and though the tremendous resistance of the giant backs of Mingo said "no thoroughfare," the Marlinton forwards supported by their backs would not acknowledge this and so "we fetched her."

"One goal begets another," and though the time given us was but four minutes, another goal was made by a long low shot by Lew Yeager which the Mingo goal keeper failed to stop, much to his distress.

The game was admirably umpired by Mr. Arthur Lawson, a true lover of sport, and to whose indefatigable efforts much is due for the many interesting events in the way of out door sports which have become institutions in the English colony at Mingo. Mr. Lanty Tuke and Mr. Ricketts acted as linesmen.

Enough cannot be said of the unbounded hospitality and kindness of the English gentlemen of Mingo, to the Marlinton citizens who were their visitors last week. Everything had been provided for their comfort and entertainment, and our boys returned highly gratified by their reception. The decorations of the field were very striking. The goal posts and bars were painted in the colors of the two nations represented—red, white and blue, and the confines of the ground were marked by the "Stars and Stripes" and "Union Jacks." The Mingo linesmen waved a red flag, and the Marlinton linesmen a blue one. The bright scarlet uniforms of Mingo contrasted well with the dark blue of the home team.

The Teams lined up as shown by the table below:

Mingo.	*Marlinton.*
FORWARD.	
Hebden, E.	Wilson,
RIGHT WING.	
McAtee,	N. Price,
Marshall,	A. Price, (C.)
LEFT WING.	
Grews,	L. Yeager,
Earnshaw, H. (Capt.)	A'hern,
HALF BACKS.	
Tompkins,	Anderson,
Dakers,	J. Yeager,
Hales,	Smith,
FULL BACKS.	
Hebden, J.	W. Yeager,
Lindsay,	McLaughlin,
GOAL.	
Friel,	King.

Under the efficient management of Mr. Lawson a concert came off at the school-house at Mingo, which was immensely enjoyed by a large and appreciative audience. The talent was lent for the occasion by the ladies of Mingo and by those of musical ability of both clubs. The hall was handsomely decorated and the flags of the two nations were lavishly displayed.

THE NEW JAIL.

A DESCRIPTION OF ITS CONVENIENCES.

BY THE ARCHITECTURAL EDITOR.

The new jail proper is absolutely fireproof, for all exterior and interior walls are solid brick, all floors and ceilings are solid cement concrete packed on arches that are carried by steel girders from wall to wall, and the roof is covered with slate. There being practically no wood to decay, there will be no expensive repairs or renewals needed for generations to follow. There are no hollow places in walls or floors to harbor vermin, the best of all buildings for indiscriminate collections of humanity. The walls are laid and plastered and will harden year after year.

The design as is shown in our exterior view, while indicating a compact whole, embraces three distinct divisions, to-wit: A residence in front, and office, guard room, hospital room, and detention room, intermediate and jail proper in the rear. These several departments are as fully separated by solid walls as though under separate roofs. The residence has central halls and staircase, with parlor and family room on this floor. The basement has dining room, kitchen, furnace and fuel room. On the first and second floors each room has a nice oak mantelpiece artistically designed.

All doors have movable transoms, and the finish is polished and varnished in a superior manner

The prisoners all enter the jail through the guard room in the intermediate department. Here are located the inspection and search rooms, the hospital, female and light offense and detention cells. This being the only entrance to the rear cage room, which is built of two tiers of cells. Two floors have been fitted enabling perfect separation of races, and as each floor has four cells, two on each side opening into a central exercise, or prisoner's, corridor, and as each cell is as independent of the others as are the rooms in a hotel similarly artanged, it is possible to make further a perfect classification of the prisoners, but it will hardly be necessary for years to assign so many to a compartment.

These cells with their central exercise or prisoners corridors, are neste together and enclosed on all sides and below and above with a burglar proof grating, and once incarcerated the whole jail life of the prisoner is in this cage, and if the rules are adhered to the jailer will always have a steel wall between him and his guests, although the latter will be under close scrutiny and absolute observation at all times from the jailer's corridor which extends all around the cage.

Food is handed to the prisoners through suitable openings in outer gratings. There is a large tank of water near the top of each cell within reach of its inmates, so that this great necessity is at the individual command of each unfortunate. This tank also serves as a flushing reservoir for the iron hopper closet placed in each cell and connected by scientifically trapped pipes and sewer. This provides for the immediate disposal of all excrement, and removes the greatest objection to former jails.

As has been stated, the doors of each cell open into the central exercise or prisoners corridor on either side. This is wider than our ordinary rooms. Our interior sketch shows it in part, and at rear end can be seen the prisoner's bath tank. At the front of this picture the open door to this corridor shows the only entrance to the cage the upper right hand corner shows an open box in which are levers moving a system of bolts over the doors of each cell and a separate lever for each door enables the jailer to arrange the exercise periods for each cell independent of all others, and this without entering the cage or coming in contact with the prisoners.

Additional locks are provided for all doors, but they are placed and removed, while the corridor is empty, and while the doors are locked by the bolts, the lever box is provided with tell tale reminding devices requiring all levers to be thrown and also locked in their places before the door of the box can be closed. The bolts are also arranged so that they cannot be moved while the door is open, all of which is to preclude mistakes or carelessness by the jailer. The steel floors of the cells and corridors are overlaid with imported cement, giving a comfortable, artificial stone surface easily kept clean.

Lack of space prevents reference to the many special features of the jail construction, which are the result of many years of experience and investigation, but the cage material is a combination of tensile or "blow proof" steel and crucible or "saw proof" steel, and the report of Peck's best metal worker, Robert Burns, appointed by the Board of Commissioners to fully test every tool proof bar in these cells, established the fact that every one, aggregating upwards of a thousand, has had seven trials, and is tool proof and satisfactory.

The Manly Manufactoring Co., of Dalton, Georgia, the only jail builders in the South, who contracted for and completed the entire work, state that this is the first instance in which such careful scrutiny has been given by county officials.

Those of the tax payers who are capable of judging the work, say it is undoubtedly creditable to all concerned, and pleases many of those who have examined it, and TIMES gives this sketch and these illustrations for the benefit of those who can not make a personal examination of the building.

Dunmore.

Everything seems to be on the move. Mr. Isaac Klein and son moved on their farm; Mr. John Dressard, of Frost, moved this week to Beverly; Rev. S. L. Potter moved to his new field of labor; we understand that Rev. Maxwell will be in this week. Even the postoffice was moved from Swecker's to the store at Dunmore. If some men owned the whole world they would not be satisfied unless they owned a potato patch on the other side. Marlinton men stand a poor chance with some people in this end of the county.

We see some fine improvements in Green Bank. Messrs. J. H. Curry and W. H. Hull are putting in fine sidewalk in front of their premises.

Mr. J. P. Wooddell will start Wednesday for his spring goods; Mr. George D. Oliver is in Baltimore this week laying in his spring and summer stock.

Marion Gum has moved to Frost and will open up a new store.

Mr. Ed. McLaughlin is able to be out again.

A Sunday School has been organized at Baxter Church. with Mr Ed. McLaughlin as Superintendant. let all attend.

Some of our roads need work badly. The big rains played thunder with them.

Simmers & Knicely moved their sawmill to C. L. Moore's, on Browns Creek.

Mr. John Beverage is hauling lumber for his new house.

Mr. John A. Noel is building a fine residence for himself.

Died—At her home on the morning of the 16th inst, Kate Daugherty, wife of Isaac Daugnerty, aged about 40 years. She leaves several small children.

Miss Kittie Lakin is spending the week on Clover Creek.

Mr. William Pritchard, of Staunton is visiting friends here.

The dogs played the devil with Charley Pritchard's sheep, and Dan Taylor sent ten of them the spout up with his Winchester.

Mr. Jake McLaughlin was thrown from his horse last week and stove up a few inches.

Mr. F. M. Dilley moved to Pendleton county last week.

TOM SAWYER.

Green Bank.

We are having nice weather after our Easter storm.

Mr. G D. Oliver is in the Eastern markets buying goods.

Rev. C. L. Potter was among his many friends at this place last week.

Rev. Maxwell and family are expected at the parsonage on the 18th inst.

Mrs. S. C. Sutton, whos life was despaired of, we are glad to say is some better.

Mrs. James Stretch who has been sick is better.

Dr. C. L. Austin is expected home on the 19th inst. His many friends will be glad to see him.

The funeral of Mr. J. G. Sutton will be preached at this place on the 21st by Rev. C. C. Arbogast.

Will some reader of the TIMES tell what the names of Moses and Aaron's father and mothers were. By answering through the TIMES, you will oblige.

Mr. C. O. Arbogast is assessing and dehorning stock, all on the same round. Charley is a hustler.

Mr. Uriah Hevener has turned his cattle on gras last week, on Clover Creek.

C.

According to Printer's Ink, it would cost $12,150 to put a ten-line advertisement in all the newspapers in this country.

More than 600 plans have been sent in for the construction of the Paris exposition of 1900, and it is proposed to have them exhibited in the Palais d'Industrie, which is the only gallery large enough to contain them.

Competition between Eastern and Western farmers is yearly growing less, declares the New York Tribune. In years past the Western man had the advantage of cheap lands; but the Eastern farmer has the advantage of a near-by market.

The San Francisco Chronicle feels that Alpine climbers will read with disgust of the proposed railroad and elevator to the very summit of the Jungfrau. Time was, and it was not so many years ago, that this mountain was regarded as a dangerous peak and the feat of climbing it was notworthy. Since then the Matterhorn and other Alpine peaks have taken its place in the ambition of mountain climbers. With a railroad to the summit and a hotel perched on the topmost point of this historical mountain much of the romance will go out of Alpine climbing. The Cook's tourist is fatal to the enthusiasm of travel.

James M. Glenn, President of the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce, writes in the North American Review: "The South this season has been favored with an enormous crop of cotton and an exceptionally large production of corn, with also an excellent yield of tobacco, and although market prices may be low, especially as to cotton, the fact remains that the cost of production, taking into consideration not only the question of labor, but recognizing the complete utilization of the by-product which was formerly wasted, is now greatly reduced, and the net result is a favorable one. The sugar interest, it is to be hoped, may steadily continue in advancement, accompanied ultimately with remunerative results. The production of rice in the South is extending, and will undoubtedly assume very greatly enlarged proportions in the near future. The lumber resources of the South are being brought more and more into prominence, attracting capital for its preparation for market, widening the employment of labor, and adding to the available wealth of the community."

Devotion to the old Shinto faith is not extinct in Japan, and a great temple at Kioto, on which ten years and many millions have been expended, is still incomplete, and work upon it not suspended even in the time of the greatest war which the country has ever had upon its hands. The women of that country give sign of their pious zeal in this work by contributing portions of their hair, which are braided into cables and used in the transportation of material to be employed in the construction of the building. Of these a large number have been worn out in the work accompanying the structure at Kioto, but more are forthcoming, showing a spirit of zeal and sacrifice among the women there which the New York Tribune believes not to be outdone by any of the missionaries among them, or by the builders of shrines and temples anywhere. Shintoism is the old faith of Japan before the introduction of Buddhism and the Confucian philosophy, and does not now absorb a large part of the religious inspiration of the country, but still preserves a measure of vitality enough to build a new temple now and then amidst the ruin of its old ones, and supply testimony that in spite of the infiltration of newer faiths the lamp of its older one is still trimmed and burning. It has no theological scheme and specific code of morals, inculcating in general obedience to and reverence for the Mikado, who in that country is the direct representative of the gods; and as a religion really amounts to little, not enough to justify the erection to it of such a spacious and costly tabernacle. Japan is going on at such a pace in the adoption of modern usages that she will no doubt have a President before long after the American pattern, and then there will be nobody for the new Kio to altar to burn its incense to.

THE OLD MEETING HOUSE.

1791—1891.

The blue hills rise in stately strength,
  Streams ripple soft below,
As on those long gone Sabbath days,
  One hundred years ago.

When in those crumbling, roofless walls,
  Where birds flit to and fro,
The Quaker fathers worshiped God
  One hundred years ago.

And word of truth, or praise, or prayer,
  In measured tone, and slow,
Was spoken as the spirit moved
  One hundred years ago.

Here many a calm and saintly brow
  Seemed lit by heaven's own glow,
And caught the promised peace of God
  One hundred years ago.

Perhaps just here the sunshine fell
  On golden heads below,
Where children lifted patient eyes
  One hundred years ago.

Here youths and maidens primly sat
  In silent, decorous row,
But, as to-day, Love stole his glance
  One hundred years ago.

In ancient graves, where trailing vines
  And tender wild flowers grow,
Sleep those whose footsteps thither turned
  One hundred years ago.

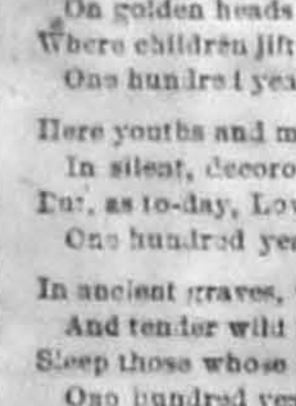
Long have these altar fires been cold,
  And only ruins show
The temple holy to the Lord
  One hundred years ago.

But true and simple faith abides,
  Though centuries onward flow—
The fathers did not build in vain
  Who reared this modest forest fane
  One hundred years ago.

—Lucy R. Fleming, in Harper's Bazar.

A LEAP FOR LUCRE.

BY THOMAS S. BLACKWELL.



WHEN the gallant "Green Lancers" got the route from gay, "dear, dirty Dublin" for the West of Ireland, it was looked upon by the younger members of that sporting corps as something akin to penal servitude.

"Beastly bore," lisped Charley Nugent, the last-joined sub, as he pulled viciously at an imaginary mustache, "isn't it?" and he looked appealingly round on his brother officers, who were lounging about the ante-room at Island Bridge Barracks.

"Look here, youngster," growled the Major from his lair on the sofa, "you don't know what's good for you. It will be the saving of you boys to get away from the late hours and confectionery that you are indulging in here. 'The Wild West' is not half bad."

"Tell us all about it, Major," came in a chorus from "the boys."

"The 'Major" was an authority on all subjects in the "Green Lancers." If it was a love affair, some detail of regimental duty, a financial difficulty, or one of the many complications peculiar to "young bloods," "the Major" was always the trusted guide, philosopher and friend.

A perfect man of the world, a thorough soldier and good sportsman, with a kind heart, despite a rather sarcastic turn, he was adored by all the youngsters of the regiment, to whom he was a regular oracle.

"Yes," said the Major, "the West is a jolly place for any fellow with health and heart to enjoy the fun one gets there. The Chief and I were down on detachment in the County Mayo in '81, when boycotting came into fashion. We had lots of work, to be sure; but we had a splendid good time of it all the same. The best of shooting, fishing and nailing sport with the South Mayo hounds. As for hospitality—there was no end of it, and as for girls! Heigh-ho! it was a lucky thing for the Colonel and I that our old chief then was death on matrimony in the regiment, or we should not be shaking loose legs now. I tell you, boys, if you don't lose your lives over the walls, or your hearts over the girls, you are a tougher lot than you look."

"Any betting fellows down in the wilds there, Major?" drawled Fred. Hall, the captain of C Troop, as he languidly crossed the room and joined the group.

"By Jove! Dolly, but you will be in your element. The men there are ready for any sort of extraordinary wager, and I think will even make you open your eye. Nothing is too hot or heavy for them."

"I suppose they will," lisped the Captain, in such an innocent, artless way that a roar of laughter went around the room.

"Dolly" Hall was a man of about seven-and-twenty, with fair, curly hair, light mustache, and face that would have looked more in place over a silk dress than surmounting the green-faced tunic of the — Lancers. Everything was a "bore" to Dolly, and no duty (or pleasure for the matter of that) was gone into without an amount of lamentation over the hardness of his luck in having to exert himself. But the fellows in the regiment knew that Dolly could rouse himself when occasion required, as he had been twice mentioned in dispatches for gallantry in the Soudan campaign.

It quite annoyed Dolly to be reminded of these lapses from his normal state of ennui.

"What the duce could I do?" he would say in a piteously apologetic tone when asked about an Egyptian exploit.

With plenty of money and an ardent love of sport (in his own peculiar fashion), Hall was never happy unless he had a bet on something, it did not matter what, from a Derby favorite to a cheese maggot race across a plate. Some wonderful betting transactions he had had since he joined the — Lancers, and as he was always pretty certain to be on the winning side, the merriment of his brother officers was natural.

"The Green Lancers" left Dublin for the West, and the Major and a squadron were quartered at Ballinrobe, "Dolly" Hall being one of the officers with him. The gentry (and ladies) of the neighborhood received the gallant Lancers with open arms, and the depondency of the subs quickly vanished. What with salmon fishing, grouse, woodcock and pheasant shooting, and hunting with the South Mayo's, the station was voted a first class one.

Dolly Hall was a particular favorite with both sexes of the natives—the men liked him because he was a rattling good sportsman whatever way you took him, and the ladies made a perfect pet of him from his being so totally different to the men they were in the habit of meeting. When I saw Dolly was a favorite with all I ought to have excepted Giles McCarthy, of Ballyboden, who looked upon the gallant Captain with anything but a favorable eye.

There was no better man to hounds in the county than McCarthy, and chiefly on this account he was the favored squire of the Diana of the district, Rose Mahon. But when Dolly came on the scene McCarthy was nowhere, and the rage of the latter at being deposed, was desperate. What galled him most was that the Captain treated him so coolly, and never appeared in the slightest degree ruffled at the most cutting thing that could be said.

Toward the close of the hunting season the Lancers gave a dance at the Barracks, and the county people came en masse to it. The meet of the South Mayo's had been at Ballinrobe that morning, and Rose Mahon and Dolly were in the first flight all through a fast forty minutes from Creagh.

Rose was radiant at the dance. She had got that coveted trophy—the brush—in the morning, and Dolly was her devoted attendant in the evening, dancing more than he had ever been known to since he joined the regiment. Giles McCarthy was not a dancing man, so he was doing wall flower, and a very dark wall flower he looked.

His black hunter, Owenmore, had never gone so badly with him, and flatly refused to negotiate a small drain he met at the beginning of the run, leaving the disgusted Giles quite out of the hunt.

It was gall and wormwood to him to see that "fop of a cockney captain" beside Rose Mahon, sailing away over everything.

Dolly and Miss Mahon were floating round in a waltz, and brought up just where the glum McCarthy stood.

"Ah! Mr. McCarthy, are you there? I thought you were still in one of those Creagh ditches," said Rose, with a merry laugh. "What on earth came over the redoubtable Owenmore to behave in such a fashion?"

"Neither he nor his master care for bog-trotting, Miss Mahon," replied Giles, looking as black as thunder.

"So Irish, don't you know, Miss Rose—won't have water at any price," lisped Dolly, in the silkiest of tones.

"If you call those bits of potato furrows that we had to-day, water, I don't like it," snarled McCarthy. "But I wish we had you over our side for a day amongst the walls, Captain Hall, and perhaps some of the gilt would come off your gingerbread."

"Why, my dear fellow, I adore walls."

"There are walls, and walls in it. Perhaps you wouldn't adore a good five foot, coped one," sneered the now furious Giles.

"Oh! That's only a trifle," drawled Dolly. "I'd drive a horse and trap over that."

"You would, would you!" yelled McCarthy, "I'll bet you a hundred you don't!"

"Make it two," was the quiet answer, "and I'll do it within the week."

"Done!" cried Giles.

"Right," from Dolly; and with a "shall we?" to the astonished Rose, they glided off into the waltz again.

The news of the bet went round the ball room like a bit of scandal through a country town. For McCarthy could not repress his jubilation over the soft thing he had got on the English Captain.

"Hang it all! Dolly, what sort of an absurd wager is this I hear you have made with that fellow, McCarthy?" said the Major, as soon as he could get a chance of speaking to Hall. "What do you intend doing about it?"

"Haven't an idea, my dear Major, but it will come out all right, you'll find."

"But the thing's ridiculous, man, and we'll have a whole county laughing at us," urged the Major.

"Let them laugh who win. Wait till I think it out over a cigar and you'll see we come out on top after all."

"Well, you know it is only making that boor a present of two hundred. However, it is you will have to pay it," said the Major, with an impatient shrug of his shoulders, "and except for the credit of the regiment I suppose it is no business of mine. Another case of 'a fool and his money.'

"Yes, but remember what the Latin poet says: 'Fortuna favet fatuis.' And perhaps I may be an idiot that Fortune favors, Major," replied Dolly, in a dreamy sort of way, as he sauntered off to claim Rose Mahon for another waltz.

Nothing was talked of in Mayo for the next couple of days but Captain Hall's extraordinary wager, the general opinion being that he would in the end declare off and pay over the money.

Three days after the ball a letter arrived from McCarthy, reminding Dolly that half the time named had expired, and asking his intention with regard to the bet. "As," he wrote, "it was a play or pay bet, I shall thank you to send me your cheque for two hundred pounds by Tuesday next, in the event of your not carrying out your part of the business."

The reply to this epistle was:

"Dear Sir—I shall be quite prepared to carry out my part of the business on Monday next if you will drive over here to lunch.
"Yours faithfully,
"FRED HALL.
"Cavalry Barracks, Ballinrobe.

"P. S.—Would you mind driving that clever white-faced chestnut I saw you riding at Claremorris meet? You say he is a good trapper. I want such a horse and will buy him if we can agree to a price. F. H."

Many a chuckle had McCarthy and his chums over that letter.

"The softy of a fellow is not content with making me a present of a couple of hundred quid," he said to Peter Blake, "but wants to throw away some more on that old chestnut screw. He's a smart hunter, no doubt, and showy in harness, but no vet. would pass him with those hocks. However, if I can knock another fifty or so out of the dandy English Captain, I shall have a good day of it next Monday."

The McCarthyites got on all the money they could at two to one against the Captain. Such good business was it thought that several of them drove over to Ballinrobe on Saturday to see if any of the officers could be found willing to put on some more with them.

They were rather taken aback by the readiness of the Lancers to accommodate them, and the feeling increased to one of real uneasiness, when the Major dropped in and cheerfully remarked that "if all the money wasn't exhausted he didn't mind having a 'pony' or two on Hall at evens."

"Pooh! nonsense!" blurted the confident Giles, when his cronies came back and told him. "Those soldiers always try to bluff you. They know right well that their man has not a ghost of a chance, but they won't acknowledge it. Our money is safe enough, never you fear. It's not like a case where you could train a horse to the work; big a fool as the fellow is he's not going to smash up a horse, trap and himself, to try if the thing can be done. I'm sorry you didn't get some more on at evens, for it's sure money; you may take my word for it."

"I don't see how we can possibly lose either," said Peter Blake, "but the whole lot of them seemed so cocksure that I couldn't help thinking they had a trump up their sleeve some way or another."

Monday came and it found Giles McCarthy on his way over to Ballinrobe, driving the white-faced chestnut in a smart, light polo cart. His friends were following him in force, all anxious to see the Englishman lose his wager.

About half a mile outside Ballinrobe who should they meet but Dolly Hall sauntering quietly along the road.

"Ho! McCarthy, glad to see you. Come to win that two hundred pounds off me. I'll take a seat with you up to the barracks if you've no objection."

"Delighted," said Giles, in the best of good-humor at the prospect of pocketing his money, and of making a good deal over the chestnut screw. "This is the horse you asked me in your note to drive over, Captain."

"Capital trapper," remarked Dolly; and you say he can jump?"

"Bedad! he can. The wall isn't built in Mayo that would stop the same horse. I never knew him turn from a fence and he's good for ten Irish miles an hour, between the shafts."

"Just the thing to suit me," said Dolly. "What's his price?"

"Well, I don't care to sell him at all; but I'll give him to you at £75 and he's the cheapest horse in Ireland at the money."

"Say £50 pounds and it's a deal," replied Dolly. "Would you mind letting me have the ribbons till I see how he feels."

"With pleasure," said the delighted Giles, as he saw a certain sale in view. "You'll know what he is the minute you take a hold of him.

Dolly professed to be greatly pleased, praised mouth, style and pace, and declared that the horse was worth the price asked for him.

Just then they came to a corner where a turn was made into a road leading to the barracks.

With a shout that could be heard a mile away, Dolly brought the whip down sharply on the chestnut, who resented such unusual treatment by a couple of wild plunges and dashed round a bend in the road, where, not thirty yards in front of them, was a stone wall built right across their path.

"Stop! stop!" yelled Giles. "Are you mad?" and he tried to seize the reins from the Captain, but Dolly leant to one side, and holding his arm well out prevented his getting hold of them.

Another shout, and the chestnut went at the wall like a rocket. Then came a spring, a crash, and a confused heap of wreckage on the off side. Dolly was the first to struggle to his feet from the debris, and shouted to McCarthy, who was doubled up in a thick clump of blackthorns by the road side:

"I've won my bet, McCarthy! I'll give you £100 for the lot now, and will thank you for the balance." Half a dozen heads were now seen looking over the walls on both sides of the road, and the Major was the first to jump over and shake Dolly by the hand.

Giles was furious. His clothes were torn into ribbons, his face and hands had the appearance of having been thoroughly gone over with a fine garden rake, and altogether he was a most dilapidated spectacle. His mutterings were both loud and deep. "An action," an "infernal swindle," and so on, was the burden of his song.

"No swindle at all, my dear fellow," said the Major, pleasantly. "Mr. Crawford, the county surveyor, is here with us to certify that the wall was the correct height at any part, and coped as agreed upon. These gentlemen and myself are witnesses that the horse fairly jumped the wall, and that trap and all landed on the off side. So there can be no question but that Captain Hall has won his bet."

"He never said he'd do it with my horse," roared Giles, furiously.

"And, my dear fellow, I'm very sure I never said I'd do it with mine," lisped the imperturbable Dolly.

The McCarthy contingent looked very crestfallen, but accepted the Major's invitation up to lunch at the barracks, though Giles stalked wrathfully away without a word to anyone. At lunch they were told how Dolly had planned out the whole thing; but somehow their mirth was of a very strained character.

The chestnut was soon none the worse for his jump, and is a prime pet of Rose Hall's still.—Outing.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

In Japan the flute is played only by men of rank.

The big bridge at Montreal, Canada, is nearly two miles long.

Artificial bleaching of celery is said to spoil its taste and crispness.

Paris connoisseurs affirm that old horses for food are more tender than young ones.

Japan is a corruption of the Chinese word Shi-pen-kue, which means "root of day," or "sunrise kingdom," because Japan is directly east of China.

A New York woman is charged with training her twenty-months-old baby to toddle into the rooms of a large boarding house and steal money and jewelry.

The first surgeon to use the antiseptic treatment for wounds was Sir Joseph Lister, the famous English operator. He is now about to retire from his profession on account of old age.

Although Italians are very much addicted to quoting, they have never had a dictionary of quotations. Such a work, tracing 1575 quotations to their original sources, has just been published in Milan.

Mound City, Mo., has a thirteen-year-old boy who weighs 242 pounds; and Casco, Me., a twelve-year-old girl who weighs 225 pounds. This may serve to introduce them one to the other, and who knows what may happen later?

A model has recently been made to illustrate the currents of the Atlantic. The water is blown out of various nozzles representing the mean direction of the permanent winds. The movement of the water is made perceptible by a dust sprinkled over its surface.

Oats sometimes escape from cultivation and grow from year to year so persistently as to seem wild. They have been found thus in regions as widely separated as Algeria and Japan, the Pyrenees and North China, the Hebrides and the Desert of Mount Sinai.

On the skeleton of a lady who died at Pompeii were found two golden bracelets, six of silver, four golden anklets, four earrings, thirty finger rings, a golden collar, a golden belt and a golden band on her head, while by her hand lay a purse containing 197 silver coins.

A singular feature of the decorations of the city of Leeds, England, on the recent visit of the Duke and Duchess of York was a triple archway formed entirely of loaves of bread and enclosed in a light frame of wood and iron. Nearly six tons of bread were used in its construction, and the next day it was all distributed among the poor.

JAPAN.

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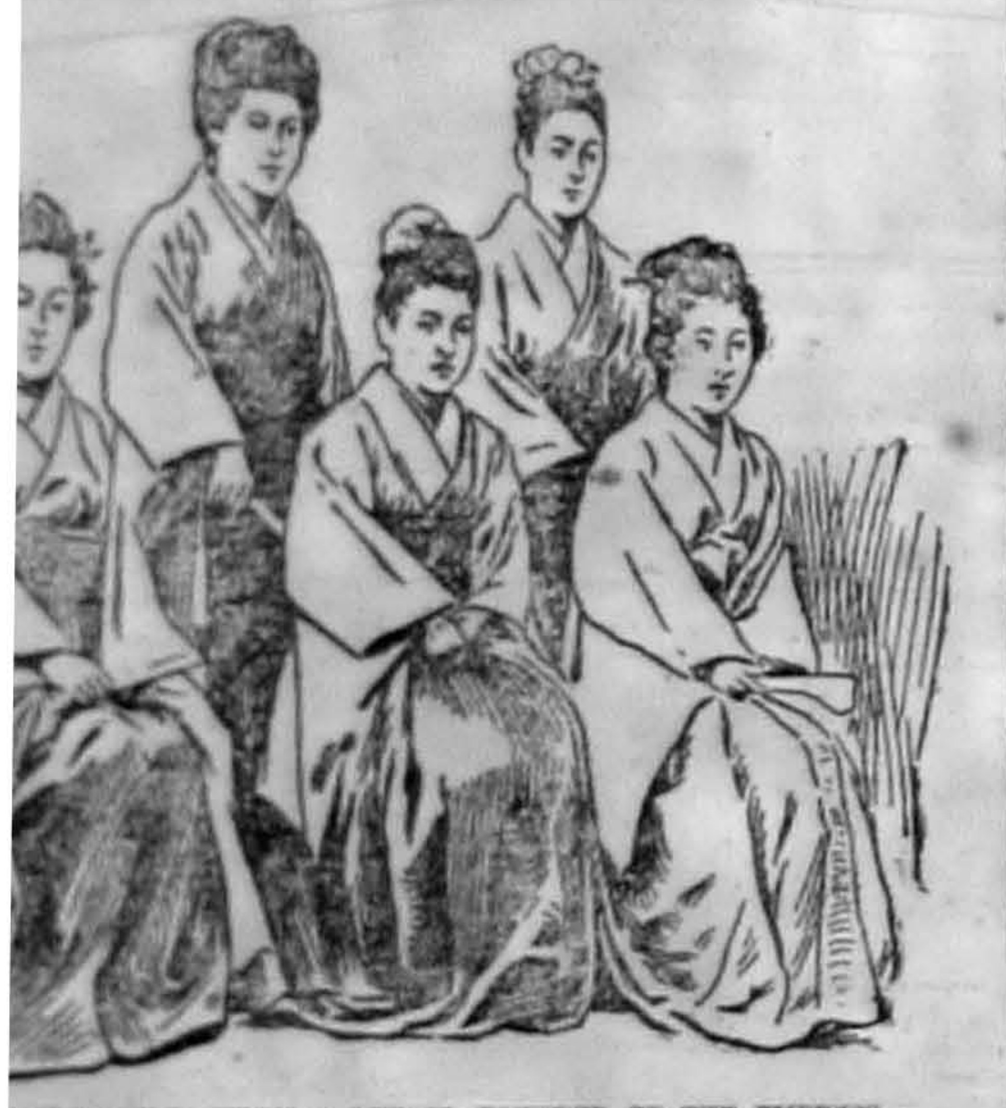

ANESE GIRLS FROM A SCHOOL FOUNDED BY THE EMPRESS.

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OR OF JAPAN.

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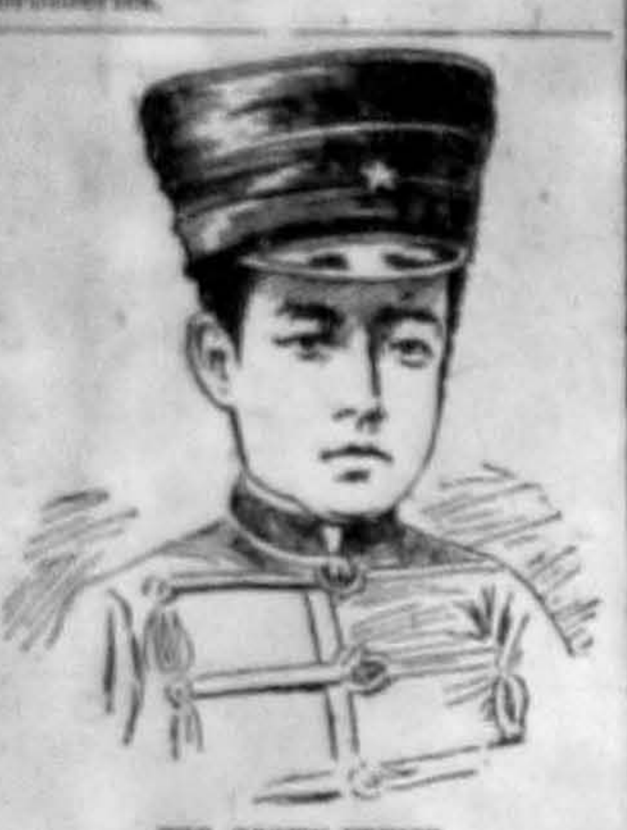
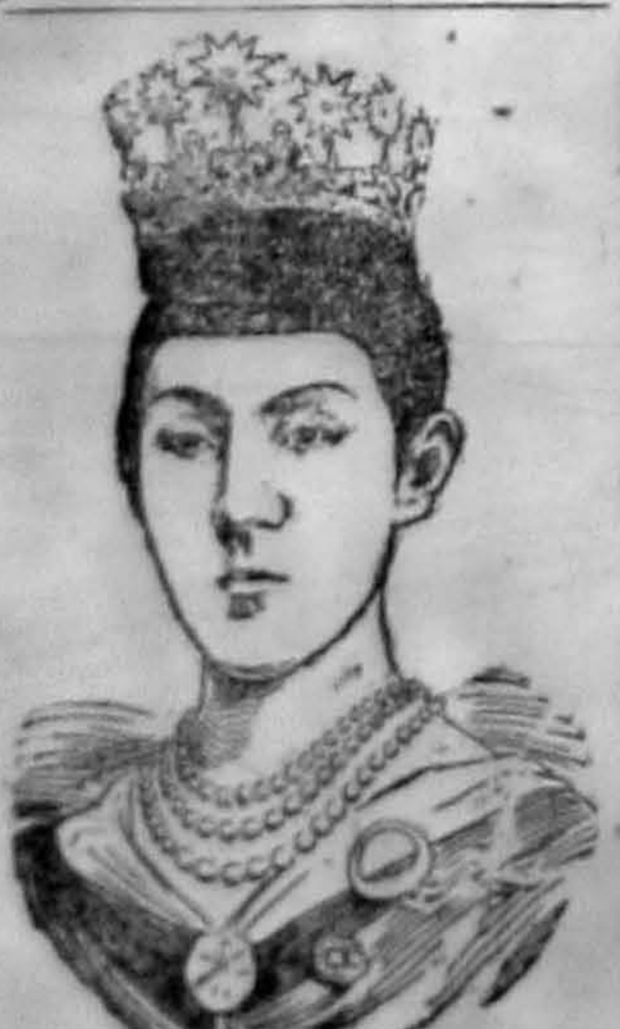


THE CROWN PRINCE.

The Emperor keeps his eye on everything. He rises early and breakfasts at about 7 o'clock. He uses a knife and fork whenever he takes foreign food, but he prefers the chopsticks at his Japanese dinners. He eats both kinds of food and is very fond of rice, taking it with every meal. He likes meats and is by no means averse to sweets. He usually eats his breakfast alone and also his lunch. His dinner is served in table d'hote style, with all the European accompaniments. Contrary to the regular practice in Japanese families, his wife often sits at the table with him, and also the Crown Prince. His work begins as soon as his breakfast is over. From 9 until 12 he receives his Ministers. After this he takes his lunch, and then spends a little time in reading newspapers. He watches closely the Japanese press, keeps track of current public opinion, and, I venture to say,



THE EMPRESS OF JAPAN.

changes his actions somewhat to suit it. All the papers are looked over for him, and the passages he should see are marked. Ordinary misstatements or criticisms he passes over, but if a newspaper becomes at all dangerous, he gives an order to his censors and the newspaper is stopped, while its editors are liable to be thrown into prison.

The Mikado is by no means a poor man. He receives about $2,500,000 a year to keep up his palace and his household establishment, and he has besides a large private fortune. Mr. Sannomiya, his Grand Master of Ceremonies, told me that he was a good business man. He has a great deal of money in public land.

The Emperor of Japan is entitled to be considered the most aristocratic ruler on earth. The royal family of Japan has a genealogical tree which reaches to heaven, and their traditions state that the Emperor comes from the gods. There have been 121 Emperors of Japan, and they all belong to this family. The first one governed Japan just about 2500 years ago. He was on the throne long before Julius Cæsar aspired to be the Emperor of Rome and 300 years before Alexander the Great thought he had conquered the world. The Japanese will assure you that the Mikado is a lineal descendant of the first Emperor, Jimmu Tenno.

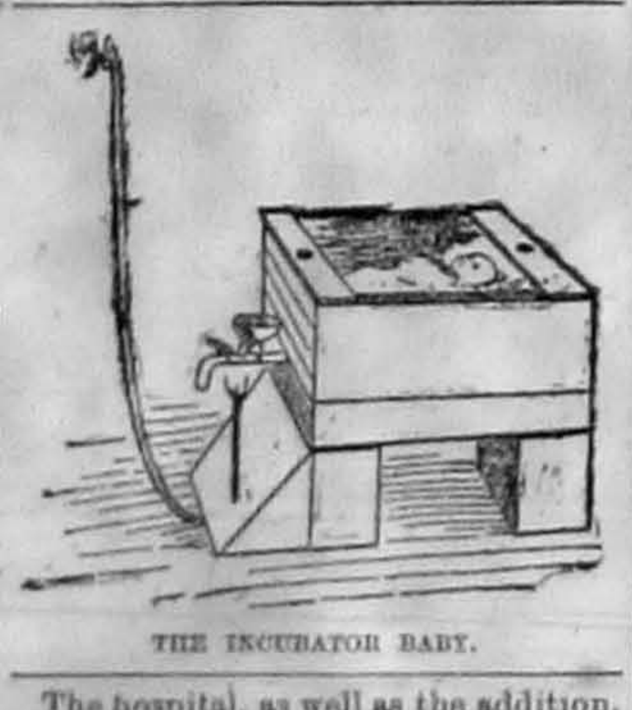
Any other royal family would have run out in less than this time, especially in an isolated country like Japan, but the Japanese have a law by which the Emperor cannot marry one of his own family. He has to marry the daughter of one of the court nobles. The Empress, therefore, is not of royal blood. She is the daughter of Ichijo Takada. She is a very bright woman, and was but eighteen years old at the time she was married. This was away back in 1868, when foreign ways had not yet obtained in the empire. Her Majesty wore at that time Japanese clothes, and she followed, I am told, the custom of shaving off her eyebrows and blackening her teeth. Later on, however, her Majesty changed her ideas about this matter, and her eyebrows have again grown out and her teeth are as white as those of an American girl. She is at the front of all movements for the introduction of the Western civilization; especially any innovation that promises to better the condition of Japanese women. She has hospitals and schools, for she is one of the most charitable of monarchs. She is not fond of society, and she is almost as busy as the Emperor. She has her own secretaries, and her time is taken up with reading, study, receptions and charitable work. She is very fond of riding.

There are a number of ladies connected with the palaces at Tokio, who, like many wild flowers, are "born to blush unseen," though they do not "waste their sweetness on the desert air." I refer to the secondary wives of the Emperor. You hear nothing about these in Tokio, for they are kept as much as possible in the background. But from time immemorial the Emperor has been allotted a certain number of secondary wives and there are, I am told, twelve of these in the palace grounds. They have establishments of their own, and are the daughters of nobles. The Crown Prince is the son of one of them, his mother's name being Mme. Yanagiwara.

The Crown Prince was sixteen years old last September. He is a very bright boy, dark faced and almond eyed, of the most pronounced Japanese type. He has an establishment of his own inside the palace grounds, with his own servants, guards and attendants.

A Tube-Fed Incubator Infant.

The addition to the Babies' Hospital, in New York, was formally opened recently.



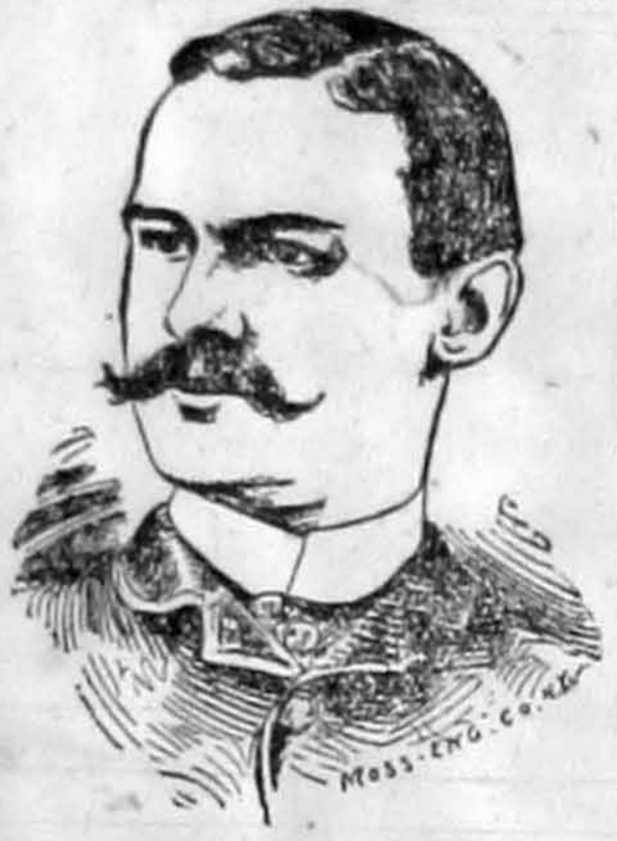
THE INCUBATOR BABY.

The hospital, as well as the addition, says the New York World, has been thoroughly furnished. The first floor contains three wards besides the nursery. This was the gift of Mrs. Brice Gray, Jr. The second floor contains a diet kitchen and four wards. These wards were the gifts of Mrs. John Hone, Mrs. Joseph Low, Mrs. B. O. Chism and Mrs. Ed. Kemp. The third floor contains one ward and a playroom furnished by Mrs. H. Landon. An incubator baby was shown. It is fed by a rubber tube attached to its stomach.

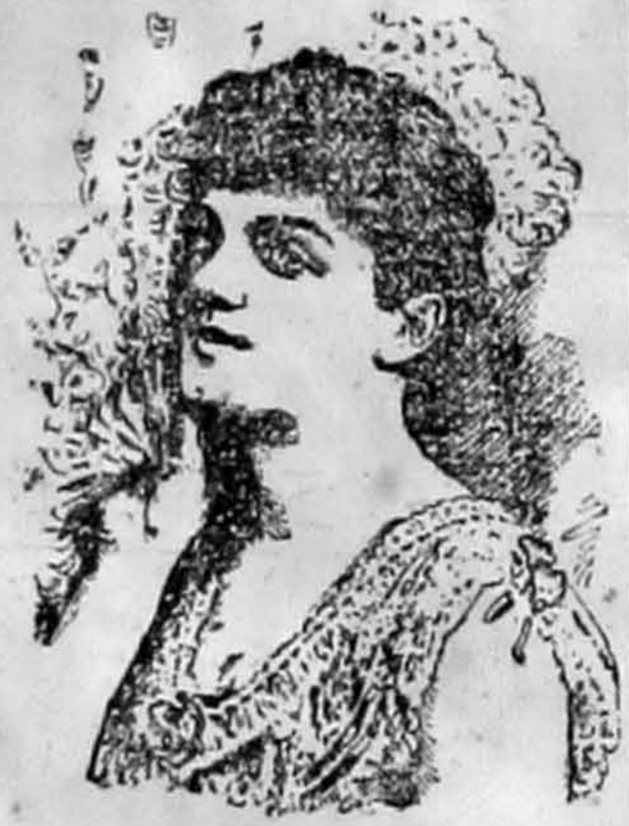
A curious partnership often exists between the sea annemone and the hermit crab. The latter always has an anemone fastened to his shell, and when he changes his quarters he takes his anemone along, provided he can detach it from the old shell.

The Goulds in Gotham's "400."

George Jay Gould, eldest son of the "Little Wizard of Wall street," has won success in a field which baffled his famous father. Not only has he proved a power in financial circles and controlled with prudence and sagacity the vast millions left under his direction, but he has become a leader in the social world. He and his wife, formerly Miss Edith Kingdon, the actress, lived in modest retirement after the death of Jay Gould until last summer, when they signaled their entree into society by taking the Vigilant to Europe to participate in the international yacht races. They met with a distinct social success, and upon their return to New York the prestige acquired across the water made them rank as leaders in Gotham's "Four Hundred." At the recent Patriarchs' Ball, the swellest social function of the season, Mr. and Mrs. Gould were formally admitted to the swagger set, the beautiful wife of the young millionaire being complimented for the simplicity and good taste of her costume by being termed the "jewelless queen of society."



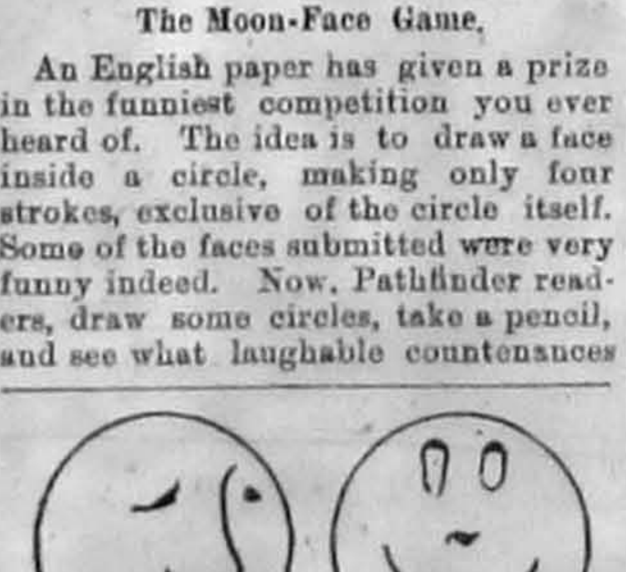
GEORGE J. GOULD.



MRS. GEORGE J. GOULD.

The Moon-Face Game.

An English paper has given a prize in the funniest competition you ever heard of. The idea is to draw a face inside a circle, making only four strokes, exclusive of the circle itself. Some of the faces submitted were very funny indeed. Now, Pathfinder readers, draw some circles, take a pencil, and see what laughable countenances you can make with just four strokes. Here is a game that offers no end of amusement. We have reproduced four of the best faces, to suggest how the thing is done.—Washington Pathfinder.



Bonnet was originally the name for a man's head covering.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

INITIAL LETTERS.

An easy way of putting large initial letters on pillow-cases, pillow-shams and towels is to use white carnation braid to cover the stamped lines. The braid is so woven that when applied it has much the effect of raised or padded embroidery. It should be wet and dried before using to prevent shrinking. It is applied to the pattern by sewing it "over and over." The same braid is very pretty when used to outline a pattern on the border of a tea-cloth, either on white or colored linen or denim.—New York Post.

THE BREAKFAST OATMEAL.

Mrs. Rorer gives a succinct and simple formula that is infallible if carefully followed: Add four heaping tablespoonfuls oatmeal to one quart of boiling water, add a teaspoonful of salt; mix, and put the whole in a double boiler. Fill the lower boiler with boiling water, stand the inside boiler in this, and boil rapidly twenty minutes, then push the boiler to one side of the range, and cook slowly over night. The oatmeal must not be stirred after the first mixing—it cannot burn in a double boiler, unless the under boiler becomes dry—as the stirring makes the mush starchy or waxy, and also spoils its flavor. Oatmeal made after this receipt will be light, each grain separate, but swollen to three times its original size, and will have a delicious flavor. Turn it out carefully into the dish, without stirring or breaking the grains.—American Cultivator.

DUSTING.

The ideal maid is the maid who dusts properly. But where do we find our ideals? Not in our own parlors, as a rule, but in parlors of other women, who do the dusting themselves.

The careful housekeeper will have faded upholstery, dull woodwork and badly defaced carving unless she is willing to pay the price of eternal vigilance. She must go over everything herself when she has a new maid and insist on that worthy looking and listening attentively. She must give her a feather duster, soft silk old handkerchiefs for the piano and the polished mahogany, and cheesecloth duster for ordinary use. The marbles and ornaments must have a separate duster from the furniture, and a large soft piece of muslin can be used to polish the picture glasses with. A chamois and a little oil do for finishing touches for the mahogany and polished oak and a soft brush must be used to penetrate the crevices of carving. A whisk broom is also necessary for the upholstered furniture, and a cane dust beater is well used twice a week.—New York Advertiser.

THE SOURING OF MILK.

A professor in the Michigan Agricultural College speaks of atmospheric microbes from the foul air of stables getting into milk and causing it to "sour and spoil." This language implies that the souring of milk must of necessity result from its contact with air that is impure. Instead of this the souring is always the result of contact of the milk with the oxygen of the atmosphere. There are always some inpurities in air, and these cause it to spoil, the oxygen making this spoiling more rapid. If all impurities could be kept out of milk, it would sour without spoiling. But when milk is in contact with air no matter how pure it may seem, this is impossible. Souring thus necessarily means that the milk will continue to ferment until it becomes rotten or spoiled. The Michigan professor, however, makes a mistake in suggesting the possibility of milking through tubes into close cans, in order to keep out the injurious microbes always found in the air. The air always fills the open space in the cows' teats, and thus the milk even before it leaves them must have some impurities. The only way to have milk entirely pure is to sterilize it by subjecting it to enough heat to destroy all injurious microbes. No care in milking can ever entirely prevent their entrance into it.—Boston Cultivator.

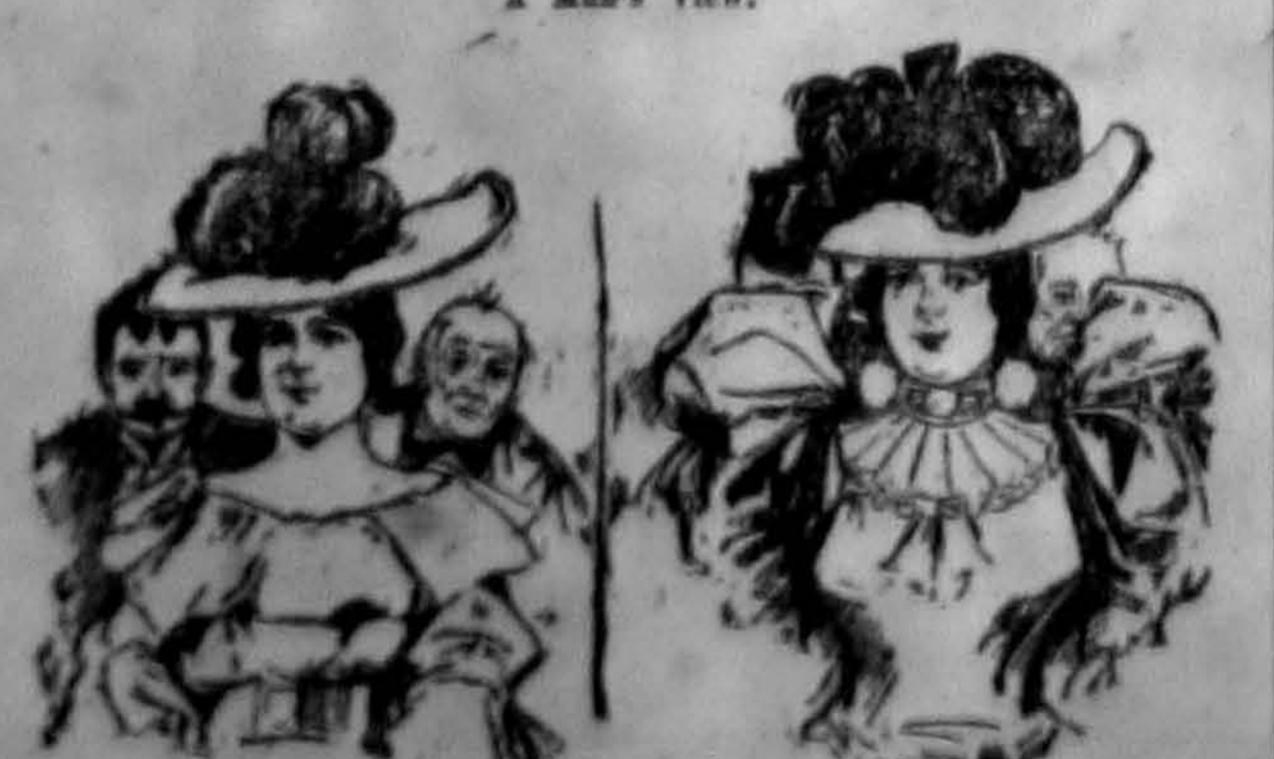
RECIPES.

Salt Mackerel Broiled—Soak the mackerel for a while in lukewarm water; take up and wipe dry. Dip in melted butter, then in beaten egg, and roll in bread crumbs. Broil and serve with lemon juice and parsley, or maitre d'hotel butter.

St. George Pudding—One cup each of raisins, suet and molasses; three cups of flour, one teaspoonful each of cloves and cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of allspice, one teaspoonful saleratus, two eggs. Boil or steam four hours. Serve with wine sauce.

Rusk—Melt half a pound of butter and mix it with two-thirds of a pint of milk, add flour to make a thick batter and three tablespoonfuls of yeast. Set the batter in a warm place until light. Beat two eggs with half a pound of granulated sugar and work it into the batter with the hand. Add a teaspoonful each of salt and cinnamon, and flour enough to make it sufficiently stiff to mould into cakes the size of biscuit. Let them rise till a spongy lightness. Bake fifteen minutes in a hot oven.

A Man's View.



The high hats were bad enough—

—but the high hats and big sleeves are simply too much—Truth.

RULER OF JAPAN.

CIVILIZATION HAS CREPT INTO HIS SUMPTUOUS HOME.

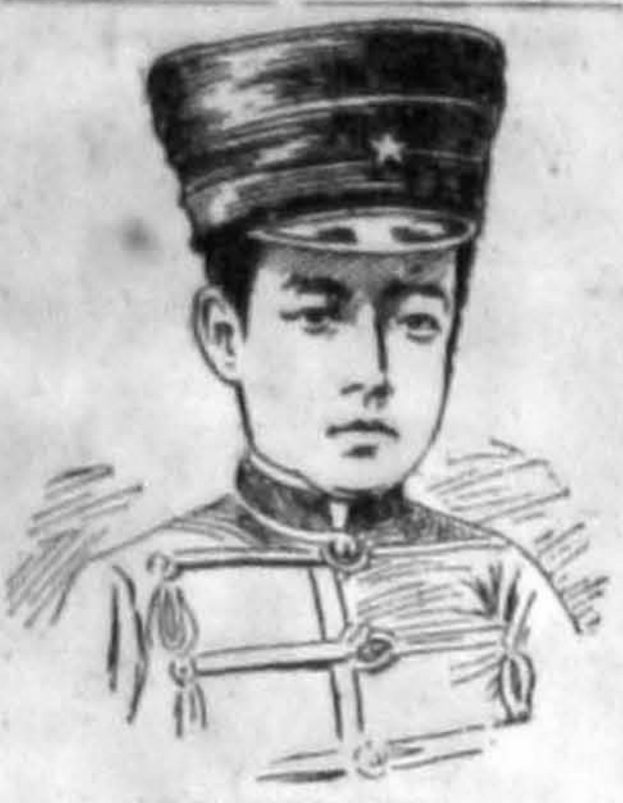
He Owns Acres of Palaces and Is Enormously Wealthy — His Daily Life — Empress and Crown Prince.

THERE is no ruler in the world, excepting, perhaps, the Czar, so interesting to-day as the Emperor of Japan, writes Frank G. Carpenter. He has moved from the capital, Tokio, 400 miles westward, to his naval station at Hiroshima, where he has practically taken charge of his army. Parliament and his cabinet are with him, and he is directing the naval and military forces by telegraph. No monarch in the world is less understood. The world knows little about him. You hear little said about him in Japan, and the information which I got had to be worked for. Even then it comes only in response to many questions.

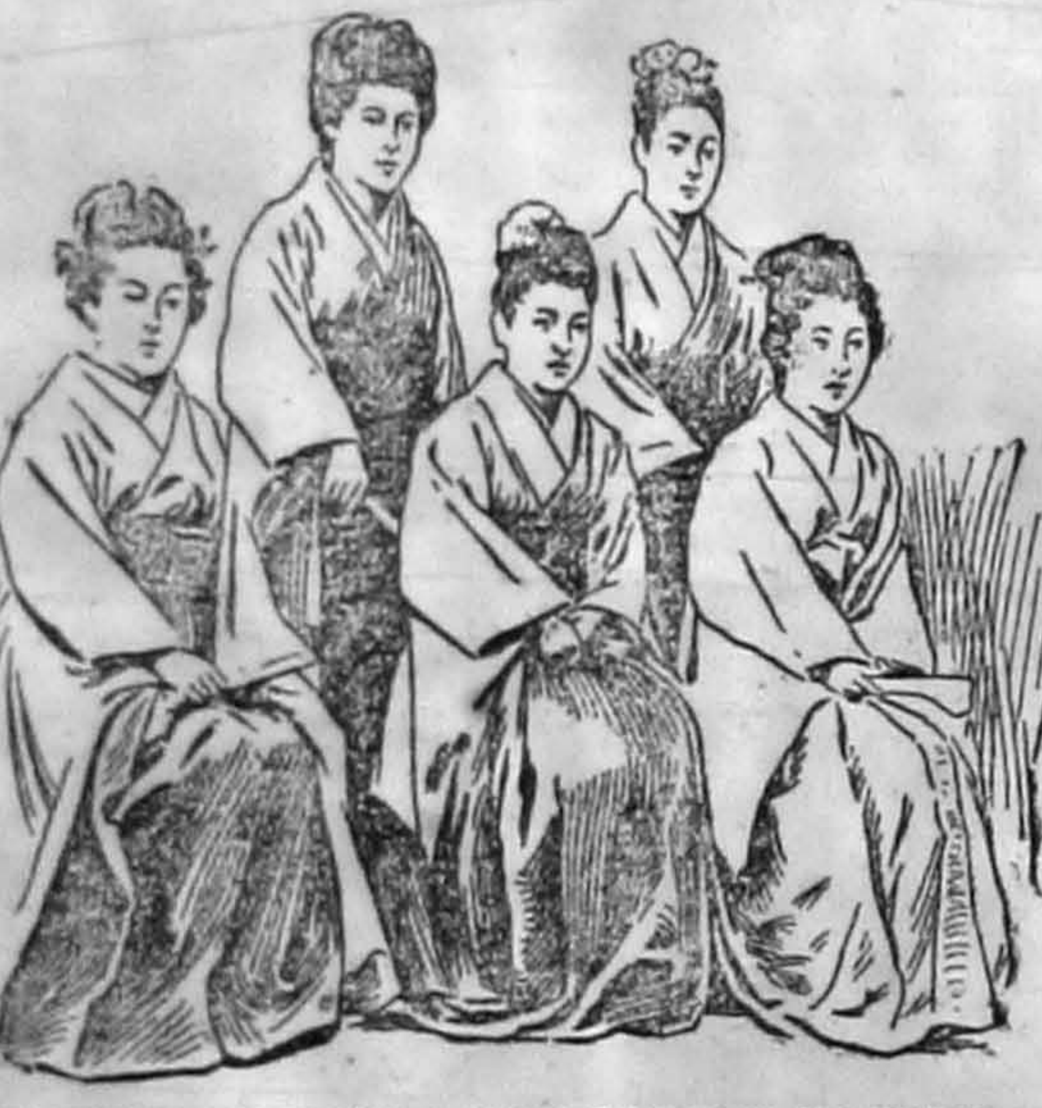
The present Emperor of Japan was kept in a sort of glass cage, figurately speaking, during the first of his life. He is forty-six years old, and was put on the throne at the age of fifteen. This was when the Shogun was still commander-in-chief of the army, and was practically the ruler of Japan. At this time the Mikado was so holy that no one mentioned his name. When it was necessary to write it a letter was left out from reverence. He was, like the Emperor of China, a sort of a Son of Heaven. He was kept in his big palace, surrounded by a lot of servants. Whenever he went out it was in a closed cart, consequently he knew nothing whatever of what was going on in Japan. His throne looked more like a four-poster bedstead than anything else. It was covered with fine white silk, but the Emperor sat cross-legged on the floor, with a couple of swords beside him. I had to take off my shoes before I was admitted into the palace, and I walked for a mile over soft matted floors. The palace is altogether Japanese in structure. It has sliding walls covered with gold leaf, and it is decorated with paintings by the old Japanese masters. It was in this palace the Emperor received the foreigners for the first time about twenty-six years ago.

The home of the Mikado at Tokio is far different from these old Japanese palaces in Kioto. He has a vast estate right in the center of the city, made up of hill and valley, containing lakes and woods and vast one-story palaces. It is surrounded by three moats, some of which are crossed by marble bridges, and at all of which you find soldiers in modern uniforms. These moats are in places from 100 to 200 feet wide. They are filled with water, and magnificent lotus flowers float upon them on sheets of green leaves.

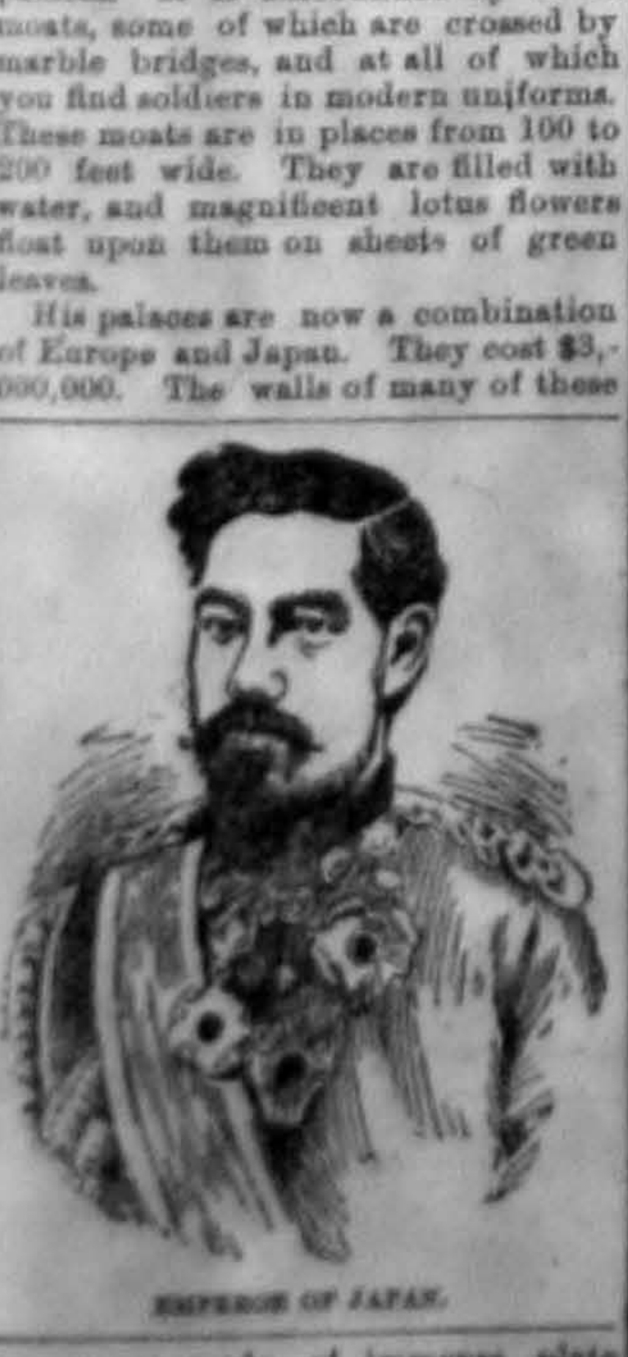
His palaces are now a combination of Europe and Japan. They cost $3,000,000. The walls of many of these rooms are made of immense plate glass doors in lacquered frames, so arranged that a great number of rooms can be thrown into one. Some are ceiled with the most magnificent embroideries.



THE CROWN PRINCE.

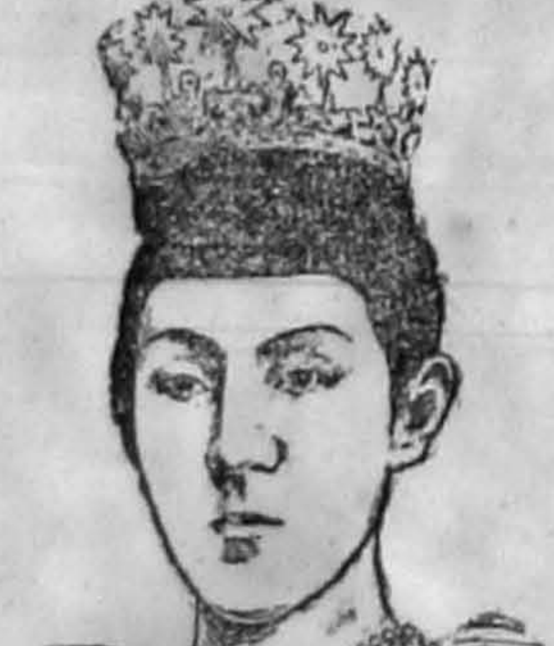


NOBLE JAPANESE GIRLS FROM A SCHOOL FOUNDED BY THE EMPRESS.



EMPEROR OF JAPAN.

The Emperor keeps his eye on everything. He rises early and breakfasts at about 7 o'clock. He uses a knife and fork whenever he takes foreign food, but he prefers the chopsticks at his Japanese dinners. He eats both kinds of food and is very fond of rice, taking it with every meal. He likes meats and is by no means averse to sweets. He usually eats his breakfast alone and also his lunch. His dinner is served in table d'hote style, with all the European accompaniments. Contrary to the regular practice in Japanese families, his wife often sits at the table with him, and also the Crown Prince. His work begins as soon as his breakfast is over. From 9 until 12 he receives his Ministers. After this he takes his lunch, and then spends a little time in reading newspapers. He watches closely the Japanese press, keeps track of current public opinion, and, I venture to say, changes his actions somewhat to suit it. All the papers are looked over for him, and the passages he should see are marked. Ordinary misstatements or criticisms he passes over, but if a newspaper becomes at all dangerous, he gives an order to his censors and the newspaper is stopped, while its editors are liable to be thrown into prison.



THE EMPRESS OF JAPAN.

The Mikado is by no means a poor man. He receives about $2,500,000 a year to keep up his palace and his household establishment, and he has besides a large private fortune. Mr. Sannomiya, his Grand Master of Ceremonies, told me that he was a good business man. He has a great deal of money in public land.

The Emperor of Japan is entitled to be considered the most aristocratic ruler on earth. The royal family of Japan has a genealogical tree which reaches to heaven, and their traditions state that the Emperor comes from the gods. There have been 121 Emperors of Japan, and they all belong to this family. The first one governed Japan just about 2500 years ago. He was on the throne long before Julius Cæsar aspired to be the Emperor of Ro and 300 years before Alexander the Great thought he had conquered the world. The Japanese will assure you that the Mikado is a lineal descendant of the first Emperor, Jimmu Tenno.

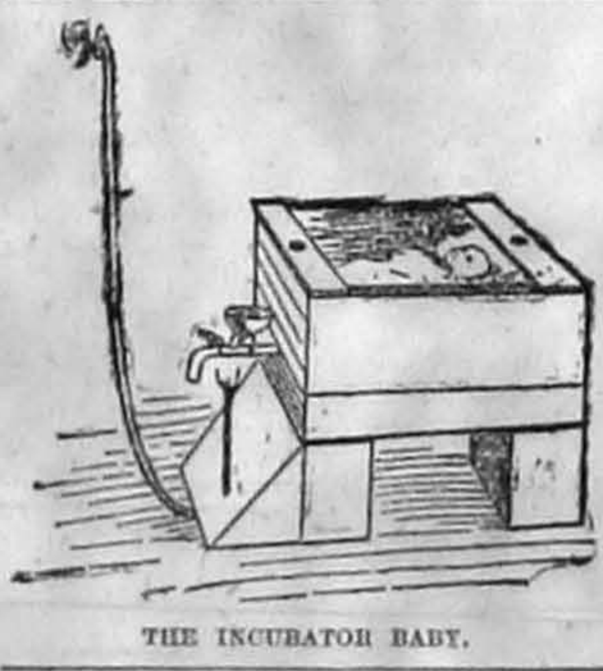
Any other royal family would have run out in less than this time, especially in an isolated country like Japan, but the Japanese have a law by which the Emperor cannot marry one of his own family. He has to marry the daughter of one of the court nobles. The Empress, therefore, is not of royal blood. She is the daughter of Ichijo Takada. She is a very bright woman, and was but eighteen years old at the time she was married. This was away back in 1868, when foreign ways had not yet obtained in the empire. Her Majesty wore at that time Japanese clothes, and she followed, I am told, the custom of shaving off her eyebrows and blackening her teeth. Later on, however, her Majesty changed her ideas about this matter, and her eyebrows have again grown out and her teeth are as white as those of an American girl. She is at the front of all movements for the introduction of the Western civilization; especially any innovation that promises to better the condition of Japanese women. She has hospitals and schools, for she is one of the most charitable of monarchs. She is not fond of society, and she is almost as busy as the Emperor. She has her own secretaries, and her time is taken up with reading, study, receptions and charitable work. She is very fond of riding.

There are a number of ladies connected with the palaces at Tokio, who, like many wild flowers, are "born to blush unseen," though they do not "waste their sweetness on the desert air." I refer to the secondary wives of the Emperor. You hear nothing about these in Tokio, for they are kept as much as possible in the background. But from time immemorial the Emperor has been allotted a certain number of secondary wives and there are, I am told, twelve of these in the palace grounds. They have establishments of their own, and are the daughters of nobles. The Crown Prince is the son of one of them, his mother's name being Mme. Yanagiwara.

The Crown Prince was sixteen years old last September. He is a very bright boy, dark faced and almond eyed, of the most pronounced Japanese type. He has an establishment of his own inside the palace grounds, with his own servants, guards and attendants.

A Tube-Fed Incubator Infant.

The addition to the Babies' Hospital, in New York, was formally opened recently.



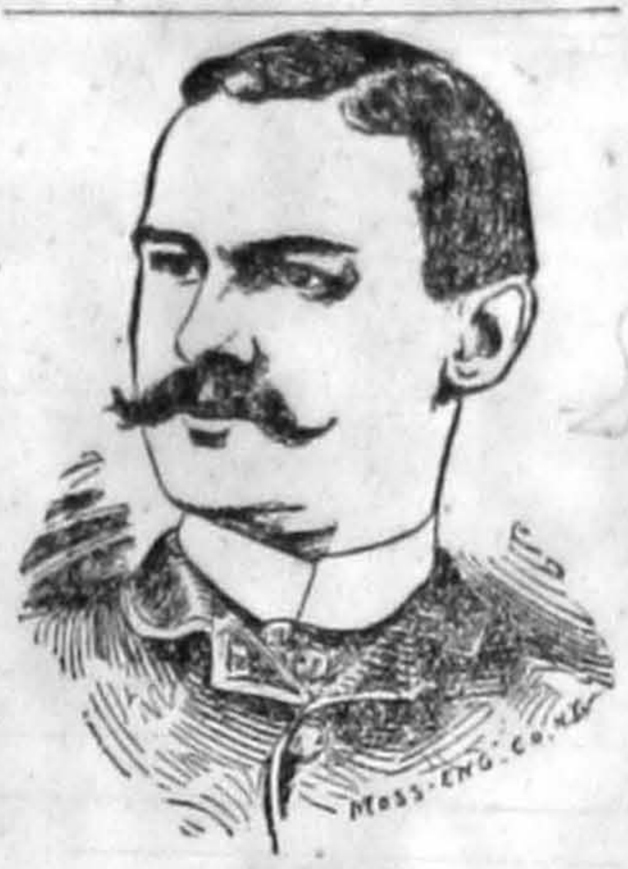
THE INCUBATOR BABY.

The hospital, as well as the addition, says the New York World, has been thoroughly furnished. The first floor contains three wards besides the nursery. This was the gift of Mrs. Brice Gray, Jr. The second floor contains a diet kitchen and four wards. These wards were the gifts of Mrs. John Hone, Mrs. Joseph Low, Mrs. B. O. Chism and Mrs. Ed. Kemp. The third floor contains one ward and a playroom furnished by Mrs. H. Landon. An incubator baby was shown. It is fed by a rubber tube attached to its stomach.

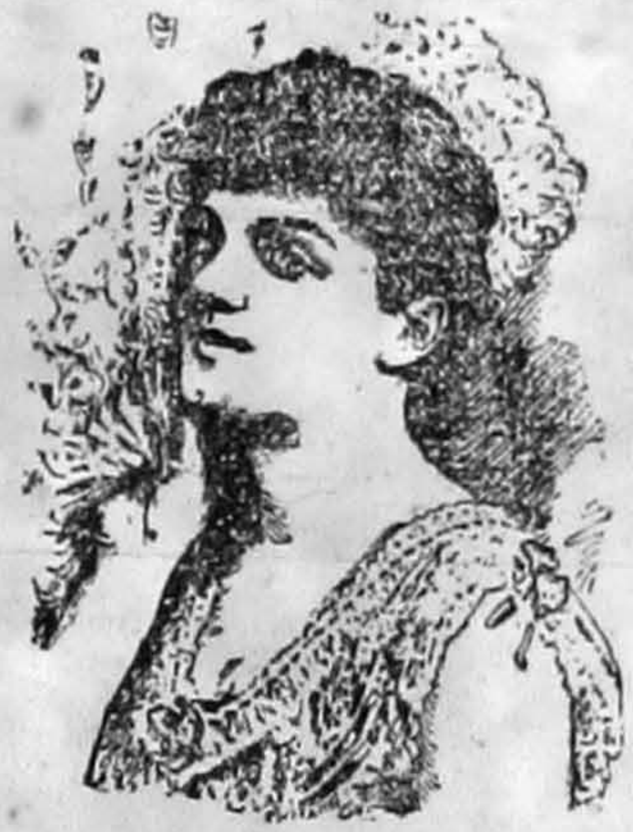
A curious partnership often exists between the sea annemone and the hermit crab. The latter always has an anemone fastened to his shell, and when he changes his quarters he takes his anemone along, provided he can detach it from the old shell.

The Goulds in Gotham's "400."

George Jay Gould, eldest son of the "Little Wizard of Wall street," has won success in a field which baffled his famous father. Not only has he proved a power in financial circles and controlled with prudence and sagacity the vast millions left under his direction, but he has become a leader in the social world. He and his wife, formerly Miss Edith Kingdon, the actress, lived in modest retirement after the death of Jay Gould until last summer, when they signaled their entree into society by taking the Vigilant to Europe to participate in the international yacht races. They met with a distinct social success, and upon their return to New York the prestige acquired across the water made them rank as leaders in Gotham's "Four Hundred." At the recent Patriarchs' Ball, the swellest social function of the season, Mr. and Mrs. Gould were formally admitted to the swagger set, the beautiful wife of the young millionaire being complimented for the simplicity and good taste of her costume by being termed the "jewelless queen of society."



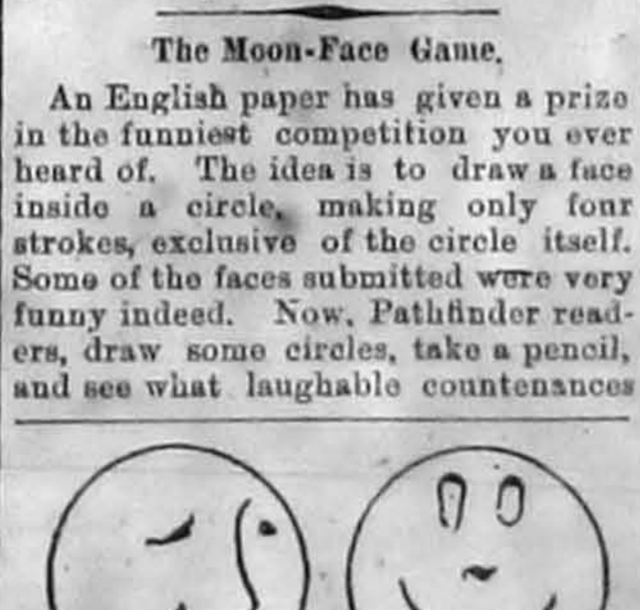
GEORGE J. GOULD.



MRS. GEORGE J. GOULD.

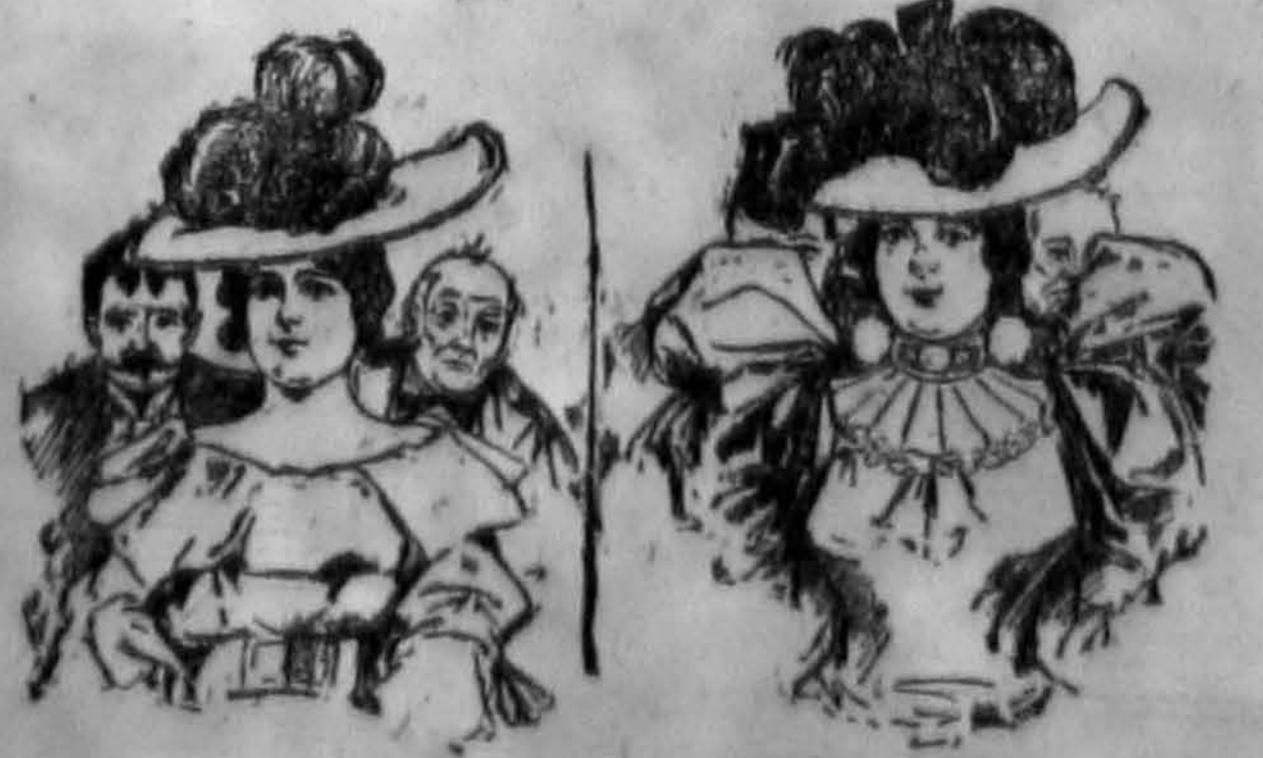
The Moon-Face Game.

An English paper has given a prize in the funniest competition you ever heard of. The idea is to draw a face inside a circle, making only four strokes, exclusive of the circle itself. Some of the faces submitted were very funny indeed. Now, Pathfinder readers, draw some circles, take a pencil, and see what laughable countenances you can make with just four strokes. Here is a game that offers no end of amusement. We have reproduced four of the best faces, to suggest how the thing is done.—Washington Pathfinder.



Bonnet was originally the name for a man's head covering.

A Man's View.



The high hats were bad enough— —but the high hats and big sleeves are simply too much—Truth.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

INITIAL LETTERS.

An easy way of putting large initial letters on pillow-cases, pillow-shams and towels is to use white carnation braid to cover the stamped lines. The braid is so woven that when applied it has much the effect of raised or padded embroidery. It should be wet and dried before using to prevent shrinking. It is applied to the pattern by sewing it "over and over." The same braid is very pretty when used to outline a pattern on the border of a tea-cloth, either on white or colored linen or denim.—New York Post.

THE BREAKFAST OATMEAL.

Mrs. Rorer gives a succinct and simple formula that is infallible if carefully followed: Add four heaping tablespoonfuls oatmeal to one quart of boiling water, add a teaspoonful of salt; mix, and put the whole in a double boiler. Fill the lower boiler with boiling water, stand the inside boiler in this, and boil rapidly twenty minutes, then push the boiler to one side of the range, and cook slowly over night. The oatmeal must not be stirred after the first mixing—it cannot burn in a double boiler, unless the under boiler becomes dry—as the stirring makes the mush starchy or waxy, and also spoils its flavor. Oatmeal made after this receipt will be light, each grain separate, but swollen to three times its original size, and will have a delicious flavor. Turn it out carefully into the dish, without stirring or breaking the grains.—American Cultivator.

DUSTING.

The ideal maid is the maid who dusts properly. But where do we find our ideals? Not in our own parlors, as a rule, but in parlors of other women, who do the dusting themselves.

The careful housekeeper will have faded upholstery, dull woodwork and badly defaced carving unless she is willing to pay the price of eternal vigilance. She must go over everything herself when she has a new maid and insist on that worthy looking and listening attentively. She must give her a feather duster, soft silk old handkerchiefs for the piano and the polished mahogany, and cheesecloth duster for ordinary use. The marbles and ornaments must have a separate duster from the furniture, and a large soft piece of muslin can be used to polish the picture glasses with. A chamois and a little oil do for finishing touches for the mahogany and polished oak and a soft brush must be used to penetrate the crevices of carving. A whisk broom is also necessary for the upholstered furniture, and a cane dust beater is well used twice a week.—New York Advertiser.

THE SOURING OF MILK.

A professor in the Michigan Agricultural College speaks of atmospheric microbes from the foul air of stables getting into milk and causing it to "sour and spoil." This language implies that the souring of milk must of necessity result from its contact with air that is impure. Instead of this the souring is always the result of contact of the milk with the oxygen of the atmosphere. There are always some impurities in air, and these cause it to spoil, the oxygen making this spoiling more rapid. If all impurities could be kept out of milk, it would sour without spoiling. But when milk is in contact with air no matter how pure it may seem, this is impossible. Souring thus necessarily means that the milk will continue to ferment until it becomes rotten or spoiled. The Michigan professor, however, makes a mistake in suggesting the possibility of milking through tubes into close cans, in order to keep out the injurious microbes always found in the air. The air always fills the open space in the cows' teats, and thus the milk even before it leaves them must have some impurities. The only way to have milk entirely pure is to sterilize it by subjecting it to enough heat to destroy all injurious microbes. No care in milking can ever entirely prevent their entrance into it.—Boston Cultivator.

RECIPES.

Salt Mackerel Broiled—Soak the mackerel for a while in lukewarm water; take up and wipe dry. Dip in melted butter, then in beaten egg, and roll in bread crumbs. Broil and serve with lemon juice and parsley, or maitre d'hotel butter.

St. George Pudding—One cup each of raisins, suet and molasses; three cups of flour, one teaspoonful each of cloves and cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of allspice, one teaspoonful saleratus, two eggs. Boil or steam four hours. Serve with wine sauce.

Rusk—Melt half a pound of butter and mix it with two-thirds of a pint of milk, add flour to make a thick batter and three tablespoonfuls of yeast. Set the batter in a warm place until light. Beat two eggs with half a pound of granulated sugar and work it into the batter with the hand. Add a teaspoonful each of salt and cinnamon, and flour enough to make it sufficiently stiff to mould into cakes the size of biscuit. Let them rise till a spongy lightness. Bake fifteen minutes in a hot oven.

Will Go Over the B & O.

Prof. R. A. Armstrong, of the West Virginia University at Morgantown, representing the West Virginia Educational Association, made a contract with District Passenger, Agent E. D. Smith for trasportation to the convention of the National Educational Association at Denver, Col., in July, over the Baltimore and Ohio road. Hundreds of teachers from all parts of the State are expected to go, and Wheeling alone will send from 100 to 150. The route of the excursion will be over the Baltimore and Ohio to Chicago, and through the influence of Mr. Travers, of the Chicago and Northwestern, and Mr. S. A. Mayers, traveling passenger agent of the Union Pacific, the business west of Chicago was divided between the above named lines.

$8.00

Size of Pictures 3½x3½ in.

Weight 21 oz.

THE BULLET.

A roll film camera that hits the mark every time. It's a repeater too; shoots 12 times and can be

Reloaded in Daylight.

The Bullet is fitted with our new automatic shutter. One button does it all—sets and releases the shutter and changes from time to instantaneous. Achromatic lens. Handsome finish.

An Illustrated Manual, free with every instrument, explains its operation and tells how to finish the pictures—but "*we do the rest*" when you prefer.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Camera Catalogue Free. Rochester, N. Y.

NOTICE! I will offer for sale or rent, my store-house and lot at Lobelia. A first class stand for a store. No opposition. Seven miles from Academy, and ten from Renick's Valley. Four miles from turnpike, and near the line of the B. & O. R. R. survey. A promising town.

Lobelia, W. Va. W. B. HILL.

Without a Sheriff.

Recently the sureties of Mr. John Howell, Sheriff of Barbour County, gave notice that at this term of the County Court they would ask to be relieved from his bond. At yesterday's session of Court they relieved them and gave Mr. Howell notice that a new bond would be required. He said that he could not give it, so he tendered his resignation, which was accepted by the Court. This leaves Barbour County without a Sheriff, as the Court was unable to agree upon a suitable man. Mr. Howell was a Republican, defeating Hon. T. T. Elliott, Democrat, at the late election. The trouble originated in this way: Before the election there was an agreement made between G. M. Right and Mr. Howell that in case Howell was elected Right was to furnish the bond for him, do the business of, and receive the emoluments of the office, and was to pay Howell two thousand dollars. All went well until after the election, and the bond was given; but when they went to draw up the contract Howell claimed that the $2,000 was to be paid then, but Right refused and claimed not. Then Howell demanded negotiable notes payable in one and two years, with security. Right declined to do that, for, as he said, if Howell should die before the term was out, the office would be declared vacant, and he would be out the emoluments of the office, and there would be no defense to the negotiable notes, and would have them to pay. Right claimed that he was to give simply a promisory note, or embrace it all in a contract. So there they "agreed to disagree," and Mr. Howell is now out the Sheriff's place and the prospect of getting the two thousand dollars. The Court will appoint a Democrat to fill the place.

Bargains! Bargains!

ON FEBRUARY 1ST

I WILL BEGIN TO CLOSE OUT MY ENTIRE STOCK OF

WINTER GOODS FOR ACTUAL COST, For Cash.

Come in and get goods in price lower than you have ever seen them. Clothing, Overcoats, Boots, Shoes, Men's Woolen Shirts, Blankets Dress Goods, in fact every thing you need.

THESE GOODS

Must Be Closed Out

BEFORE MY SPRING STOCK COMES IN.

—I MEAN BUSINESS—

And will convince you that my prices are lower than you can buy elsewhere in the county.

VERY TRULY YOURS

MARLINTON, W. VA. S. W. HOLT.

Looking Backward

—MAY BE A PLEASING PASTIME,—

But we take more pleasure in "Looking Forward" to the time when the population of this county will all have become convinced that at my establishment is the best place to buy anything in the mercantile line than anywhere else in the county.

Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, etc.

—YOU MUST EAT!—

Since it is a self evident fact that you must Eat to Live, or Live to Eat I desire to present to your consideration my complete stock of

GENERAL GROCERIES.

CAREFUL SELECTION, PURE GOODS, REASONABLE PRICES

—APPEAL TO YOUR—

REASON POCKET HEALTH

West End of Bridge.

P. GOLDEN, Marlinton, W. Va.

Hypnotism and Crime.

Persons who boast of possesing hypnotic power over others would do well to study the decision of the Supreme Court of Kansas in a resent remarkable case which came up before that tribunal on appeal. A citizen of that State shot down a neighbor "in cold blood" without a particle of provocation, and when he was brought to trial he frankly admitted the crime, but put in the defense that at the time he committed it he was under the hypnotic influence of his employer, who held property belonging to the murdered man, and that he was not morally responsible for his act. Not only did the jury accept this view and acquit the prisoner, but the instigator of the murder was put on trial for the offense and convicted of murder in the first degree, although he was not present when the crime was perpetrated. The Supreme Court of Kansas has now ratified this verdict.

The justice of this decision, if the facts are as stated, is perhaps incontestable. A man or woman in a hypnotized state virtually becomes the person whos will he or she implicitly obeys, or, to put it another way, he or she becoms a mere tool or weapon in the hands of that person. It would manifestly be unjust to hold any individual accountable for what he or she did under such circumstances. At the same time it is evident that such a plea is capable of being used to subvert the ends of justice. All people who are susceptible to hypnotic influence are not affected alike or in the same degree. A person, for example, who might be induced to steal a pocket-book while in that condition might conceivably reign control of himself if an effort was made to pursuade him to commit a deed from which he would naturally recoil with horror. This is merely a specimen illustrated. Hypnotism has appearently been established as a fact, but it should not be allowed to be used to schreen criminals unless their irresponcibility can be clearly and completely demonstrated. Prima facie, a man who assassinates another is alone answerable, usually, for his act, and the onus of proving that he is not should rest upon him.—*Exchange.*

Clover Lick.

April 8, 1895.

The grass is growing rapidly, and we are having refreshing showers.

There is considerable sickness in this neighborhood. Mrs. Sallie Ligon is quite ill at this writing.

Mr. John Doyle is suffering very much with neuralgia, past working.

Mr. Howard Meeks who has been ill with rheumatism, is improving slowly.

Mr. J. C. Price's little boy, Clide is on the sick list.

Born: a child to Mrs. Embay Shinaberry, which only lived a short time, and then returned to the God who gave it.

Dr. Barnett had a professional call in this neighborhood the other day. We welcome him in our midst.

Mr. Uriah Hevner brought fifty head of cattle to the Hufman place the other day.

Mr. R. H. Dudly, of Staunton, Va., brought one hundred and fifty head of cattle to this place, to be grazed the coming summer.

Mr. A. Bell, has returned with a fine large yoke of cattle.

Mr. E. Shinaberry has bought the old Busard farm near Dunmore.

We understand that Mr Ellis Sharp has rented the Samuel Wilson farm, at this place, for the coming season.

Messrs. John Sheets and E. H. Showalter, have made near 500lbs of maple sugar and 20 gallons of molasses.

Prof. Adams' singing class at Driftwood wen't under.

We have had quite a hard winter, not only stock frozen, but people's bees are badly frozen leaving honey in the hives. There has been quite a number of them in this neighborhood, lost.

Mr. James Varner and family was visiting friends and relatives at this place last week.

Rev. E. F. Alexander preached quite an interesting sermon at this place, on his way to Presbytery.

Mr. J. H. Doyle is prepared to range or graze stock this season. Address, Clover Lick.

We understand that there has some liar's license past around in this neighborhood. We would be glad to see a pair. BLU BAKER.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

DR. G. C. OSGOOD,
Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

DR. J. F. KINCHELOE,
Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY,
Boston, Mass.
ALLEN C. SMITH, *Pres.*,

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

Waverley BICYCLES.

Are the Highest of All High Grades

Warranted Superior to Any Bicycle Built in the World, Regardless of Price, or the Name of the Maker.

Read the following opinion of one of the most prominent American dealers, who has sold hundreds of these wheels:

RICHMOND, VA., Oct 2, 1894.

Indiana Bicycle Company, Indianapolis, Ind.:

GENTLEMEN—The Waverly Scorcher and Belle came to hand yesterday. We are afraid you have sent us the high priced wheel by mistake. You can't mean to tell us this wheel retails for $85? We must say that it is, without exception, the prettiest wheel we have ever seen, and, moreover, we have faith in it, although it weighs only 22 lbs., for of all Waverleys we have sold this year and last (and you know that is a right good number), we have never had a single frame nor fork broken, either from accident or defect, and that is more than we can say of any other wheel, however high grade, so called, that we sell. We congratulate ourselves every day that we are the Waverley agents.

Yours truly, WALTER C. MERCER & CO.

High Frame, Wood Rim, Detachable Tire, Scorcher, weight 22 lbs . . $85.

Steel Rims, Waverly Clincher, Detachable Tires, weighs 25 lbs $85

Regular Frame, same weights $85

Ladies' Drop Frame, same weights and Tires . . $75

26-inch Diamond, Wood Rims, weight 21 lbs . . $74

A - GOOD - AGENT - WANTED.

In every town a splendid business awaits the right man. Get our Catalogue "J." Free by mail.

INDIANA BICYCLE CO.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

LIGHTNING HOT DROPS

CURES Colic, Cramps, Diarrhœa, Flux, Cholera Morbus, Nausea, Changes of Water, etc.

HEALS Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Scratches, Bites of Animals and Bugs, etc.

Tastes Good. Smells Good.

BREAKS UP A COLD.

SOLD EVERYWHERE—25c AND 50c PER BOTTLE. NO RELIEF, NO PAY.

HERB MEDICINE CO. [Formerly of Weston, W. Va.] SPRINGFIELD, O.

The Confederate Veteran

and the

Pocahontas Times, $1.65.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VOL. 12, NO. 39. MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, APRIL 26, 1895. $1.00 IN ADVANCE.

Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff,....................J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff,............R. K. Burns.
Clerk County Court,.......S. L. Brown.
Clerk Circuit Court,...J. H. Patterson.
Assessor,................C. O. Arbogast.
Commissioners Co Court { C. E Beard, G. M. Kee, A. Barlow.
County Surveyor.......George Baxter.
Coroner,...............George P. Moore

County Board of Health: Dr. J. W. Price, L. M. McClintic, M. J. McNeel, J. C. Arbogast.

Justices: A. C. L. Gatewood, Split Rock; Charles Cook, [illegible] H. Grose, Huntersville; Wm. L. Brown, Dunmore; G. R. Curry, Academy; Thomas Bruffey, Lobelia.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, third Tuesday in June, and third Tuesday in October.

County Court convenes on the first Tuesday in January, March, October, and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

LAW CARDS.

N. C. McNEIL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Coufrts o Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,
ATTY. AT LAW & NOTARY PUBLIC
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. A. BRATTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

ANDREW PRICE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will be found at Times Office.

SAM. B. SCOTT, JR.
LAWYER,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

All legal business will receive prompt attention.

PHYSICIAN'S CARDS.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,
DENTIST,
MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
BEVERLY, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in The Times.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office next door to H. A. Yeager's Hotel. Residence opposite Hotel. All calls promptly answered.

J. M. BARNETT, M. D.,
HAS LOCATED AT
FROST, W. VA.

Calls promptly answered.

"I WENT along musing when spring
Did waken all the world,
When notes of birds came jargoning
When brooks were great with clamoring,
And skies in dreams were furled."
—*W. W. Campbell.*

In our musings a very worthy theme is the little seed one buries in the dust. It would be hard to find anything among the marvels of natural history more marvellous than this tiny embodiment of plant life. This mere speck to the vision is something mysterious, untraceable, possessing a most persistent vitality, with an exact identity, reproducing the parent plant in genus, species, and even in individuality. In all its coverings there is the careful preparation for its separate life, and the exact process of its timely separation from the plant. After ripening it is taken by the forces that prepare it for a new life, carried by birds of the air, or borne on the breezes, or swept down the streams, until the soil receives it, and in secret dampness gives the germ a resurrection power that sends it forth to work out its assigned purpose of existence. The question how came this mysterious thing into being, carries one as far back as the wonderful first lines of Genesis to read "And God said let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit whose seed is in itself."

* * *

THERE was recently in Washington a national council of representative women, consisting of several hundred members. A Woman's Congress was permanently organized on the plan of the United States government. With such a council side by side with our masculine Congress, it looks as if the comparison might be sooner or later in favor of the feminine council. And many of the men who never expect to go to the masculine Congress, might welcome woman's rule as a solution for the the great problems that seem so difficult for the masculine Congress to dispose of. The recent Council discussed the greater moral issues of humanity. It touched upon anthropalogy, anatomy, scriptural exegesis, civilization, evolution, finance, civil-polity, dess reform, sanitation, divorce and the Justinian code, and wound up by asking itself if physical force is the basis of government, and decided this far-reaching and fundamental question in the negative. Nothing of recent occurrence seems to have been more suggestive of earnest, serious reflection on the tendencies of the age towards an era when spears and swords will be transformed into needles and scissors, as well as plowshares and pruninghooks.

* * *

SYMPATHY.—The pale-faced passenger looked out of the car windows with exceeding interest. Finally he turned to his seat-mate. "You must think I never rode on the cars before," he said; "but the fact is, pardner, I just got out of the pen this mornin', an' it does me good to look around. It is goin' to be mighty tough, tho', facin' my old-time friends. I s'pose, tho', you ain't got much idea how a man feels in a case like that?" "Perhaps I have a better idea of your feelings than you think," said the other gentleman with a sad smile. "I am just getting home from Congress."—*The Journal, Indianapolis.*

* * *

NEARLY in the center of Cheboygan, Michigan, is a pile of sawdust eight hundred feet long and sixty feet high.

THE information comes from Manitoba and the Canadian northwest in reference to school troubles between Catholics and Protestants. If pacific counsels, now unheeded, and wise moderation do not prevail, a war is impending so bitter in its nature as may overthrow the confederation of the Dominion. With grim determination the Catholics are contending for their parochial schools, while the Protestant majority with resolution declare that parochial schools, recently abolished by the action of the Manitoba Legislature, shall never be re-established. A week since the excitement was most intense on the Sabbath. In the churches officiating priests and preachers devoted their remarks to the immediate struggle, and used the beaten oil of the sanctuary to aggravate the kindling flames.

* * *

AT an election held in Webster County, Saturday, for the purpose of deciding the question of issuing $15,000 bonds, the money to be invested in the West Virginia and Pittsburg Railroad, the vote resulted in an overwhelming victory for the bonds. It is expected that the road will be begun from the present terminus within another month as all of the surveys have been completed. The *Echo* has been kept busy giving the opinions of the citizens. Glade District has railway facilities, hence it has the finest school-house in the county and can afford six months school in the year and pay teachers higher salaries than any other district. The road has strenuous opposition, and one of the most pronounced objectors is asked how a road to Addison would ruin the market for farm products when this same person carries his produce to Pickens, a railroad station, in order to get better prices, and "because he can buy his goods cheaper there." His reply is looked for with some interest, for Pocahontas inquirers have to wrestle with similar problems. We believe, however, that a road worth making will be made without such a mite as county subscription.

A Bug in Your Ear.

At this time of year the owners of grass lands have to determine as to what extent they will stock them for the fall market. As far as we have heard stockmen talk, they have been universally hopeful of a greatly improved market for their cattle this fall. Cattle are now in good demand at good prices, and spring lambs are higher than they have been for years past, having been recently quoted in Baltimore at 11 cents. A good many stockmen have been buying all kinds of cattle very quickly and stocking up more fully than for years. This may prove the year of good prices the people have been waiting for so long, and if any considerable raise in prices does take place the people of this county will be flush with money.

Wool is said to be under perfect control by a monopoly. Some of them had a meeting in Wheeling a short time since and the universal opinion is that wool will be very low this year. Ever since the trust first begin to acquire control of the market, wool has been going down, because of their action, and they all the time working under the cover, and laying the blame on the national legislation. Neither McKinley or Wilson seemed to have had much effect on the price of wool.

* * *

MAIL bags can now be taken on and delivered from trains running sixty miles an hour.

For the Pocahontas Times.

Running Our Office.

Since adopting, to a certain extent, the style of the Arizona *Kicker*, we have met with great success, with a few exceptions, and we are still in good training and waiting all comers. Whatever modest assertions we may have made we hold ourselves perfectly accountable for, and the latch-string of our sanctum has ever remained on the outside to angry readers, and there are still a number of human beings who have so little regard for the forms with which nature has endowed them, that the said latch-string is occasionally pulled. Had we not have lost in an evil hour that philanthropy with which we were once so generously endowed, we would not leave the said latch-string on the outside, but continue to bar the door to angry readers, and save them from rushing to their destruction. And not only do we fear for our fellow man, but for ourself. What with the pugilistic training which is incident to our new and improved style of running our paper, we fear that we may some day be enticed into the prize-ring, and lose the emoluments of the newspaper business, and accept instead the pittances which fall to the share of the prize-fighter, and instead of crowning our brow with laurels get a belt to encircle other portions of our body.

We are sorry to inform our readers that we have found a flaw in the great system of the Kicker, a periodical published in Arizona. It is not proof against a woman. Recently Miss Singleton, a highly respected female, sent in a contribution in the death-dealing way setting up her wrongs and hauling a certain abnoxious he-neighbor of hers over the coals in a perfectly awful manner. We weakly put off inserting the article, week after week, fearing the people were not ready for such strong stuff. Our inaction brought its own reward. We received a visit from our fair correspondent, and our usually pliable tongue deserted us in this trying ordeal. We received such treatment that we feel that the human race owes us an apology. Our lady visitor has never during the whole course of her life wished herself a man, than did we in echoing her wish during the interview. Some of our friends have since suggested holding her, but they were all at a safe distance, and none of them have ever been married. If she comes again we are going to get drunk, to drive away the tired feeling. Since the interview we learn that she has gone over to the opposition, and that she and the rival editor (who is a susceptible youth) are carrying on an interesting correspondence of which we are the theme. It bids fair to ripen into a happy marriage, but should she ever become the helpmeet of our esteemed contemporary, it will be an exigency which will require all our ingenuity to meet,—but till then *ta-ra-ra-boomdeay*, as they say in *Trilby*.

How pleasant it is to turn from the contemplation of the scene of our discomfiture to that in which we held our own with a giant lumber jobber, who claimed to have been offended by an article recently published in these columns. In it we had stated that the camp over which this Capt. Thims rules like a bloated potentate, was infested by a particularly large and bold breed of grey-backs, which had survived the civil war. We went on to state that if it were not for this identical camp, and possibly a few others, this result of the war would die out and become extinct. We give him credit of being a bold man with plenty of nerve, but he was a little flustrated when he heard that we had adopted a new style of running this office. He wished then to compromise by paying up his subscription in advance, and tried a mean, underhand trick to poison us by offering us one of his cigars, but we smoked a pipe. He finally made a discomfitted exit, and we were not sorry that we had been able to bluff the hearty Captain, and saved from marring such a figure of a man. He rushed into the lion's den and went back into the bosom of his family unscathed. As, on the whole, the Captain is a genial sort of a chap, we feel sure he will not forget that when we could have scotched him we did not.

* * *

Letter From the West.

BEATRICE, NEB.
April 20, 1894.

Editor Pocahontas Times:—It may be that my friends and relatives will enjoy reading in the columns of your paper a letter from me. Seven years ago in this month, I left Pocahontas for the West, coming to Beatrice, where I found as pretty and prosperous a country as ever a man wished to see. Everybody was living fast and making money; work was plentiful, wages good, and money no object. Any man with a little money, brains, or muscle could make a good living and save money. We found the people much more generous and hospitable than we had expected, and we have always had plenty of warm friends and the best of neighbors.

For four years, times were good and the country was on a continuous boom. Corn was piled up everywhere and the country was alive with hogs and cattle. Farmers made money, and the State settled up fast. But the Great Ruler of the universe saw proper to call a halt to this prosperous country, by way of a drouth, and the rich fields which once produced such an abundance of grain, have failed almost entirely for three years in many parts of the State, and times are no more as they used to be. However, the people keep in good heart, and the farmers are putting out big crops this spring, and every thing is looking well. We are having plenty of rain and the ground is in first-class condition. If this continues, the State of Nebraska will soon be on the boom again, for we have the soil, the locality, and, in short, we have the country, but we can do without the hot winds we have experienced in the last three years.

We had a very mild winter, with little or no snow, and fewer cold winds than usual.

We live in Beatrice, a city of 14,000 inhabitants, situated on the Blue River. It is a lovely city, with good society, good schools, and five churches.

A. M. Hartman, formerly of Pocahontas County, has traded his Nebraska farm for a farm in Kansas. "Risty" is a rustler, and has done well in the West.

Perry Mays is now at Noble, Ozark County, Missouri, and writes that he likes that country better than Nebraska.

Saying that we welcome the TIMES as bringing news from our dear old home, which will always have a warm place in our hearts, it matters not to what country we drift, I remain faithfully yours,

J. W. McCALPIN.

* * *

Quarterly meetings. First round Lewisburg District:

Frankford,	April 20, 21.
Levelton,	" 27, 28.
Green Bank,	May 4, 5.
Huntersville,	" 11, 12.
Gilletts,	" 18, 19.
Hot Springs,	" 25, 26.
Hinton,	" 25, 26.
Millboro,	June 1, 2.
Talcott,	" 1, 2.
Greenville,	" 8, 9.
Union,	" 9, 10.
Alderson,	" 15, 16.
Blue Sulphur,	" 22, 23.
Ronceverte and White Sul.	" 22, 23.
Alleghany,	" 29, 30.
Covington,	" 29, 30.
Clifton Forge,	July 6, 7.
Alvon,	" 13, 14.
Lewisburg,	" 13, 14.

District Stewarts' meeting, Lewisburg April 23: 11 A. M.

W. G. HAMMOND, P. E.

* * *

ON the highway of life we are all out to take the rich man's dust.

"Beaver" is a very popular name in Pennsylvania, twenty-one towns having it in their names.

The 124 largest cities in the country show a steady uniform decrease in the average size of the family.

The New York Advertiser thinks it is significant that the greatest divines preach the shortest sermons.

Dr. Carroll estimates that 20,000,000 religious services, not counting the Sunday school, are held every year in the United States, and that 10,000,000 sermons are preached in 165,000 places of worship.

A large wholesale manufacturer of corsets says that there is a large and increasing demand for men's stays, and that many doctors are recommending their male patients to wear corsets as a cure for round shoulders or a weak back.

Public Opinion states that M. Raffaëlli, the celebrated French artist, in an interview recently, expressed the opinion that the decadence in French art was due to social causes. For the future of art he considers America the most promising country.

The New York Advertiser says a very large number of the clergy now read from type-written sermons, either doing the work themselves or dictating it to some member of the family taught to operate the machine. There is a popular impression that these type-written sermons facilitate "good delivery."

The Petit Journal hits at the New York Herald for stating that in case of a war between England and France, the latter country might, if her cause were just, "count upon the sympathy of one-third of the American citizens." "Then, the other two-thirds," quoth the Petit Journal, "would be against us, though our cause were just."

A French paper reports that at Vicksburg, Miss., a drunken man kicked his wife, causing her death. Filled with remorse, he had the guilty leg amputated, and out of the bones constructed a cross which he planted on the grave of his victim. And since then he has gone daily on a wooden leg to the cemetery to pray before the bone cross. "Touching, isn't it, this French story?" comments the incredulous New York Press.

Sir Henry Wrixon, of Victoria, Australia, who is now in this country for the purpose of studying its labor conditions, paid the following tribute to the United States Supreme Court the other day: "We recognize the Supreme Court of the United States as one of the greatest judicial institutions in the world. Its decisions command the greatest respect in every English court. While its decisions may not have the same technical precision as those in England, they are broader in principle and are recognized as fountain heads of the greatest principles of law."

Professor Heinrich Geffoken, writing in the Nineteenth Century, says that Germany has a war treasure of $30,000,000 in coined gold lying in the Julius Tower of Spandau, a much larger sum than Cæsar deposited and Mark Antony extricated from the temple of Ops; and that the other great Powers, France, England, Russia, and perhaps Austria, have each a like fund, more or less ready for instant use in the emergency of war. "If we credit these Powers with the same reserve as that possessed by Prussia," the New York Tribune estimates, "it withdraws from the commerce and currency of the world $150,000,000 in gold, which is after all only about forty cents per capita for all the population of Europe, and is not so ruinous as at a first glance it might appear to be. Taken altogether, it is only an inconsiderable fraction of the cost of our Civil War, or the indemnity paid by France to Prussia after the campaign of Sedan and the downfall of the Empire. It is a good deal of money to be sure, to be kept in idleness, drawing no interest, and making no figure in bank balances, but it is sure to get into circulation again some time, and warm up the arterial flow of the world's commerce, as it ought to do, instead of lying idle in the crypts of fortresses."

THIS OLD COUNTRY.

Good times or bad times, we're with this
country still—
With her on the mountain top, or slidin'
down the hill!
Don't care how corn's a sellin'—if cotton's
high or low,
This old country, brethren, is the best one
that we know!

Good times or bad times, we're with this
country still—
Every time we feel her shake, we have a
friendly chill!
Don't care how things is goin—nor how the
tempests blow,
This here old country, brethren, is the best
one that we know!

Good times or bad times, we're with this
country still—
With her when we sow the grain, an when
we go to mill
Don't care what's in the future—we'll whistle as we go,
For this old country, brethren, is the best
one that we know!

—Atlanta Constitution.

MARY VERNER'S ROMANCE.

HEAVY curtains of darkness were swiftly enveloping the Great White canyon. Mary Verner pulled down the little window of the postoffice of which she was the mistress, swept the contents of the narrow counter into a drawer, which she locked, then, pinning a broad-leaved hat above the brown curls that clustered about her brow, she passed out of her log cabin into the fresh, sweet, evening air.

As she reached the low fence which ran before her house a hurried footstep sounded through the gathering gloom, and a man's voice said:

"Is that you, Mary, my girl? You look little more than a ghost under the shadow of those bushes."

The girl—young and slender and graceful as a fawn—ran out into the lonely road.

"You've kept your promise, dearest, and come to see me," she cried, as she threw herself into the arms of her lover.

Reuben Halse kissed the red lips so frankly offered him before he spoke.

"Yes, Mary, I've kept my promise, but I've come to say 'good-by!'"

"'Good-by—good-by?' You're going away? You're going to leave me—your sweetheart—your wife that is to be?" She clasped her arms closely about him and trembled like a leaf.

"My dear little girl, don't cry—don't grieve. You've been my sweetheart, faithful and true, but we can never marry."

The strong man's voice broke and died into silence.

"Go on; tell me the worst," sobbed the girl in his arms.

"Listen, dear. You know that lately things have gone wrong with me. The bit of money I'd saved for our wedding in the fall was stolen, and then the cabin I'd built for you down by the Blue Pools was burnt. Still there was the farm stock and your little purse of savings left, but the drought has killed the stock and—oh, Mary, how can I tell you?"

Mary drew apart from her lover and steadied her trembling form against the garden fence.

"Some one has robbed you of the money I gave you. Oh! my poor boy—" She stretched forth her pitying hands toward the man before her, who only bowed his head and shuffled his feet in the thick white dust.

"Tell me, Reuben, tell me how it happened. Ah, surely you are not thinking I shall blame you for such a misfortune," and once more she crept to his side.

But Reuben thrust her from him.

"'Twas no misfortune; 'twas a crime. Your little savings, those few coins you've starved and scraped to keep, lie there."

He pointed with his lean, brown hand down the canyon to where, amidst a dense mass of foliage, a few lights twinkled.

Mary staggered.

"Down there? At Ffolliott's!"

"Aye, lass—at Ffolliott's! I lost it all at faro last night."

For a moment no sound but the evening breeze whispering among the creepers and bushes and the harsh note of a night bird broke the silence. Then a woman's voice, tender and low and full of tears, murmured; "Rube, dear Rube, I forgive you."

Reuben Halse flung his arms above his head and gave a little cry.

"Don't, Mary, don't. I rather you would strike me!"

The stars twinkled their diamond eyes on the man and girl as they said farewell. For Reuben had settled to leave the canyon that night.

"Bill Redfern, One-Eyed Sammy and Joe the Portugee are going, too. We're all broke, and may as well starve out there," and he waved his hand toward the wide forest land of Arizona, "as in this canyon here. Don't sob so, my girl, you'll break my heart. I'm not worth a tear from your pretty eyes or a choke in your white throat. But, Mary, you might pray for me sometimes, and when you're married to a good chap as don't go to Ffolliott's and neglect his farm for the tables and the bar, think of me, who loved you, but was not worthy to have you."

One kiss on her brow, then a clatter of galloping hoofs, and Mary Verner was free to go back into her log cabin and sob out her heart till the dawn.

Reuben Halse and his companion had left the Great White canyon for a week. Mary's cheeks, never very full of color, had grown pale and heavy, and blue lines beneath her large eyes told of sleepless nights and many tears.

Yet, Paul Harding—"Beauty" Paul, as he was called in the canyon—thought he had never seen Mary so lovely, as he clattered up to the door of the postoffice one morning, and asked the young postmistress if there was anything for him.

He watched, with his handsome dark eyes, her small white fingers go through the letters lying on the counter before her.

But she finally shook her head.

"Nothing for you to-day."

Yet Paul seemed loath to go. He pulled his long, tawny mustache, jingled his spurred boots upon the floor, and continued to stare through the pigeon-hole window at the girl, as she flitted about her usual business.

"Anything I can do for you?" she asked him presently.

"No," Paul said slowly, taking in every detail of the girl's pretty figure, clad in a cotton frock of gentian blue. "But might I speak to you one minute—privately?"

"You can say what you've got to say where you are."

He stared silently, first at his boots, and as his eyes wandered up they lit on the snowy shelves of bright and simple utensils and shining saucepans which lined the walls.

"How different you keep your place from what a man's shanty is—"

But she stayed his compliments.

"You live down by the Blue Pools, don't you?"

"Yes, next to Reuben Halse till his place was burnt out and he came into my shanty. I saw Rube three days back."

"You saw Rube?" Mary clasped her hands above her heart.

"Yes. He and his chums passed through Long Tom's ranch. I've been out there this two months past helping him brand and count the cattle. Rube told me that you and he had parted and the reason why. He asked me to look after you a bit. You see, we'd been good pals, and I'd like to do him a turn when he's gone under. You will let me look after you now and again, won't you, for Rube's sake?"

The handsome cowboy, straight as a dart, tall and strong as a giant, clad in the picturesquely rough clothes of his calling, bent like a reed before the tiny blue-clad figure of the post-mistress, who laid a slender white hand in his great palm and lifted her violet eyes to his dark ones.

"Surely, Paul Harding, for Rube's sake, you may look after me when I can't look after myself."

With that soft glance burning in his brain and those gentle words pulsing in his ears, "Beauty" Paul swung himself into his peaked saddle and sent his horse full speed down the hill to Ffolliott's saloon.

It was for Rube's sake that the following Sunday Paul dressed himself in his best, brought a little two-wheeled cart, gay with bells and bright colors, to Mary's door and asked her to drive out with him.

The day was fair, and "Beauty" Paul amused her with stories of Rube, and when they came to an end he told her of his own home, in the heart of a green county in England. He made her laugh with his tales of college life, and shudder with his description of the campaign in Egypt, which he had gone through. Only he did not tell her how he, an English gentleman and a gallant officer, came to be loafing and drinking and gambling away his days and his health in the Great White canyon. Paul Harding—degraded as he was, and lacking in reverence for women—at least had too much respect for the little post-mistress to tell her that black page in his life.

The day was an entire success, but it left a bitter after-taste in Mary's mouth when she heard the next morning that Paul had spent the night at Ffolliott's, drinking and brawling till dawn.

The next Sunday Mary shut herself within her log cabin, and neither the blue sky nor the gay cart and smartly caparisoned horse nor "Beauty" Paul himself could wheedle her out. She would not be seen, she said sternly, with one of Ffolliott's lot. She, however, relented and forgave him on his promise to amend for her sake.

As weeks and months went by, and the green of the canyon changed to red and gold, Paul found that, if he was to "look after" Mary, he had to give up the saloon.

And, indeed, for a space, Ffolliott's knew him not; till one October morning his allowance—the money which bought his family freedom from his disgraceful presence—arrived from England. For the next week Ffolliott's was a pandemonium, with the "Beauty" as presiding demon.

Mary heard of it and refused to speak to or look at him. Then it was that he flung himself before her one day, and prayed her to save him from that from which he was powerless to save himself—from drink and dice and bad companions. And she did what other good women have done before her and will do again. She placed her hand in his and, with her heart full of Rube Halse, she promised to marry Paul—for his soul's sake.

All through that long, bitter winter she held to her promise. At Christmas he broke from her control, and she did not speak to him for days, but she ended by forgiving. When he was with Mary he vowed not to set foot in Ffolliott's again, never to taste another drop of whisky, nor look at a card. But once beyond the sound of her low voice, the touch of her small hand, and his resolutions melted like the winter snows.

The eve of their marriage day arrived and with it Paul's allowance from England. The occasion and the opportunity suggested a carouse and Paul informed the "boys" he would be standing treat at Ffolliott's that night for the last time. The bar was soon crowded, for the "Beauty" was just the song-singing, yarn-telling, whisky-drinking scamp who would be popular among the wild crew, especially as he stood treat so long as the bartender would stand him.

Paul was full of liquor—he had drunk Mary's health with every man in the place—and he was also full of luck for once in a way. A pile of gold lay before him on the table and he was just proposing another round in Mary's honor, when big Bill Redfern strode in and was greeted with a shout of "Halloo, Bill, you back! What luck, pard?"

"Luck, my lads! I leave luck to fools and deadbeats. I've been working and, thank God, I've worked for something. I've put my sweat and muscle into the ground and I've struck ore! None of your dust or pockets, but a vein as broad as an ox's back and as long as a river, and so I've come back with Rube—"

Paul looked up with a start. His eyes flashed and he seemed to grow sober in a moment as the situation presented itself. Here was he drunk in a gambling hell on the eve of his marriage with Mary and Rube had come back.

"What did you say?" he muttered.

"I said Rube and I had come back. But don't let me disturb the game."

"The game is up!" cried Paul with an oath as he struck the table and made the money jingle.

"Had bad luck, eh?" said Bill. "Sorry for you."

"Keep your sorrow to yourself and your partner, Reuben Halse."

"Come, come," said Bill, good humoredly, have a drink; I'm standing treat, and as to Rube, here's his health and Mary's!"

"I'm standing treat!" shouted Paul, springing up. "Have a drink with me!" And with this he flung his liquor in Bill's face and made a rush at him.

A pistol flashed, a pale blue puff of smoke died in the hot air, and "Beauty" Paul lay stone dead on Ffolliott's floor.

Some of them went up to the postoffice to break the news to Mary. There was a light in the window, and by it they saw Rube and she sitting talking. Quietly, and with bowed heads, they left the cottage and returned to Ffolliott's without fulfilling their mission.

Next day a rough-and-ready jury, having reconsidered all the circumstances of the case and with due appreciation of Bill Redfern's well known prowess as a dead shot, decided that Paul had courted on purpose a certain death, and they returned a verdict of "suicide while of unsound mind."—Chicago Times.

WISE WORDS.

Rank and riches are chains of gold, but still chains.—Ruffini.

Of all virtues, justice is the best; valor without it is a pest.—Waller.

In the meanest hut is a romance, if you but knew the hearts there.—Van Ense.

Clear writers, like clear fountains, do not seem so deep as they are.—Landor.

What is birth to a man if it be a stain to his dead ancestors to have left such an offspring.—Sir P. Sidney.

There is as much responsibility in imparting your own secrets as in keeping those of your neighbor.—Darley.

Enough; here is a world of love; no more we ask to know; the hand will guide thy ways above that shaped thy task below.—O. W. Holmes.

Gloom and sadness are poison to us, the origin of hysterics, which is a disease of the imagination caused by vexation and supported by fear.—Sevigne.

Men perished in winter winds till one smote fire from flintstones coldly hiding what they held, the red spark treasured from the kindling sun.—Edwin Arnold.

Perhaps some habitant of far-off star, born to the heritage of loftier powers, although we cannot scan his glowing world, yet surveys ours.—M. E. W. Sherwood.

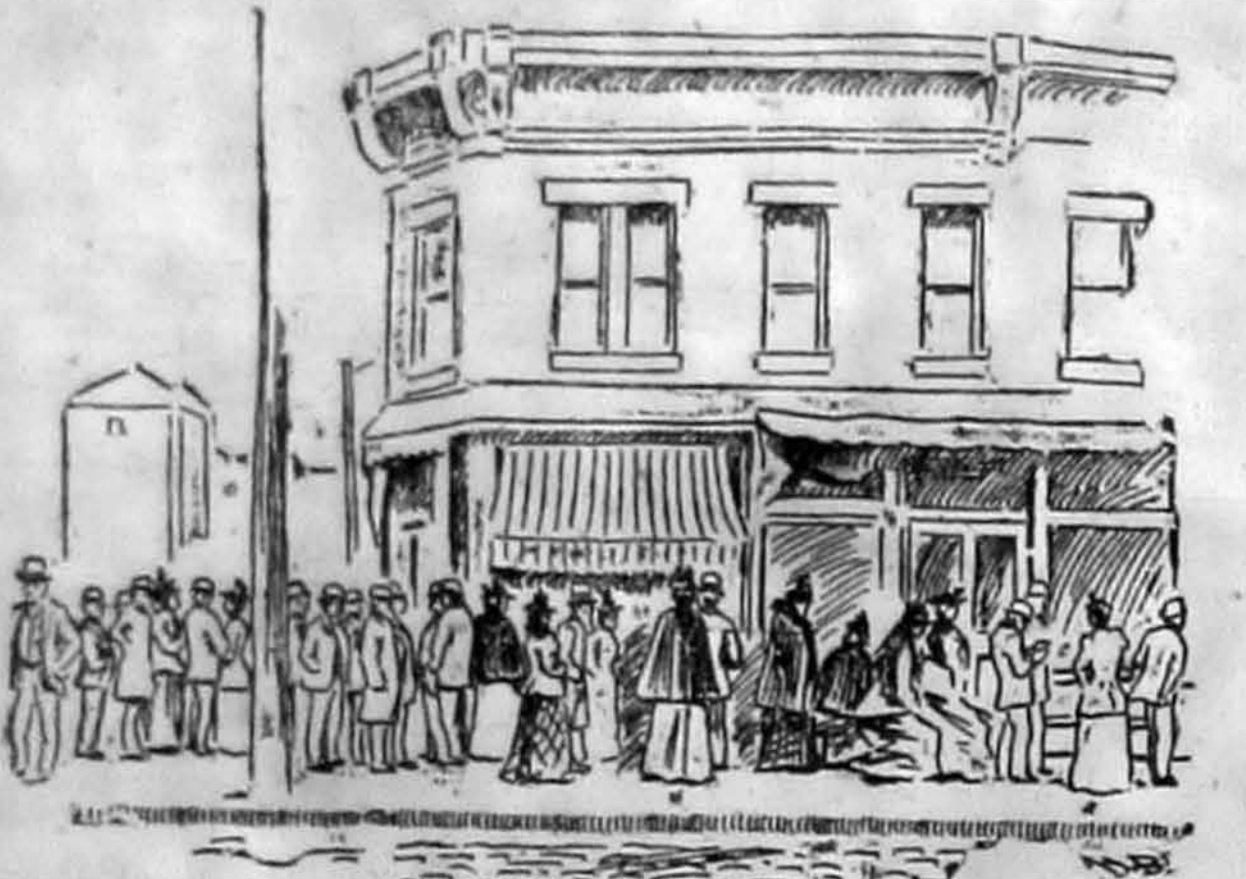
EQUAL SUFFRAGE.

WOMEN TOOK PART IN THE ELECTION IN COLORADO.

They Not Only Voted Themselves, But Insisted Upon the Men Voting—Scenes at the Polls.

WOMEN voted for all candidates at the recent election in Colorado. A Denver letter to the New York Sun describes the scenes and incidents on Election Day as follows:

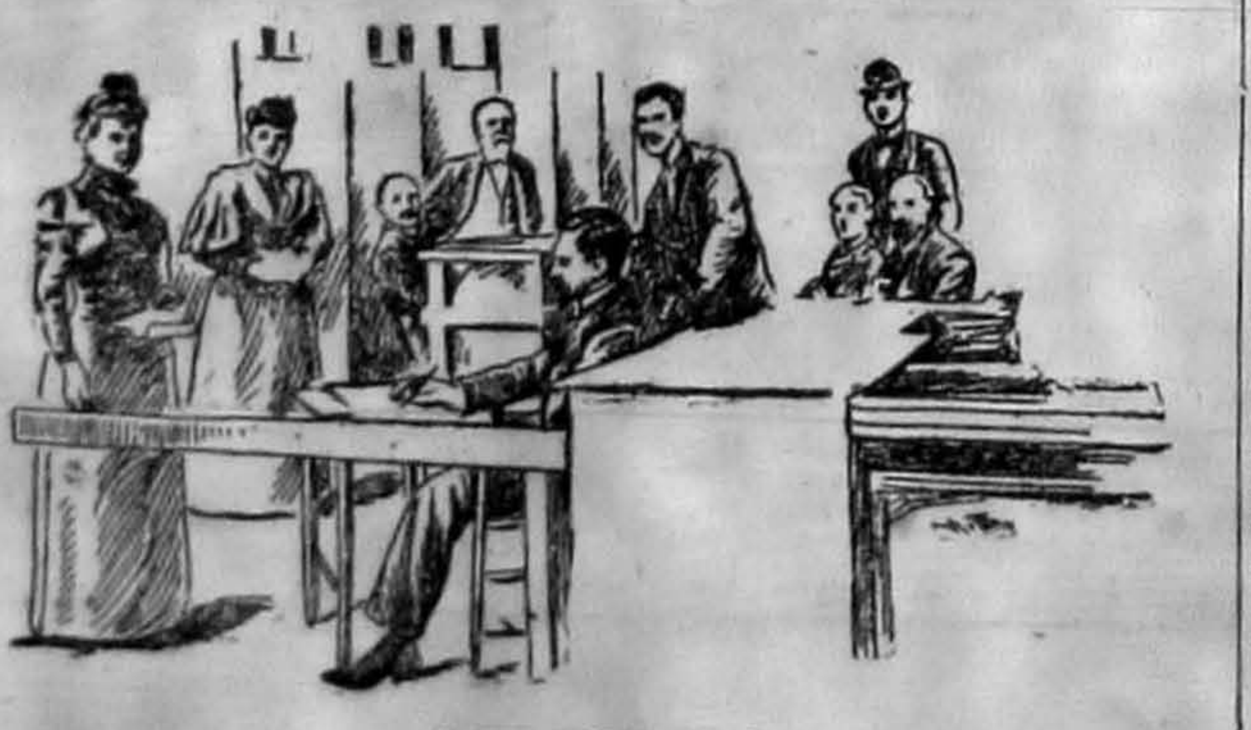
The total vote in Colorado was in round numbers 156,000 this year. Two years ago it was 93,000, although 1892 was a Presidential year and there was a strong desire to make a stand for the silver cause. Furthermore, times were good in 1892, and the mining districts were more populous than at this election. The phenomenal increase in votes over two years ago does not indicate an increase in population in Colorado. Facts disprove that. The women voted to fully ninety per cent. of their registration, and their enthusiasm was reflected in the awakened interest taken by the male voters.



WAITING THEIR TURN AT THE POLLS.

All over the State on the eve of Election Day the women went to bed early with one prominent thought in their minds. They would go to the polls on the morrow; they would go early for fear that some unforeseen circumstance might rob them of the opportunity to vote. This sentiment was shared by the men, who took rather a humorous interest in the experiment. Had it not been for the interest taken by the women of the household many men would not have bothered about voting at all, to say nothing of getting out early to vote.

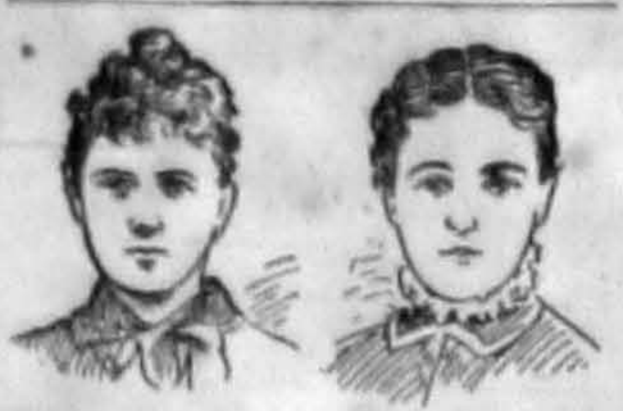
In Denver by half-past 6 o'clock in the morning every voting precinct, from Capitol Hill to the Platte River bottoms, presented an interesting spectacle. Men and women of all sorts and conditions had assembled to await the opening of the polls at 7 o'clock. The air was crisp at that hour, but the workingman was used to the chill of early morning, their wives and daughters, wrapped in shawls and cloaks of rather antiquated style, were unmindful of the cool air, while the late risers of the fashionable districts for once realized the beauty of an early morning in Colorado. D. E. Moffatt, President of the First National Bank and one of the wealthiest men in Colorado, was out with his wife before the polls opened and stood in line with the day laborer awaiting his turn to vote. In many instances a family of several voters, including the servants, went in a body to the polls.



IN THE VOTING BOOTH.

Few women had to go to the polls unattended. The went to the voting booths as they would go to the theatre or church with escorts. Often one man would have several women under his charge. The utmost good humor and good order prevailed. In the bright sunlight of the early morning the long lines of men and women were a curious study. Everybody was chatting informally with his neighbor, not of the issues of the day nor with an idea of influencing votes, but of the breakfast yet untasted, or of the unique experience which each was enjoying. A mounted police officer appearing would be chaffed and told to go elsewhere to find discord and trouble.

The lines for the first two or three hours contained from 100 to 200 voters, but by 11 o'clock the rush was ended, and then during the remaining hours the polls were practically deserted. An occasional voter would drop in, cast his ballot, and depart as quietly as he had come. Women in pairs and in small parties would enter the booths, prepare their ballots, deposit them in the boxes, and go without a word. There was a general expression of satisfaction on their faces.



MRS. H. D. STEVENS. MARTHA A. PEASE.
Prominent Women Suffragists.

The women were more expeditious in voting than were the men. They voted straight ballots, which required the placing of a single "X" alongside the party emblem. The men were slower and more deliberate. In one precinct twenty-six votes were cast in twenty minutes, of which seventeen were by women. The average in many precincts was one a minute. Never was so much straight-ticket voting done. Few ballots were spoiled, and the reports of the election judges indicate that more men had to be assisted to vote than women. Yet in the counting only a very small percentage of errors was discovered. One vote showed that the voter, evidently a woman, had voted for every candidate on every ticket by placing an X in every space. A few had placed the cross opposite the name of the candidate for Governor instead of the designated place, beside the party emblem.

Women in Denver were unusually well prepared for Election Day, for they had been playing at election for weeks. In almost every precinct mock elections had been conducted. Sample ballots were used, and all the accessories of judges, clerks and challengers were employed. Many women voted again and again until they were thoroughly familiar with the Australian ballot, which in Colorado is rather a complicated affair. Intelligent people learned how to vote a scratched ballot properly, and many did so, though the majority of ballots in every precinct were straight party votes.

The remarkable feature of early voting was observed all over the State. In Cripple Creek, especially, the early morning lines were very long. In mining camps and in quiet country precincts the women turned out early and generally with escorts. There, as in Denver, the desire of the women to vote induced the men to go to the polls quite generally. That more women voted in Colorado than men would be an absurd statement. Nor can it be said that the percentage of female voters exceeded that of the males, but the undisputed fact remains that this time the women thoroughly aroused the men and caused them to cast a heavier vote everywhere than heretofore.

As the Election Day waned the women and business men stirred themselves to draw in the few stragglers. Women in coupes and in open buggies rode from house to house insisting that the laggards must come out. In one precinct in the residence district of Capitol Hill only two registered voters failed to vote. The sick were carried to the polls; the busy man was hunted out and persuaded to take time to vote. In several instances women made repeated visits until they had forced the indifferent to the polls.

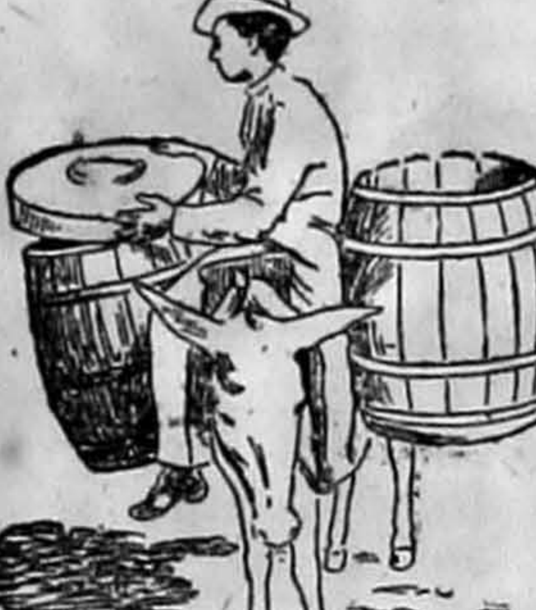
One old lady had declared upon hearing the news that women had received the franchise that she hoped she might die before one of her daughters disgraced her by going to the polls. As the campaign progressed she became interested so that, as a consequence, she was among the early voters at the polls on Election Day, and cast her ballot before her daughters did. The sentiment in favor of woman suffrage grew by reason of the general interest in the election. It was a growth from above to below. The best people of the State took up the matter first, and then the ignorant, the indifferent and those who had opposed woman suffrage were compelled to acknowledge that the act of voting did not degrade woman in the slightest degree.

Transporting Goods in Colombia.

Consul Pellet, of Barranquilla, Colombia, writes as follows to the State Department at Washington:

From the several landings on the river (save at Puerto Berrio, whence a railroad extends several miles into the country) goods are transported on mule back. Sometimes light, fragile goods are taken on the backs of Indian women, a broad hempen strap passing across the forehead. I have seen many of them marching "Indian file" over the mountains to Bogota. Packages for inland transportation should not weigh over 125 pounds. Two of such packages constitute a "carga," or a beast's burden.

Pianos are transported over the mountains by Indians, the instrument being slung to long, stout poles. The Indians are divided into relays. To the near-by villages goods are transported on "burros" (donkeys), as shown in the illustration. I have seen a drove of these patient little animals coming in from Sabanalarga, twelve leagues distant, each bearing two bales of cotton weighing 125 pounds apiece, having neither stopped nor rested by the way.

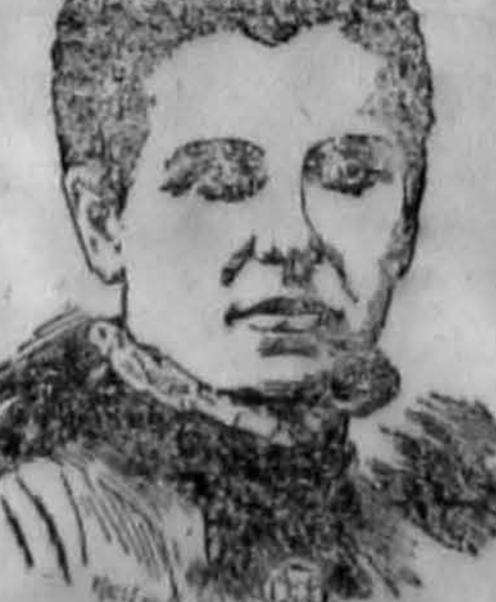


BARRANQUILLA EXPRESS FREIGHT.

Gladstone's Unmarried Daughter.

William E. Gladstone has a daughter, Miss Helen, who is worthy the name. The ex-Premier's sons, exclusive of Herbert, have been quiet men, preferring the life of a clergyman or a country gentleman to great careers, but Miss Helen is an active worker in all fields. She is one of three girls, the other two being married, and she has five brothers, all grown to manhood.

Miss Gladstone's work has been principally in the direction of higher education for women. She has done a great deal to give advantages to the daughters of the poor but respectable working people of the country around Hawarden, and her efforts to open colleges to both sexes have in several cases been rewarded. She is not unlike her father in appearance. She has the same broad, philosophic mouth, and the same calm, argumentative eyes. If Miss Gladstone is ever married it will be to some statesman or man of great prominence, for she is declared to hate commonplace men.



MISS HELEN GLADSTONE.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

TO WASH PRINTS.

Calicos, ginghams and chambrays cannot be properly washed along with the white clothes. They need a much quicker process, and the long delays of an ordinary washday would ruin them.

To set the colors soak the dress a few minutes before beginning the regular washing. If there is much pink, purple, lavender or green in the goods, strong cold alum water is the best. For reds, yellows, browns and the like, use about one ounce of sugar of lead to a gallon of water. For black and white combinations, whether striped or in the form of gray, dissolve two handfuls of salt in a tub of cold water.

Do not use boiling but merely warm water to wash colored cottons. Powdered borax is better than soap to clean them, for it does not affect the colors. Then wash hastily through warm bran water, rinse twice, blue if the colors require bluing, wring, starch on the wrong side with well-made, smooth starch, and hang in a breezy but not sunny place until the dresses are absolutely dry. The sun would fade the colors. Sprinkle even and finely, but not too much, roll away for awhile, and then iron the untrimmed parts on the wrong side; ruffles, tucks and the like on the right.—American Agriculturist.

ART IN BREADMAKING.

At the same lesson where Mrs. Rorer treated Vienna bread she also took up whole wheat bread, which is considered extremely nutritious and wholesome.

It was a noticeable fact that the dough and sponge of the whole wheat bread was entirely different from that of the Vienna. In the pan it was weighty to the touch, and on the kneading board proved itself far from elastic. The whole wheat is the grain robbed of the husk. It is nitrogenous and contains phosphates, therefore it is most nutritious, and away and beyond the white bread in the matter of healthful properties. The recipe for this is one quart of liquid, which may be one-half milk and one-half water. Scald the milk and add the water to it. When lukewarm add one cake of dissolved yeast, one teaspoonful of salt and sufficient whole wheat flour to make dough, like white bread. Knead until soft and elastic, cover in a bowl or pan and let it stand three hours, then mould, put in greased square pan and stand aside for one hour; after which bake in a moderately slow oven.

A flour rich in gluten soon becomes elastic. Keep the sponge at the first kneading at a temperature of sixty-eight to seventy degrees. To make sure of your yeast, never use a cake that is the least bit soft or has any other odor than that which belongs to it by nature. The square loaf requires a slow oven, the more slender Vienna form a quick one.

In home-made yeast there is a mingling of weeds, as yeast of this order is uncultivated, while in the German variety all the weeds have been expunged, and in one tiny cake there are ten thousand times as many yeast germs as in a cup of home-made yeast.

Corn bread was next taken up, and the recipe for that was given as follows: One-half pint of boiling water, mixed with one-half pint of corn flour until the combination is free from lumps and is perfectly smooth. Add one-half cup of milk and place on the fire, cooking until it is scalded; add one-half a yeast cake, one-half teaspoonful of salt and sufficient wheat flour to make a thin dough.

Add this flour slowly and finally tip the bowl toward you and beat vigorously for a few minutes. Nearly all bread requires kneading, and this portion of the process of bread making is largely the secret of its success or failure. It should be done lightly, delicately, but very thoroughly, and with the ball of the hand.—New York Journal.

RECIPES.

Cocoanut Pyramids—Whip the whites of five eggs as for icing, add one pound of powdered sugar while doing this until it will stand alone, then beat in one cup of grated cocoanut. Shape into pyramids upon a dish and serve.

Hickory-Nut Macaroons—To one and a half cupfuls of hickory-nut meats pounded fine add ground allspice and nutmeg to taste. Make a frosting as for cakes, stir in the meats and spices. Flour the hands and roll the mixture into balls about the size of a nutmeg. Lay them on tins well buttered, giving room to spread; bake in a quick oven. Use washed butter for greasing the tins, as lard or salt butter gives an unpleasant taste.

Beefsteak and Oysters—For a steak of from two to three pounds use a quart of oysters, from which all bits of shell have been removed. Boil the steak without salting it, as quickly as possible, placing it close to a very hot fire; as soon as it brown season with salt and pepper, put it on a hot platter and put over it the oysters. Lay on the oysters about two tablespoonfuls of butter cut in half-inch pieces, and put the dish into a very hot oven until the oysters are done, which will be as soon as their edges begin to curl. Serve the dish hot at once.

AS HIS MOTHER USED TO DO.

He criticised her puddings, and he found fault with her cake;
He wished she'd make such biscuit as his mother used to make;
She didn't wash the dishes and she didn't make a stew,
Nor even mend his stockings, as his mother used to do.

His mother had six children, but by night her work was done;
His wife seemed drudging always, yet she only had the one.
His mother always was well dressed, his wife would be so too,
If only she would manage as his mother used to do.

Ah, well! She was not perfect, though she tried to do her best.
Until at length she thought her time had come to have a rest;
So when one day he went the same old rigmarole all through,
She turned and boxed his ears, just as his mother used to do.

—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A blanket mortgage furnishes but a poor house-warming.—Puck.

Alice—"Beauty is but skin deep. Maud (spitefully)—"Who told you?" —Puck.

The man that rifles your pockets should be shot-gunned.—Dansville (N. Y.) Breeze.

A man may be beside himself, and yet have no idea how ridiculous he looks.—Puck.

The man next door always has one advantage over me. That's in his neighbors.—Puck.

"The Missing Link"—The one the dog stole in the bologna sausage factory.—Dansville (N. Y.) Breeze.

The virtues made of necessity always appear as if the material couldn't have been very abundant.—Puck.

"Is Miss Elder's hair artificial?" "Oh, no; it is human hair." "I mean it is her own?" "Certainly; she bought it."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

And now the busy office man
Will find one duty more;
Whene'er 'tis cold he'll have to yell,
"Come back and close the door!"
—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Mrs. Placid—"Where were you last night?" Mr. P.—"At a stag party, my dear." "I thought so when I heard you staggering upstairs."—Philadelphia Record.

Friend—"Are you superstitious? Do you believe in signs?" Successful Merchant—"No; newspaper advertisements are better, and cheaper."—Printers' Ink.

A man may think he adores a woman. But his love is put to a terrible strain when she asks him to button her shoes with a hairpin.—New York Herald.

Tailor—"I hear that you have paid my rival, while you owe me for two suits." Student—"Who dares to accuse me of such a preposterous thing?" —Fliegende Blaetter.

Trivvet—"You knew Charlie Dummit, didn't you?" Dicer—"He went West and was lynched." Trivvet—"Is that really so? Well, Dummit always was high strung."—Harlem Life.

One little girl in the slums—"Wot yer say she died of?" The other one—"Eating a tuppeny ice on the top of 'of pudden.'" The first mentioned—"Lor! what a jolly death."—Tid-Bits.

Tough—"Have you got pull enough in Washington to git a patent fer me?" Patent Lawyer—"What is your invention?" Tough—"It's a pneumatic tire fer perlice clubs."—Good News.

McSwatters—"Is Claughorn a finished author?" McSwatters—"Yes, you see, he called on Woolly, of the Howler, and called him a liar; and—well, you know Woolly."—Syracuse Post.

Old Friend—"Seems to me you are paying your cook pretty stiff wages." Jimson—"Have to; if I don't she'll leave, and then my wife will have to do the cooking herself."—New York Weekly.

Clerk—"Here's some of the fresh cracked wheat. Would you like a package of it?" Mrs. Newcash—"Young man, when I want damaged goods I'll let you know."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Mrs. Workaday—"Oh, I do so like to see a good, strong, determined man." Mr. Workaday (straightening)—"So do I, my dear." Mrs. W.—"John, the coal hod is empty."—Boston Courier.

"You are charged with having voted five times in one day," said the Judge, sternly. "I am charged, am I?" repeated the prisoner. "That's mighty odd. I expected to be paid for it."—New York Sun.

Miss De Fashion (a few years hence)—"You are wanted at the telephone." Mrs. De Fashion—"Oh, dear! I presume it's Mrs. De Style, to return my telephone call. I hope she won't talk long."—New York Weekly.

He (pleadingly)—"Why can't we be married right away?" She (coyly)—"Oh, I can't bear to leave father alone just yet." He (earnestly)—"But, my darling, he has had you such a long, long time." She (freezingly)—"Sir!"—Brooklyn Life.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

ANDREW PRICE, EDITOR

Marlinton, Friday, April 26, 1895

Official Paper of Pocahontas County.

Subscription ONE DOLLAR in advance. If not paid within the year $1.50 will be charged.

Entered at the post office at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

A DESCISION declaring the Walton election law constitutional, has been handed down by the Supreme Court of Virginia. The law is practically the same as our Australian system of voting.

IN New York city, Mayor Strong who was elected by the lavish use of the word reform, has disappointed his constituents by refusing to turn the Tammany office-holders out. He has made only 200 changes out of a possible 17,000.

BEEF is higher in the city markets at this time than it has been for twenty-three years. Many of our stockmen are raking the county for all manner of stock which will be fit to ship this fall. Others who have gained the reputation of being equally long-headed, remark that "many a man has been busted just that way," and are fearful that it is no special sign of a better market this fall.

PROFESSOR GARNER, the man who professes to understand the monkey language, has been exposed. He recently went to the Congo to dwell in the jungles and take down stenographic notes of what he overheard, intending to divulge the most sacred secrets of the most respectable of monkey families. Instead of doing this, he took lodgings with a missionary, and proceeded to make up his lies out of his head. The missionary came to France and denounced him not only as an imposter in science but as a regular sponge in the way of a visitor. Garner evidently believes in writing a book about things no one knows any thing about.

WOOL clothing is cheaper now than ever before in the history of the world. This does not afford the wool growers of this county much satisfaction. No one expects any great advance in the price of wool this year over the price last year. The production of wool is unlike that of any other crop. It is merely an incident of sheep raising and its production depends almost wholly on the price of mutton. If wool were not an article of commerce, still it would be produced and clipped even though it was only to be destroyed or considered merely waste matter. This is a complication not often taken into consideration when the price of wool is in question.

THE Supreme Court of Illinois has called down innumerable anathemas upon its head for its recent decision declaring the law unconstitutional which restricts women employed in factories from working more than eight hours per day. The court held that the time of a woman was her property to dispose of as she saw fit, and that no restrictions could be placed upon her as long as it was done in a legal manner. This is a great triumph for the sweating system, and the inhuman drivers taking courage from this descision will have the life of the toiling woman who prefers work to degradation. Under this law a woman might sell herself into absolute slavery. It is impossible to say what effect this decision will have on posterity, or what social horror may be the result of the court refusing to recognize the humane endeavor of the legislature to save these women from the cruelty of their employers.

IT seems certain from newspaper reports that some eight months ago a mistake was made by the authorities of the insane asylum at Weston, which is not at all pleasant to contemplate. A female inmate died, and Christopher Tetrick, of Ritchie county, was notified that his wife, who has been an inmate of the asylum for several years, was dead. He brought the body home and it was interred as the body of his wife. It turns out now that Tetrick's wife is still alive. There must have been a remarkable resemblance between the two women. This incident, if true, illustrates how dead to the world is the insane person, when even their identification depends on their keepers.

The Marble of Pocahontas.

Mr. B. M. Yeager has recently been investigating the quantity and quality of the marble discovered last year on Capt. William L. McNeel's farm, near Academy. Specimens have been sent by Capt McNeel to several of the great capitalists of West Virginia, and all have pronounced it a very valuable variety of Tennessee marble. It varies in color from black to red, the black being considered the most valuable.

The monied men seemed to scout the idea that any quantity of marble could be found in this county, and said they could only be convinced when they saw a piece from this county too big to have been carried in by hand. The result of Mr. Yeager's investigation convinces him that the vein extends through the entire length of West Pocahontas. He found a vein 12 feet in thickness on farms owned by himself and R. B. Kerr, in upper Pocahontas, fifty or more miles from where Captain McNeel has opened his prospective quarry. He has taken a big box of samples to the city with him to ascertain the value.

Our Dramatic President.

When the ministers of the Baltimore Conference went to see President Cleveland, on his special invitation, Rev. John A. Taylor, of this county was named as the man who should act as spokesman for the body of ministers. The President afforded them a very gracious reception, and it was one of the great events of the visit to Washington. Mr. Taylor made a few appropriate remarks saying that the prayers of the Conference were with him and his Congress. The President tried to give them a very kingly look and quell them with his eye and said most solemnly, "Gentlemen, your prayers are needed!" The ministers didn't awe worth a cent, and the fat President must have failed to make himself impressive, for the preachers broke out into one big laugh, and so we suppose that the President is more of a commedian than a tragedian.

Rich Mountain Items.

We have been having very changeable weather. Saturday be-Easter we had snow, hail, rain, and sunshine.

Mr. Jarad Hiner, of Doe Hill, brought a drove of 58 cattle out to Rich Mountain to summer. Also Mr. J. W. Hevener, of Hightown, brought a drove of sixty.

Miss Sarah Simmons, who has been staying with her sister, Mrs. Ed. Hedrick, of Thorn Grove, has come home to attend school. We won't tell who brought her!

Rev. Alexander preached for us at the Sink school-house Easter Sunday.

Mr. Amos Shrader, of Dunmore, passed through this vicinity on his way to Gandy Creek to get work.

Miss Riley thinks it is a bad out, such a mountain country as this, and can't get pasture two or three months for one horse!

Mr. Adam Hedrick, who has been spending a few days with his best girl, has returned to his home on Dry Fork.

NOTICE!—Having just arrived from the eastern markets, where I bought a complete line of general merchandise, my spring opening will commence Saturday, April 27. Everybody is invited to come in and examine my stock whether you wish to buy or not. Very truly,

Marlinton, W. Va. P. GOLDEN.

The Evolution of the News Item.

Nothing affords keener interest than to read the great number of West Virginia newspapers. They are the indicators of the state of affairs in their respective counties, and readers see what is filling the minds of the people of the different sections, as far as he has any business to know. Of minor interest is the watching the evolution of the News Item as it is printed for many a weary week, gathering interest as it makes its round. To illustrate the point, we will suppose there has been an occurrence in this county which the local press reports, and the exchanges copy as follows:

"YESTERDAY Bill Stone and Ed. Blain had an altercation on the street, having fallen out over a trifling matter, and blows passed. They were soon separated and fined by the Mayor $1 each and costs."—*Pocahontas Post.*

"IN Pocahontas County, last week Messrs. William Stone and Edward Blaine, two prominent citizens, met at the county seat and engaged in fisticuffs, having fallen out over a woman. Both were badly bruised, and arrested and fined $10 each and costs."—*Greenbrier Gossipper.*

"A BLOODY battle took place in Pocahontas County, last week, between William Stone and Edward Blaine, two extensive stock raisers of that county. They fell out concerning the ownership of a steer. Stone struck Blaine with his cane, Blaine returned the blow, and a desperate fight ensued. Blaine had his ear bitten off, Stone was left unconscious on the field, and both were bound over to await the action of the grand jury."—*Hardy Hustler.*

"LAST week, two prominent landowners named Stone and Blaine of Pocahontas County, came to the Clerk's office to settle a controversy concerning a tract of land. They got into a dispute and soon opened hostilities. Stone threw a paper-weight at Blaine and knocked him down, and jumped on him and trampled him most brutally. The County Clerk, who tried to separate them, was dangerously cut by Blaine, and both were badly injured. Stone was arrested, and gave bail for his appearance at Court in the sum of $1000."—*Marion Multiplier.*

Special to The Regulator:

"NEWS has reached us of a bloody affray in Pocahontas County. Yesterday Big Bill Stone and "Cap." Ed. Blaine, two noted desperadoes from Bitter Creek, came into the county seat of that county and met on the main street of the town. Bad blood existed between the two young men on account of a rivalry occasioned by both paying attention to old man Dave Sundown's pretty daughter, Pamelia. Both were armed with revolvers. "Big Bill" ensconced himself behind a horse-block, and "Cap" took refuge behind an empty coaloil barrel. They both fired a number of times without effect, and the street was deserted. Finally they threw their revolvers away, by mutual consent, and advanced to have it out with their fists. "Cap" Blaine had a spring dirk with which he stabbed "Big Bill," who was trying to open his pocket knife. Stone cannot recover, and Blaine has been remanded to jail and bail refused."—*Wheeling Regulator.*

"REV. C. R. GOODMAN has commedced his evangelical labors in Pocahontas County, West Virginia. His work lies in a rugged county lying on the summits of the Alleghanies, and among the rough mountaineers of that section. But recently a couple of desperadoes met at the county seat and engaged in a fusilade of rifles and small arms in which both were killed. The people are used to such occurrences, and simply ran away and hid until the outlaws were done butchering each other. With such characters does the Rev. Goodman have to deal, and whom he will endeavor to reclaim as brands are snatched from the burning. May he be abundantly blessed in his labors, is the wish of *The Christian Receiver.*"

COWPER read only his Bible and his prayer book.

Commissioner's Sale.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county rendered on the second day of April 1895, in the chancery cause of Jas. V. Cackley's executor against Jas. T. Rose

The undersigned special Commissioner will proceed to sell on the 18th day of June, 1895, in front of the court house door of Pocahontas County, at public auction, to the highest bidder, the tract of land conveyed by James V. Cackley to the said James T. Rose, in the bill and proceedings in above cause mentioned. This land is situated upon the waters of Stamping Creek adjoining the lands of A D Grimes' estate, the lands formerly owned by Charles Stewart, and others, is very fertile and well watered and has upon it a comfortable dwelling and necessary outbuildings.

TERMS OF SALE:—sufficient cash in hand to pay the costs of suit and expenses of sale, and the residue upon a credit of 6 and 12 months, the purchaser giving bonds with approved personal security for the deferred payments, bearing interest from date, and a lien to be retained until all the purchase money is paid. N. C. McNEIL,
Special Commissioner.

I, J. H. Patterson, Clark of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do certify that bond has been executed by the above Special Commissioner as required by law

J. H. PATTERSON,
a19 4t] Clerk.

Commissioner's Notice.

At a Circuit Court continued and held for the county of Pocahontas, at the court-house thereof, on Thursday, April 4th, 1895.

State of West Virginia
vs.
One hundred acres
and
Fifteen acres

In the matter of forfeited lands.

On motion of B. M. Yeager, Commissioner of School Lands of this county, the above cause of the State of West Virginia *vs.* One Hundred Acres and Fifteen Acres is referred to N. C. McNeil, one of the Commissioners of this Court, who shall take, state, and report to court the following matters of account, viz:

1st—Whether or not the two tracts set forth in the bill as waste and unappropriated lands, are really waste and unappropriated.

2d—If waste and unappropriated the exact location of said tracts, and all other things required to be reported under chapter 105 of the code of West Virginia, 1891, as amended by the Acts of West Virginia, 1893.

But before proceeding to take and state and report he shall publish in the POCAHONTAS TIMES, a newspaper published in this county, and post at the front door of the court house for four consecutive weeks, a notice of the time and place of taking said account.

A copy, Teste:
J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

The plaintiff and all unknown claimants of any part or parcel of the above named 100 acre and 15 acre tracts of land, will take notice that on the 20th day of May, 1895, at my office in the town of Marlinton, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, I will commence the discharge of my duties under above decree, at which time and place you and each of you can attend and protect and defend any interests you may have in said tracts of land Given under my hand this 17th day of April, 1895. N. C. McNEIL,
a19 4t.] Commissioner.

PUBLIC SALE OF PERSONAL PROPERTY.

Having decided to abandon the hotel business, and engage in other pursuits I will on Saturday,

APRIL 27, 1895

Sell at public auction to the highest bidder, at my residence in Marlinton my household and kitchen furniture cook stove, heating stoves, carpets, mattresses, bed springs, some beds, and bedding, harness, saddles, farming implements, wagons, ect.

Terms reasonable and made known on day of sale. H. A. YEAGER.
April 17, 1895.

C. B. SWECKER,
General Auctioneer
and Real Estate Agent.

I sell Coal, Mineral and Timber Lands Farms and Town Lots a specialty. 21 years in the business. Correspondence solicited. Reference furnished.

Postoffice—Dunmore, W. Va., or Alexander, W. Va.

LEADER 176.

FRENCH COACH STALLION (IMPORTED)

Black; foaled May 11, 1888; bred by M Tribout, of Chateau de Almeneches, department of Orne; got by the government stallion Ciceron II; DAM, Paquerette (brown) by Omega out of a daughter of Hussein.

This horse, imported by M. W. Dunham, and owned by the undersigned company, will stand an early season in Pocahontas, at the following places, commencing about April 20th:

ACADEMY............Joe McNeel's,
EDRAY..............S. B. Moore's,
(Possibly at CLOVER LICK.)

It is the intention of the owners of this horse to make two seasons with him, giving the earlier season to Pocahontas and the later to Greenbrier.

EXTRACT FROM LETTER CONCERNING "LEADER."

"This breed is conceded by all who are familiar with the subject to be the Arab, Barb, and Turkish horse. Recognizing these facts in my selections I have always refused animals whose pedigree, when analyzed, did not trace in all lines directly to the Oriental origin. In offering you the colt "Leader" I think I can sofely say that no horse of any blood possesses a pedigree tracing through its different lines so many times to this highly prized blood as does "Leader." I am frank to say that I have never traced one that showed half as many. This colt traces 396 times to the Arab, 464 to the Barb, and 484 to the Turk. This statement may seem incredible to you. I have the documents to prove it, however. If I connot substantiate all I say, the colt will not cost you a dollar. I venture to say that you cannot buy another colt in the United States, at any price, has one-twentieth the number of Arab crosses that this one possesses."

Yours very truly,
(Signed) M. W. DUNHAM.

"Leader" is a very handsome horse, stylish and large, and has taken first premium over a large lot in the State of Illinois. The judge said to the crowd that he was "the best colt to suit him he had ever seen."

TERMS; TO INSURE: One mare $8; two mares, bred by same owner, $15; three mares, bred by same owner, $21.

GREENBRIER LIVE-STOCK CO.

J. A. SHARP & CO.

—Have Established a Firstclass—

Harness and Saddlery
Store and Shop,

—AT—
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Something that has been needed in this county for years.

They carry a complete line of

HARNESS, SADDLES, COLLARS, HARDWARE, and TRIMMINGS.

Both Factory and Handmade.

At Rockbottom Prices.

ALSO,

THE UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT,

Is fitted out with a complete stock of latest and best designs, and coffins can be furnished on shortest notice.

☞ Successors of G. F. Crammett, who is employed by the firm.

FEED, LIVERY
—AND—
SALE STABLES.

First-Rate Teams and Saddle-Horses Provided.

☞ Horses for Sale and Hire. ☜

SPECIAL ACCOMODATIONS FOR STALLIONS.

A limited number of Horses boarde.

All persons having horses to trade are invited to call. Young horses brokec to ride or work.

J. H. G. WILSON,
Marlinton w. Va.

M. F. GIESEY,
Architect and Superintendent,
Room, 19, Reilly Block,
Wheeling, W. Va.

PATTERSON SIMMONS
MARLINTON, W. VA.
Plasterer ... Contractor.
Work done on short notice.

All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the undersigned firm will please take notice that they are hereby requested to come forward and settle up.

E. L. BEARD & CO.

HOME NEWS

—A good many chancery suits have been brought by local attorneys for May rules.

—Capt. Smith has broken ground for a fine brick mansion which will be completed by fall.

—Land is high in Crab Bottom, Highland county. Recently a farm of 86 acres was sold for $5,000.

—Died: On Stoney Creek, Martha Wilson, a little colored girl, daughter of Jim Wilson, of consumption, aged 12 years.

—Mr. Uriah Bird, the proprietor of the Pocahontas Hotel is building a large addition to his property. There is great activity in the hotel circles.

—The iron fence for the courthouse square has been recently hauled, and the work of construction is now going on. Around the jail will be a fifteen-foot fence, which will prevent any one from straying near the windows of the prisoners' cells.

—Hereafter only a privileged few will be able to obtain a view of the jail while there are any prisoners confined therein. Jailer Siple had notices printed this week to the effect that only those who had express permission would be allowed to visit the jail, and so idle sight-seers will be barred a view of the unfortunates.

—The bodies of two attractive young females were recently found in a church in San Francisco. Suspicion rests upon a young medical student, who is supposed to have a mania for investigating feminine ailments. They were pupils of a Normal school, and were about ready to enter upon upon their chosen profession as teachers.

—It seems that the North Pole has been discovered at last by Dr. Jansen, a Norwegian explorer. It was found in a range of mountains and the spot marked by the flag of Norway. Those who had hoped that this honor was in store for our own stars and stripes may console themselves by the reflection the South Pole remains open to all adventurers.

—The greater part of April was monopolized by the March moon, and so we have had March weather in April. The April moon runs far into May, and so let no one be impatient if May should seem capricious. The phases of the moon mark the real progress of the seasons, while the Julian Calendar is a human device, fixed and arbitrary, intended for the mere reckoning of time for social and business purposes.

—The Rev. Sam Small retires from the position of managing editor of the Norfolk *Pilot*. He renounces for the future all personal and public concern with current politics, and will give his exclusive attention to his law business. This movement is made under fire, and he leaves his paper embarrassed with two law suits for heavy damages. From such friends may we all be delivered; helping us into trouble, but doing nothing to help us out.

—Marietta, Ohio, has become a very familiar name for nameless reasons. The first court held in Ohio was at Marietta. It was opened by a considerable procession through an avenue cut of the primitive forest. The sheriff with his drawn sword was greatly admired by an Indian spectator, as he marched towards the courthouse leading the judge, lawyers, and citizen jurors. The Indian called the fine-looking sheriff "metuck," meaning the 'eye of a buck.' Hence the term "Buckeye" applied to the State.

—Our colored friend Jim Jackson, of Macedonia, brought in a Staunton bride last Wednesday, and created quite a sensation as they passed through Marlinton driven by Jim's son, "Snowball." A reception was held at his ancestral hall that night, which was well attended. After that a "serenade" came off in which Joe Wilson fell over a stump and "liked to busted himself." The boys say Jim refused to come forth and be ridden on a rail. It made a busy day with the darkies. They attended a burial at Clover Lick, the reception, and the serenade all the same day.

—The interesting information is communicated by the Rockingham *Register* that a contract has been signed for the construction of forty miles of the Chesapeake and Western Railroad, beginning at Elkton and coming westward through Rockingham County. Mr. Edward Purcell has been awarded the contract. He has had considerable experience in Southwest Virginia and Kentucky. It is expected work will begin about the middle of May. This means railway facilities within the limits of Pocahontas within eighteen months, from the east, unless unforeseen besetments arise.

—In Tea Creek, a noted trout stream tributary to William's River, there is a rock which is considered as being excessively dangerous. Whoever steps on it falls down very hard. The stream is so narrow that the fisherman naturally steps on it, and when once he has rested his weight on it, it is impossible to keep from falling. The guides warn strangers, but it is seldom it fails to throw him who ventures up the stream. It is an innocent looking rock several feet square, slopes in every direction, and is smoother than glass.

—Attention is called to H. A. Yeager's advertisement of sale by way of public auction of household and kitchen furniture and farming implements. Mr. Yeager will retire from the hotel business on the first of May, and the elegant hotel known as the Skyles House will be occupied by C. A. Yeager, the well known proprietor of the Marlinton House who will occupy both houses hereafter.

—Messrs. J. E. Craddock, Alex. McLean, and J. C. Arbogast, from West Virginia, have been in Orange several days looking over our lumber interests, with a view to locating in this section. They went through some of the mills and went to the lake on the "Fannie" yesterday, and today went to Michigan camps to look over the timber.—*Tribune* (*Tex.*)

—In Preston County Sheriff Shaw was shot by a horse thief whom he had arrested. Ex-Sheriff Jackson wounded the assassin, and the whole party, numbering four, then yielded and were lodged in jail. A lot of weapons and stolen jewelry was found on their persons.

—A young man named Hanna, from Greenbrier County, while working on Overholt's sawmill, received a painful injury a few days since. It was feared that amputation of the arm might be necessary, but it is hoped he may recover without losing his arm.

—Our friend R. V. Parkins, of Mill Point, has removed to Caldwell Station where he is in charge of a large roller flouring mill of the capacity of 50 bbls. daily. It was built by the Salem Machine Works at a cost of $3,500.

—Capt. Smith was highly elated over becoming the posessor of twin bull calves last week, as he says it is a sign of good luck. The calves were of good size and were beautiful animals. He traded them off to W. McClintic of Buckeye.

—An fine-looking ox dropped dead in the street Wednesday. The yoke belonged to Mr. Uriah Bird, and were drawing a portable steam engine.

—Mr. Ricketts has bought the racing mare, "Sparkle," of Mr. J. H. G. Wilson, and will run her the coming season.

McCollum-Moore.

A happy marriage was consumated Wednesday at 4 P. M., when Mr. George W. McCollum and Miss Jane Moore were united, by Rev. William T. Price, at the residence of the bride's father near town. The groom is a well-known business man of the county, and the bride, the oldest daughter of Aaron Moore, Esq., is a charming young lady. A few friends were invited to witness the ceremony, and report a delightful time. The newly married couple will reside on the groom's farm near this place.

Notice.

All persons are hereby notified not to pass through my place with horses or to trespass on my land in any other way, and that all trespassers will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

CINDA A. SHINNEBERRY.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Dr. J. M. Cunningham is absent on a trip to Monterey.

Mr. P. Golden and wife returned from Baltimore last Sunday.

Capt. J. W. Marshall came up from Hillsboro last Monday to attend to some legal matters.

Attorneys McClintic and Bratton were practicing in Justice Grose's court at Huntersville last Tuesday.

Mr. J. W. Whiting, of Ronceverte, has been in town the past week.

Mr. M. D. McLaughlin and son, William McLaughlin, of Greenbrier County, made us a call last week.

Messrs. A. D. Bruce and E. Brooke-Hunt, of Mingo, passed through this place on their way to Greenbrier. They were accompanied by Mr. J. H. G. Wilson, of Marlinton.

Mr. Isam Waugh vacated the mill property and moved to the Sulphur Spring last week. Mr. D. Waugh will move from the Indian Draft and occupy the mill property hereafter.

Mr. John Waugh has a very brilliant and transparent stone in his possession that will cut glass and scratch the hardest steel. It was picked up near the old shop, many years ago, and was brought there by the Indians, no doubt.

Mrs. William C. Mann, who has been quite sick, is about restored to her usual health.

Mrs. Walter Mann, of Edray, has been quite afflicted with a rheumatic affection, but is convalescent.

Mr. Henry McNeel, who has not been in our county since 1868, is now visiting his brother, Capt. W. L. McNeel. Pocahontas looks like a new country to him, so many have been the changes. He now resides in the State of Washington. He has led a busy and eventful life. A few years ago, before the panic, his property was valued at seventy thousand dollars.

Page Barlow, of Edray, is now Dr. P. D. Barlow, having graduated at the Baltimore Medical College on the 19th inst. Cards are out for his wedding to Miss Nellie Duane, of Baltimore, on the 30th.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Bambrick, of Dilley's Mill were in town Wednesday.

Biblical Question.

ANTIQUITY, O.
April 22, 1895.

Editor Pocahontas Times:—

I see your Green Bank correspondent asked the question to be answered through the TIMES, what were the names of Moses, and Aaron's father and mother? Exodus 6:20 reads, "And Aaron took him Jochobed, his father's sister, to wife; and she bare him Aaron and Moses." Numbers 26:57 reads, "And the name of Aaron's wife was Jochobed, the daughter of Levi whom her mother bare to Levi in Egypt, and she bare unto Aaron, Aaron and Moses and Miriam their sister.

J. A. PARKINS.

Miss Veva Ledbetter sends in a like reply from Traveler's Repose.

Obituary.

Mrs. James Hall, Mitchell's Mills, Indiana county, Penn., died April 9th, 1895, 1895, aged 65 years. This highly esteemed lady was the mother of Mrs. E. A. Smith, of Marlinton. Two years since Mrs. Hall was stricken with paralysis, and about two months ago, she fell and fractured a femoral bone. Her daughter went at once to be with her, and remained until the end. She was a person of excellent qualities of mind and heart, and all acquainted with her are assured that she sleeps in Christ and God will bring her with Him at His coming.

Millinery Notice.

We wish to call the attention of the ladies' to the fact that Mrs. J. M. Cunningham and Miss Maud Yeager will establish a first class milinery establishment in Marlinton not later than the last week in April. Wait until that time before investing in your needs in this line, for their stock will positively embrace all the late and tasteful styles. Miss Maud Yeager is now in Baltimore taking a special course in millinery, and will return with a complete line. 3t.

As vast as Alaska is, and as incalculable as is its wealth, we paid Russia for it less than half a cent an acre.

Green Bank.

We are having fine weather at this time, and farmers are putting in oats and getting ready to plant corn. J. O. Beard, Esq., has sown some spring wheat. Why should not more of our farmers do likewise?

Dr. J. P. Moomau will sow about 60 or 70 acres of oats this spring. If the season is good he will have enough; if the crop fails he will have enough for one farmer.

J. B. Bradshaw, of McDowell, Va., was in Green Bank Saturday.

Samuel Galford, son of Brown Galford, on Back Alleghany, killed a bear, one day last week, with an ax. Bruin was climbing a log fence and got fast, and the boy being close in pursuit, overtook him before he could get out. The bear was about a two-year-old.

Lawrence Nottingham has gone to Cowen, W. Va., to skid logs at the lumber camp. He took along his brother Zack's span of greys.

Rev. Hess, the junior preacher for this circuit, arrived on the 20th inst, and preached at this place on the 21st. He made a good impression on the people.

Rev. J. T. Maxwell and family arrived at the parsonage last week.

There will be Sacramental Services at Liberty Church on the 5th of next month, (D. V.)

The Sunday School at this place is making a good start. There are 75 in attendance, and more to come in. A cordial invitation is extended to old and young to attend.

Rev. Maxwell will preach at this place (we suppose) on the 28th inst, as that is his day at this plac

Rev. A. F. Hess will preach at Mt. Vernon next Sunday at 11 o'clock, and at Oak Grove at 3:30.

The first quarterly meeting for this circuit will be held at Dunmore Saturday and Sunday, the 4h and 5th of May. Preaching on both days by the Presiding Elder.

L. C. Bartlett, the champion painter, is arranging to paint Miss Lizzie Wilfong's house, on Back Alleghany, and also to paper the Presbyterian church.

Mr. J. W. Oliver is attending a meeting of the District Stewards, at Lewisburg, to-day (Tuesday.)

Mr. P. P. Oliver is moving into the McClintic House this week.

BIG FOOT.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE,
Marlinton, W. Va.,
April 23, 1895,

D. W. Sharp vs. *S. L. Barlow, et als.* } *In Chancery.*

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered in the above styled cause on the 2d day of April, 1895, I will, as Commissioner appointed in said decree, proceed at my office in the town of Marlinton, West Virginia, on the 29th day of May, 1895, to take, state, and report to Court at its next term the following matters, viz:

1st—An account of all liens upon the land of the defendant, Silas L. Barlow, with their respective amounts and priorities, showing to whom such amounts are due and payable.

2d—A statement showing all the lands owned by the defendant, Silas L. Barlow, together with the fee simple and rental value thereof.

3d—Any other matter deemed pertinent by myself or required by any party in interest.

Given under my hand this 23d day of April, 1895.

W. A. BRATTON,
Commissioner.

NOTICE TO LIEN-HOLDERS.

To all persons holding liens by judgment or otherwise on the real estate or any part thereof of Silas L. Barlow:

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said Silas L. Barlow to the satisfaction of the liens thereon, you are hereby required to present all claims held by you and each of you against the said Silas L. Barlow, which are liens on his real estate or any part of it, for adjudication to me at my office in the town of Marlinton, in said county, on or before the 29th day of May, 1895.

Given under my hand this 23d day of April, 1895.

W. A. BRATTON,
a264) Commissioner.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE,
Marlinton, W. Va., Apr 23, 1895.

Andrew C. Wooddell's adm'r.
vs.
Andrew C. Wooddell's heirs, et als.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered in the above styled cause on the 2d day of April, 1895, I will, as Commissioner appointed in said decree, proceed at my office in the town of Marlinton, in said county, on the first day of June, 1895, to take, state, and report the following matters of account, towit:

1st.—A statement of the accounts of Levi Gay as Administrator of Andrew C. Wooddell.

2d.—An account of debts due from Andrew C. Wooddell at the time of his death, with their amounts, priorities, and to whom due.

3d.—A settlement of the partnership accounts of Andrew C. Wooddell and W. A. Shearer, who were partners in running and operating a steam sawmill at the time of the death of the said A. C. Wooddell.

4th.—A statement showing whether A. C. Wooddell was insolvent at the time he executed the trust deeds to S. B. Moore and Lloyd Moore of which attested copies are filed as parts of the bill in the aforesaid cause, marked Exhibits "E" and "H" respectively.

5th.—A statement showing what will be a reasonable fee to allow plaintiff's attorney for prosecuting this suit.

6th.—Any other matter deemed pertinent or required by any party in interest.

And if for any reason the said report shall not be completed on said day, the same shall be continued from day to day until completed.

Given under my hand this 23d day of April, 1895.

W. A. BRATTON,
a264 Commissioner.

Notice to Creditors.

To the Creditors of Andrew C. Wooddell, Deceased:

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said Andrew C. Wooddell to the payment of his debts, you are hereby required to present your claims against the estate of the said Andrew C. Wooddell, for adjudication to W. A. Bratton, Commissioner, at his office in the said office on or before the 1st day of June, 1895.

Witness, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said Court, this 15th day of April, 1895. J. H. PATTERSON,
a19. Clerk.

E. H. SMITH
IS NOW
SELLING
OUT
HIS EXTENSIVE LINE OF
DRUGGIST SUNDRIES,
PERFUMES,
STATIONARY, ETC.,
AT COST.

If you are needing any thing in this line it will pay you to call.

He as usual has a full line of **DRUGS** and **CHEMICALS**, and is always ready to supply the trade with such as they need in this line.

If you cannot call in person send your order by mail and it will receive prompt and careful attention.

Notice to Trespassers.

All are hereby notified not to trespass on my land in any way by hunting, fishing, tearing down fences or by grazing or salting stock on the mountain land belonging to the St. Lawrence Company, which adjoins my farm, and is now in my possession.

WM. L. HARPER,
April 10, 1895.

—FOR RENT.—The pasture lands of the heirs of C. E. Warwick, deceased, on Stoney Creek. For terms apply to R. E. L. Doyle, on the premises, or address John C. Warwick, Hinton, W. Va.

A SONG OF TRIUMPH

-day, I sing a victor strain,
A hymn of praise,
nticle of joyous sound
I upward raise.

om boughs that thickly overhang
The battle-field,
pluck fair laurel leaves with which
To deck my shield.

y spear and helmet, too, I twine
With leaves of bay
token of my victory
In furious fray.

t no man's blood bestains my mail,
And what is best,
ghastly face, nor dying moan,
Disturbs my rest.

-day, between Heaven's holy hill
And Hell's dark pit,
met a Sin that tempted me,
And conquered it!

larence Urmy, in Youth's Companion.

SUSAN ANN'S METHOD

BY W. J. LAMPTON.

WHEN Susan Ann Bilton married Joram Nellums she thought she was doing big things, for Joram was very forehanded, and there wasn't a thriftier farmer in all Squan Neck ighborhood than he was. Of course, ople said Joram Nellums was so se that a dollar couldn't be dragged t of his pocket with a team of ttle; but Susan Ann said that was cause they hadn't so much as he had d didn't know how to accumulate.

far as Susan Ann was concerned, e was an old maid who took in sewg and made enough by it to dress rself well and live in the only hotel the town of Squan Neck. It wasn't ch of a hotel, as hotels go these ys, but it sheltered Miss Bilton ry comfortably, and being an inpendent woman who liked to have r own way coming and going, she und it eminently satisfactory. It t her possibly as much as $2 a nth more to live there than if she d gone to Mrs. Wiggins's boardg-house, but Susan Ann was not se when it came to her own comrt and convenience. It was a great t to her, no doubt, when she rried Joram Nellums, for now she s to be mistress of her own house d the finest farm in the country.

Many a younger woman than she uld have been glad to have become rs. Nellums, and it cannot be ded that on the first Sunday that the w Mrs. Nellums walked down the le of the church she carried her d a few notches higher than the ek and lowly doctrines taught in e edifice every Sunday really reired of her. That was the woman her, however, and it may be exsed under the circumstances. It s a great thing to be Mrs. Joram llums, and Susan Ann Bilton was t the only woman in Squan Neck o thought so, although Susan Ann s the only woman who knew what was from actual experience.

The happy couple went away on a idal tour to be gone two weeks, and was a sore disappointment to Susan n when Joram cut it just half in o, giving as an excuse that the busiss of the farm had very unexpectly called him back. Like an obeent wife she accepted his explanans and his promises that they would to the city as soon as the crops re laid by, and they would stay re as long as she cared to stay.

For a month after their return, san Ann laid great store by her exted position in Squan Neck society, t somehow there was an ever present k of opportunity to use it to exe. Joram was busy, or Joram was red, or Joram had something else at prevented, or forty dozen other stacles with Joram back of them inrfered with her plans. Thus a year s on, [illegible] by that time Susan Ann s [illegible] kitchenwork and houserk and there was some indication at she would be doing the washing xt, with a fair prospect that tailorg for Joram and one or two of the rmhands would be added to her other ties. Occasionally Joram had someing to say about economy, but he ver accused her of extravagance.

"You ain't very savin', Susan Ann," said to her one day, "but I'm llin' to agree that you ain't a great ender."

About this time the fact began to wn upon her gradually that there s a difference in the manner of Mrs. llums's every-day life and that of ss Susan Ann Bilton. She would nder sometimes if making dresses d getting paid for them, with the ivilege of spending her earnings as e pleased, was not in some particurs almost as satisfying as doing two man's work for Joram Nellums witht pay.

At the end of two years she discovered that the wedding clothes that e had provided herself with had me to the ragged edge, and a new ess at least, and bonnet were absoly necessary. So when Joram sat wn to breakfast one morning in a od humor, for the breakfast was a od one, done entirely by herself, e told him that she wanted something to wear, and gave him a little memorandum of what was needed.

"Je-roosby, Susan Ann," he exclaimed, "I can't stand this. I've always said you wasn't much on savin', but this is upsettin' everything. Why, what you've got down here will cost as much as thirty-one dollars and seventy-five cents."

"What if it does, Joram," she replied amiably, "haven't I worked for it? You haven't bought me anything since we got married."

"And I ain't bought myself anything, have I?" he asked after the manner of the kind of man he was.

When breakfast was over Susan Ann was not much nearer the desired goal than before, and she was in a bad humor besides, with an addition in the shape of a disappointment in Joram she had been trying for a long time to stave off.

At the end of a week he gave her $10 and told her that he could not spare another cent.

"You must remember, Susan Ann." he said, "that I ain't a millionaire. And even if I was, I wouldn't encourage extravagance in a woman. It's born in 'em anyway, and if they git half a chance with money they never know when to stop letting it go."

Three months after this lecture from Joram, she got another when the necessities of the case drove her to him to get a pair of shoes.

Then Susan Ann sat down to think over the situation, and it is safe to say that she did some very tall thinking. Some women might have wept, but Susan Ann was no weeper. If she had tears to shed, she did not intend to shed them in a cause of this kind. Something harder than tears was the remedy, and Susan Ann was not long in getting at it.

That night at supper Joram didn't like the coffee. It was more like beans, he said, but Susan Ann hadn't much to say, and Joram thought she was sullen because he had talked judiciously to her on the subject of extravagance.

The bad coffee continued a week and then Joram noticed that the meat was not as good nor was the bread, as it had once been. He complained, but Susan Ann hadn't much to say.

On the following Sunday when they started out to church Joram thought Susan Ann was a sight to behold, but he didn't say anything for fear she might come back at him about the dress and the shoes.

It was the first time since they had been married that Joram had not felt a pride in the appearance of Mrs. Nellums and it made him think just a little. On the way home he spoke of it and suggested that as he had made a little something on wheat the week before, maybe he could let her have that money for a new dress.

"Indeed, no, Joram," she replied, "I don't want it. I only thought I did. I can get along just as well with what I have at present and we can save that. Every little counts, you know, Joram, and we are too poor to go to needless expense."

He insisted mildly that she should take the money, but it was not difficult for her to convince him that it was extravagant, and he said no more about it.

The dark bread and the weak coffee and the bad meat continued, and there were added other things less attractive to the palate than formerly, and one day when he wanted to know why she did not use the meat in the smoke house that he knew was as good as any that had ever been cured, and he prided himself on curing meat, she surprised him by putting quite a sum of money down by his plate and telling him she had sold it for a good price because she thought it was more economical to eat less expensive meat. Joram began to talk, but she was so pleasant and practical in her arguments that he hadn't the heart to argue and gave up to her.

He also put the money in his pocket.

One day when he went into town on his wagon some boys made rude remarks about the clothes he wore, and when he told Susan Ann about it, and said maybe he had ought get something better, she flew all to pieces and gave the naughty boys such a raking over that Joram was sorry he had said anything about it, and went on wearing the same old clothes.

A dozen or more times during the winter Joram sat shivering before a miserable fire because Susan Ann insisted that fuel was too expensive and that they must save until they had plenty to indulge in luxuries on.

Day by day the table became poorer and poorer; the good china was put away and the old cracked kind brought out; the little silver things that had been given them for wedding presents were locked up, and Susan Ann was cutting down expenses in a way that nobody would have expected of her.

Several nights Joram almost froze for lack of cover, but Susan Ann was cheerful and told him that newspapers were warmer than blankets if he would only make up his mind to think so.

He kicked, however, on this and was only pacified when she gave him $20 that she had received for the fruit she had put up and didn't care to use. He thought it was extra stock that she had, but later when he wanted some and she told him she had sold it all, and there wasn't anything for dessert now but dried apples, Joram became rather demonstrative, and it was all her good temper could do to keep him from boiling over.

All this time Joram was doing some thinking as well as Susan Ann was, and between shivering at nights and half starving during the day, he was getting in a condition to go to a lunatic asylum.

One day the final crash arrived. When Joram came in from work the big easy chair he had paid $25 for in a freak of extravagance just before he was married was gone, and with it all the carpets.

"What does this mean, Susan Ann?" he asked, trying to appear cool. "Are you housecleaning?"

"Why, Joram," laughed Susan Ann, 'how you talk. You know this ain't housecleaning time."

"Well, where's the chair and carpets, then?"

"Here they are, Joram," and she gave him $100. "Besides the money I got a cheaper chair and cheap carpets in their place, and they'll be here in the morning. Now go on and wash your face and hands; supper's ready."

Joram obeyed and went to supper; and it was the meanest supper he ever sat down to. That evening he shivered before the fire of slack and rubbish and that night he had too little cover, but he could hear the money jingling in his pockets.

At breakfast he appeared looking as blue as an ague patient and shaking like two.

"Susan Ann," he said, "I'm going to town this morning. You haven't sold the horse and buggy yet, have you?"

"No, Joram," she answered, "but there's a man coming to look at it today. We don't need it, and it costs a mint of money to keep a carriage anyhow."

"What time's the man coming, Susan Ann?" he asked submissively.

"He said he'd be here at 10 o'clock."

Joram Nellums gulped as if something were choking him, and he looked at Susan Ann.

"Susan Ann," he said slowly, "here's a check for $1000 and you can tell the man that's coming to go to grass. I'm going to take you to town in the buggy and we are going to buy everything we want and have a nice time, and when we come back, I'm going to make you cashier of the business and you can do as you please. Economy's all right, Susan Ann. but there's a limit to it that somehow I never see before until you showed it to me."

Then it was that Susan Ann broke down and cried, because she thought the occasion appropriate, and the tears that fell from her face fell upon the face of the check in her hand, but Joram actually laughed and kicked up his heels like a boy.—Detroit Free Press.

How Scissors Are Made.

Though no complexities are involved in the making of scissors or much skill required, yet the process of manufacture is very interesting. They are forged from good bar steel heated to redness, each blade being cut off with sufficient metal to form the shank, or that destined to become the cutting part, and bow, or that which later on is fastened into the holding portion. For the bow a small hole is punched, and that is afterward expanded to the required size by hammering it on a conical anvil, after which both shank and bow are filed in a more perfect shape and the hole bored in the middle for the rivet. The blades are next ground, and the handles filed smooth and burnished with oil and emery, after which the pairs are fitted together and tested as to their easy working. They are not yet finished, however. They have to undergo hardening and tempering and be again adjusted, after which they are finally put together again and polished for the third time. In comparing the edges of knives and scissors it will be noticed, of course, that the latter are not in any way so sharply ground as the former, and that in cutting, scissors crush and bruise more than knives.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Chinamen Buying Guns.

A unique sight at the present time is the number of Chinamen who can be seen in the various gun stores purchasing firearms. In one store on Broadway, New York City, could have been seen the other day a dozen Mongolians, each carefully examining a rifle, and in their way expressing themselves as to the peculiar merits of the arm in question. As a rule, they were solicitous as to the mechanism devoted to breech-loading, but once in a while an enthusiast would raise the rifle to his shoulder and in his imagination think of the result. Dealers say that considerable quantities of small arms, as well as rifles, have been bought ostensibly for the purpose of shipping to China. Generally the assemblage of these Chinamen attracts a crowd of Caucasians on the sidewalk, who look with wondering or philosophical eyes, according to the temperament of each individual, upon the curious picture displayed before them.—Hardware.

We all believe in letting well enough alone; but we make mistakes as to the right time to do it.—Puck.

A GREAT NEWSGATHERER.

HOW UNCLE SAM GETS ALL KINDS OF INFORMATION.

Transmission of Consular Reports by Cable—Service of the Agricultural and Other Departments.

UNCLE SAM is the greatest news gatherer we know, writes George Grantham Bain. All of the agencies of the newspapers of this country put together are hardly as great as the corps of men he retains to send him information of current events. Some of this information he publishes in the shape of public documents which few people ever read. Some of it he preserves in the files of his departments at Washington for the use of his executive officers.

The big Government news machine has correspondents who are reporters; it has editors in the different departments, and Grover Cleveland is their editor-in-chief; and it has sub-editors who read copy and use the blue pencil on it. The news service covers a very wide range—much wider than that of the average newspaper. For though the Government does not follow the record of deaths and marriages or the chronicle of local crime, it has often a far more accurate and rapid service on some great foreign war, like the Chinese-Japanese conflict or the recent Brazilian trouble than any of the great newspapers can obtain, no matter how great their expenditure of money. In matters of this kind the Government service should be far ahead of the newspaper service, for treaty obligations require the transmission of Government messages by cable when commercial messages can be declined. But it is pretty hard for the Government, even with all the apparent advantages on its side, to get ahead of the enterprising American newspaper.

The transmission of news by cable during some such emergency as now exists in Asia is not the only news duty of the American consuls and commercial agents or the ministers or ambassadors of the United States at foreign capitals. The Bureau of Statistics of the State Department issues at monthly intervals small volumes of reports sent in by our diplomatic representatives; some of them volunteered and some sent in response to inquires of the Department. This news feature of the consular service has become of great commercial importance to the United States.

The consuls of the United States are required to send in at regular intervals reports of the condition of public health in the towns or cities where they are stationed. These reports and the reports sent by certain medical correspondents who represent the hospital service abroad are published by the Surgeon-General in a weekly bulletin. This bulletin is one of the most valuable news publications of the Government. Not all of the information published in it comes by mail. Where the United States is threatened with cholera or any other contagious disease the surgeon receives reports by wire, usually through the State Department and its representatives.

Next to the news service of the State Department the Agricultural Department has the most elaborate and complete system of news-gathering and distribution. For the crop report alone the services of nearly 5000 correspondents are called into requisition directly or indirectly. There are about 2500 correspondents who report to the department direct.

There are almost an equal number reporting to the State agents of the department who make up State estimates and forward them to the statistician for comparison. These correspondents are just as surely newsgatherers as are the correspondents of city papers in the rural districts. They receive no compensation. Their only reward is a copy of each of the department bulletins. As a rule these correspondents are farmers. Some of them, though, are country doctors. All of the reports of these correspondents are "edited" by the statistician before they are made public. They are compared for possible error or false statement; and the crop estimate made public every month is the expression of the individual judgment of the statistician, based on all of the reports received from 5000 sources.

Another important news gathering and news distributing branch of the Agricultural Department is the Weather Bureau. At 150 stations in different parts of the United States observers and assistant observers are employed, not only to take scientific observations and keep statistics, but to send to the chief of the bureau at Washington by telegraph the news of the condition of the weather all over the country. The chief editor to handle these reports is the forecaster, who takes all of the dispatches and marking "highs" and "lows" and other like indications of ethereal conditions on a map, figures out for the entire country just the kind of weather to which each country is entitled. This forecast work has been of immense value to farmers, and it has often warned seamen of impending disaster. The weather report is one of the most valuable and interesting of the news publications of the Government.

In addition to the crop report correspondents and the weather observers, the Agricultural Department has special agents at many points sending in news of the condition of cattle and other information pertaining to subjects which are within the jurisdiction of Secretary Morton. And the editors in the different bureaus which handle these reports are not the only "blue-pencilers" in the department. The Secretary of Agriculture has a regular editor, known officially by that title, whose duty it is to examine and pass upon publications to be issued by the department.

One of the most important of the news bureaus of the Government is attached to the Navy Department. It is of comparatively recent establishment. It is known as the Naval Intelligence Bureau. Its duty is to gather together from all parts of the world information about foreign navies and foreign coast defenses. When Japan and China began hostilities Secretary Herbert could have sent to the Naval Intelligence Bureau and on a few minutes' notice could have had a full description of the navies of both the belligerents and an admirable description of the sea coast along which the fight was being waged. There is not a war vessel in the world which the Naval Intelligence Bureau cannot describe. This information comes from the news correspondents of the Navy Department, who are in part the officers of our own war vessels and in part our representatives in naval matters at the great capitals of the world. We have naval secretaries attached to all of our principal legations. Besides, the Navy Department sometimes sends naval officers abroad on a special mission to gather information.

The Treasury Department, of course, is constantly at work through its customs officers and other agents gathering statistics of commerce. These are published from time to time by the Bureau of Statistics. The Indian office of the Interior Department receives from its agents not only current news of the condition of the Indians, but stories of the origin of their tribal customs and other matters, which make a page of the Indian Commissioner's report most interesting reading. The bureau of ethology is busily engaged in collecting news of the primitive American. The geological survey tells the country from time to time all about its production of gold and precious stones, about the development of irrigation and dozens of other things which would be considered good news in many newspaper offices. We send representatives abroad to report on the Panama Canal, the Nicaragua Canal, the international geographical congress, the international monetary conference, the international marine conference. In fact, the field of news gathering covered by the agents of our Government is so wide that no newspaper, however enterprising, could hope to fill it.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

The first shipment of iron ore from the United States to Europe was made in 1608.

The Duke of Coburg possesses a splendid collection of miniature silver ships, more than 100 in number.

Many Persian drinking cups have been found in the ruins of Persepolis. They are shaped almost exactly like our saucers.

The swords of the ancient Mexicans were composed of bits of flint or obsidian, set in a stick about the length of an ordinary saber.

Being a little slow in taking off his hat, a man who went to hear a trial in a German court, was sentenced to six hours' imprisonment.

A young French officer recently rode a bicycle to the top of Pic du Midi in the Pyrenees, 9540 feet high, and then rode down again.

In Monticello, Fla., there is a tree, which bears on different limbs grafted apples, crabapples, peaches, prunes, pears and quinces.

The island of Lewchew has a tree which has the peculiarity of changing the color of its blossoms. From the tint of a lily these go to the hue of the rose.

In 1790 a handkerchief cost sixty-six cents in Massachusetts, while a pair of stockings cost seventy-five cents, and potatoes were thirty cents a bushel.

A petrified cat has been discovered in a bog in Kerry, Ireland. Its back was arched and its tail thickened, as though it met death while in the act of opening a concert.

A topaz seal set with gold was recently found on the field of Waterloo. It belonged to Ensign Barrington, of the British army, and had lain undiscovered for eighty years.

The railway line between Ismid, near Constantinople, Turkey, and Angora, 300 miles in length, is built entirely of iron—bridges, ties, telegraph poles and all—except the stations.

The metal out of which the "great bell," of Moscow, Russia, is made is worth $300,000 at current market rates. The bell is nearly twenty feet high, and has a circumference of sixty feet.

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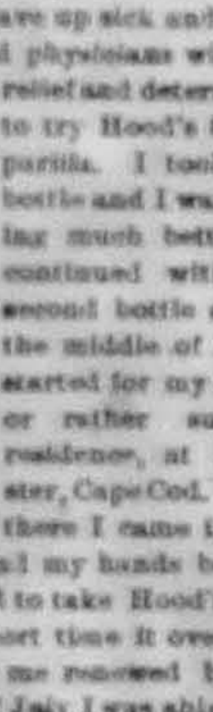

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other day before yesterday.
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covery has done so much for
ly too glad to tell everybody
began taking it, one year ago
I had DYSPEPSIA in its
I was constipated, so much
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PAIN in my STOMACH
SIDE. My knees were stiff,
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MRS. MARY C. AYRES.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

No bird of prey has the gift of song.

It is estimated that the crow will destroy 700,000 insects every year.

Astronomers claim that there are over 7,500,000 comets in the solar system alone.

South American agriculturists are experimenting with an electric drying machine for wheat.

Mosquitoes inject a poison into the wounds they inflict in order to make the blood thin enough to flow through their throats.

It is said that the flesh on the forequarters of the beaver resembles that of land animals, while that on the hindquarters has a fishy taste.

A new garbage crematory has just been successfully tested in Chicago in the presence of some New York experts and the Mayor of Chicago.

Cast iron blocks are being tried in some of the most frequented streets of Paris, instead of the granite blocks usually placed alongside tramway rails.

Voluntary muscles are almost always red; involuntary muscles are generally white, the most notable exception in the latter case being the heart.

Professor Weinek, of the Imperial Observatory at Prague, devoted 225 hours to his drawing of the lunar crater Copernicus. It is from a negative made at the Lick Observatory, California.

Hiram Maxim, the flying machine man, says he will not consider his invention complete until he can have it under perfect control at a point so high that it can neither be seen nor heard by gunners underneath.

Cellar moulds on apples—often unnoticeable—consists of more or less poisonous fungi. Physicians say they have traced cases of diphtheria to the eating of it. All fruits and vegetables should be carefully cleaned, or peeled, at least, if to be eaten raw.

Flammarion, the French astronomer, remarks that our planet, if it were as near to the sun as it is to the moon, would melt like wax under the heat from the solar surface, which is composed of "a stratum of luminous dust that floats upon an ocean of very dense gas."

A butterfly, which was found in a dormant state under a rock in the mountains of California, and which is believed to have lived thousands of years, or since the close of one of the later geographical periods, is now in the Smithsonian Institution. When found it was believed to be the only living representative of its species in existence.

It has been decided to use petroleum as locomotive fuel on the Baltic Railroad, which is significant, because this line is almost the most distant of any in Russia from the oil wells. Great reservoirs are to be built in St. Petersburg and Reval and three other stations, which will hold in the aggregate about 5,000,000 gallons.

Dr. Foehner, of Berlin, has examined some 70,000 sick domestic animals in the past seven years, and of this number only 281 suffered from tuberculosis. The parrots were relatively the most frequently affected, twenty-five per cent. of those coming under his care being tuberculous. Of the cats, only one per cent. showed symptoms of the disease.

Disinfecting a Room.

A writer in the Medical Magazine who has witnessed the Berlin method of disinfecting a room describes the cleansing of an apartment in which a child had died of diphtheria: "Four men were engaged. After everything that could be subjected to steam without detriment had been removed to the disinfecting station, all the things were removed from the walls, and the men began rubbing these with bread. Ordinary German loaves are used, forty-eight hours old. The loaves are cut into substantial chunks about six inches square, the back of each piece consisting of the crust, thus allowing of a good purchase. The walls are systematically attacked with strokes from above downward, and there can be do question as to its efficacy in cleaning them, nor does the operation take as long as one would imagine. The crumbs are swept up and burned. After this the walls are thoroughly sprinkled with a five per cent. carbolic acid solution. The floor is washed with a two per cent. carbolic acid solution, and all the polished woodwork and ornaments as well."

Strongest Man in Kentucky.

Tom McMunegal, of Brandenburg, Ky., was said to be the strongest man in Kentucky. It was an easy job for Tom to lift a barrel to his mouth and drink out of the bung hole. Tom was a married man, and afterward moved to Harrison County, Indiana, living across the river about three miles from Brandenburg. The first increase in his family was twins, the next time it was triplets and then his wife presented him with eight boys, four at a birth. These eight boys all grew up to be men, and the smallest of them weighed 160 pounds. One of the first quartet, Mr. — McMunegal, now lives in Brandenburg, and is a well known citizen of that county.—Atlanta Constitution.

MONK VS. THIEF.

At a monastery in Southern France visitors are proudly told the story of the exploit of a monk who was once one of the inmates of the convent. The monks belong to a mendicant order, and send one of their members periodically on begging excursions. The hero of the story—it happened many years ago—had been out on one of these expeditions, and was coming back to the monastery, his purse well-filled, when he was attacked in a a corner of the wood by a highwayman, who pointed a pistol at his head. The monk submitted instantly, crying for mercy and tossing his purse to the thief, who put it in his coat.

"Ah," gasped the monk, "take it, take it! But what a wigging the prior will give me if he thinks I made no resistance! If you are a highwayman of the fine old school, you will do me a favor."

"Certainly," said the thief—he was anxious to deserve the compliment—"anything you wish. What is it?"

"I want to prove to the prior that I defended myself heroically against your attack. Won't you please shoot a few holes though that cloak?"

He pulled off his cloak and threw it down. The thief courteously pointed his pistol at it and pulled the trigger. There was no report.

"What's the matter?" asked the monk. "I must own to you" said the highwayman, "that I possess no such commodity as gunpowder."

"Well you're a queer highwayman. Then please slash the cloak a little with your dirk." "I am also destitute of a knife," said the thief. "I have no weapon of any kind. I attack none but cowards and fools."

"You do, eh?" exclaimed the monk. "Then I guess I'm as good as you! Come on!" He fell upon the thief, and smote him hip and thigh. When he had made quite sure that he had beaten the wretch into unconsciousness, he repossessed himself of the purse; and went on his way to the monastery.

Cheese, Here, There and Elsewhere

From the London Grocers' Review of September 25th we take the following interesting data about cheese:

"One of the greatest wits and wags was requested by an editor to write a good article on milk. He replied by return mail, 'The best article on milk I can think of is cream.' What more do you want? In the same fashion it may be said of cheese that the best article on cheese is mould, or chemical corruption. In truth, cheese owes its value to degeneration and the presence of bacterial life. In a word, cheese is the glorification of decay. The history of cheese may be considered as condensing the whole pastoral poetry of the Aryan race. The mild and gentle cow, sacred still among the Aryans of India, doubtless by reason of her gentleness in the family economy, fell especially to the charge of the women. Our very language proves this. Our word daughter comes from the Sanscrit duhitar, meaning the milker, from the verb duo, to milk. Cheese making has, therefore, been a feminine profession from the start, and on some farms to this very day the money coming from the sale of the cheeses is considered as the special perquisite, pin-money of the wife. England has long been famous for the quantity and quality of its cheese. America, however, in a wholesale way, is destroying all the traditions of cheese. One steamer lately carried to England 750,000 America cheeses. Perhaps after a chemical treatment, many of them, like good citizens, will have returned home to delight unwitting natives by their fine foreign finish.

Natural History Item.

Gardening ants collect pieces of vegetable and pile them up to rot in the dark interior of their nests until the rubbish is covered with a growth of fungus on which the ants feed.

MR. OLDBOIE—I am a self-made man, sir. I began life as a barefoot boy. Kennard—Indeed. Well, I wasn't born with shoes on, either

How It May Happen.

"Jeminy crickets, she's got the rickets," whispered one beau to another in the company of a very pretty girl. Truly she was very beautiful, but there was a twitching about the nerves of the face which showed suffering. "No," said the other, "it's neuralgia and she's a martyr to it." St. Jacobs Oil was suggested as the world-renowned cure for it. Did she try it? Yes, and was cured by it and—married "one of the fellows" afterwards. The use of the great remedy for pain will not bring about a marriage, but in its cure of pain it will bring about conditions of health to make life more enjoyable. No man or woman ought to marry who is a sufferer from chronic pains. We should not wed woe to win only wretchedness.

The manufactured products of Great Britain amount to about $4,100,000,000 a year.

A Child Enjoys

The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effects of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be costive or bilious, the most gratifying results follow its use; so that it is the best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle.

The Rothschilds are worth $2,000,000,000.

A Bright Eye

is a sign of good health and if the stomach is not in the best of conditions the eyes will show it. Ripans Tabules will make the stomach right and keep the eyes bright and clear.

The Clam.

The clam is commonly taken for an example of all that is unprogressive, but he is by no means a stationary creature. Every man bred at the seaside knows how a clam left upon the sand will utterly disappear by sinking himself below the surface; but the clam also has a forward movement, and will travel thirty feet in the course of a week. The large muscle of the clam, which helps to make him indigestible, is his single leg, and by the aid of this he makes his progress.

THE BUSINESS MAN'S LUNCH.

Hard Work and Indigestion go Hand in Hand.

Concentrated thought, continued in, robs the stomach of necessary blood, and this is also true of hard physical labor.

When a five horse-power engine is made to do ten horse-power work something is going to break. Very often the hard-worked man coming from the field or the office will "bolt" his food in a few minutes which will take hours to digest. Then too, many foods are about as useful in the stomach as a keg of nails would be in a fire under a boiler. The ill-used stomach refuses to do its work without the proper stimulus which it gets from the blood and nerves. The nerves are weak and "ready to break," because they do not get the nourishment they require from the blood, finally the ill-used brain is morbidly wide awake when the overworked man attempts to find rest in bed.

The application of common sense in the treatment of the stomach and the whole system brings to the busy man the full enjoyment of life and healthy digestion when he takes Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets to relieve a bilious stomach or after a too hearty meal, and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to purify, enrich and vitalize the blood. The "Pellets" are tiny sugar-coated pills made of highly concentrated vegetable ingredients which relieve the stomach of all offending matters easily and thoroughly. They need only be taken for a short time to cure the biliousness, constipation and slothfulness, or torpor, of the liver; then the "Medical Discovery" should be taken in teaspoonful doses to increase the blood and enrich it. It has a peculiar effect upon the lining membranes of the stomach and bowels, toning up and strengthening them for all time. The whole system feels the effect of the pure blood coursing through the body and the nerves are vitalized and strengthened, not deadened, or put to sleep, as the so-called celery compounds and nerve mixtures do—but refreshed and fed on the food they need for health. If you suffer from indigestion, dyspepsia, nervousness, and any of the ills which come from impure blood and disordered stomach, you can *cure yourself* with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery which can be obtained at any drug store in the country.

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do not need medicine. Certainly not. But sometimes they have a headache or feel bilious---perhaps a little dizzy. This is the
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Ripans Tabules, taken at such times, will keep people well.

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when these conditions are caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.
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Write to B. F. Allen Company, 365 Canal street, New York, for the little book on CONSTIPATION (its causes consequences and correction); sent free. If you are not within reach of a druggist, the pills will be sent by mail, 25 cents.

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and all women who are nursing babies, derive almost inconceivable benefits from the nourishing properties of
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Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists. 50 cents and $1.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

☞Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The sweet potato was brought into England in 1565.

Alexander the Great, when on a campaign, ate the rations of a common soldier.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles.
Pamphlet and Consultation free.
Laboratory Binghampton, N. Y.

Dowie, the poet said there was nothing more delicious than a haunch of venison.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation. 25 cts., 50 cts., $1.

Waco, Tex., has a cotton palace.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

Britain's flags float on 5,735 ships.

We have not been without Piso's Cure for Consumption for 20 years. — LIZZIE FERREL, Camp St., Harrisburg, Pa., May 4, 1894.

Central Asia makes the best bricks.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle

Grip—Poison Ivy

A professional nurse, well known in Massachusetts, says: "After a severe cold, followed by the grip, I gave up sick and took to my bed. I employed physicians without relief and determined to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I took one bottle and I was feeling much better. I continued with the second bottle and in the middle of May I started for my home, or rather summer residence, at Brewster, Cape Cod. While there I came in contact with poison ivy and my hands became very sore. I continued to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and in a short time it overcame my affliction and gave me renewed health, so that after the first of July I was able to do my work and now feel in the best of health."

SARAH J. CHAPMAN, Brewster, Mass.

Mrs Sarah J. Chapman

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently, on the liver and bowels.

P N U 50

Try
Them All,
Every
Tom,
Dick
and Harry's
Buckwheat.
THEN
TRY
Heckers'

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S Medical Discovery.

DONALD KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, MASS.

Got this Letter day before yesterday.

Penn Yan, N. Y., Nov. 28, 1894.

Your Discovery has done so much for me I am only too glad to tell everybody about my case.

When I began taking it, one year ago last July, I had DYSPEPSIA in its worst form. I was constipated, so much so as to always use injections, and I had a constant PAIN in my STOMACH and LEFT SIDE. My knees were stiff, and I could not sit down on a stool or get down to fix anything on the floor. But now I can sit, or get down on my knees, or do anything in my garden. I feel like a new person. You must know I was discouraged, as I have lost two sisters and an older brother with STOMACH TROUBLE. But I truly believe if they had known of your remedies they would be well, as I am. You can fix up my letter to suit yourself, only do publish it, that women may know what the Discovery has done for me. Yours truly,

Mrs. MARY C. AYRES.

Send a postal card for Dr. Kennedy's Book.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use
in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

No bird of prey has the gift of song.

It is estimated that the crow will destroy 700,000 insects every year.

Astronomers claim that there are over 7,500,000 comets in the solar system alone.

South American agriculturists are experimenting with an electric drying machine for wheat.

Mosquitoes inject a poison into the wounds they inflict in order to make the blood thin enough to flow through their throats.

It is said that the flesh on the forequarters of the beaver resembles that of land animals, while that on the hindquarters has a fishy taste.

A new garbage crematory has just been successfully tested in Chicago in the presence of some New York experts and the Mayor of Chicago.

Cast iron blocks are being tried in some of the most frequented streets of Paris, instead of the granite blocks usually placed alongside tramway rails.

Voluntary muscles are almost always red; involuntary muscles are generally white, the most notable exception in the latter case being the heart.

Professor Weinek, of the Imperial Observatory at Prague, devoted 225 hours to his drawing of the lunar crater Copernicus. It is from a negative made at the Lick Observatory, California.

Hiram Maxim, the flying machine man, says he will not consider his invention complete until he can have it under perfect control at a point so high that it can neither be seen nor heard by gunners underneath.

Cellar moulds on apples—often unnoticeable—consists of more or less poisonous fungi. Physicians say they have traced cases of diphtheria to the eating of it. All fruits and vegetables should be carefully cleaned, or peeled, at least, if to be eaten raw.

Flammarion, the French astronomer, remarks that our planet, if it were as near to the sun as it is to the moon, would melt like wax under the heat from the solar surface, which is composed of "a stratum of luminous dust that floats upon an ocean of very dense gas."

A butterfly, which was found in a dormant state under a rock in the mountains of California, and which is believed to have lived thousands of years, or since the close of one of the later geographical periods, is now in the Smithsonian Institution. When found it was believed to be the only living representative of its species in existence.

It has been decided to use petroleum as locomotive fuel on the Baltic Railroad, which is significant, because this line is almost the most distant of any in Russia from the oil wells. Great reservoirs are to be built in St. Petersburg and Reval and three other stations, which will hold in the aggregate about 5,000,000 gallons.

Dr. Foehner, of Berlin, has examined some 70,000 sick domestic animals in the past seven years, and of this number only 281 suffered from tuberculosis. The parrots were relatively the most frequently affected, twenty-five per cent. of those coming under his care being tuberculous. Of the cats, only one per cent. showed symptoms of the disease.

Disinfecting a Room.

A writer in the Medical Magazine who has witnessed the Berlin method of disinfecting a room describes the cleansing of an apartment in which a child had died of diphtheria: "Four men were engaged. After everything that could be subjected to steam without detriment had been removed to the disinfecting station, all the things were removed from the walls, and the men began rubbing these with bread. Ordinary German loaves are used, forty-eight hours old. The loaves are cut into substantial chunks about six inches square, the back of each piece consisting of the crust, thus allowing of a good purchase. The walls are systematically attacked with strokes from above downward, and there can be do question as to its efficacy in cleaning them, nor does the operation take as long as one would imagine. The crumps are swept up and burned. After this the walls are thoroughly sprinkled with a five per cent. carbolic acid solution. The floor is washed with a two per cent. carbolic acid solution, and all the polished woodwork and ornaments as well."

Strongest Man in Kentucky.

Tom McMunegal, of Brandenburg, Ky., was said to be the strongest man in Kentucky. It was an easy job for Tom to lift a barrel to his mouth and drink out of the bung hole. Tom was a married man, and afterward moved to Harrison County, Indiana, living across the river about three miles from Brandenburg. The first increase in his family was twins, the next time it was triplets and then his wife presented him with eight boys, four at a birth. These eight boys all grew up to be men, and the smallest of them weighed 165 pounds. One of the first quartet, Mr. — McMunegal, now lives in Brandenburg, and is a well known citizen of that county.—Atlanta Constitution.

MONK VS. THIEF.

At a monestery in Southern France visitors are proudly told the story of the exploit of a monk who was once one of the inmates of the convent. The monks belong to a mendicant order, and send one of their members periodically on begging excursions. The hero of the story—it happened many years ago—had been out on one of these expeditions, and was coming back to the monastery, his purse well-filled, when he was attacked in a a corner of the wood by a highwayman, who pointed a pistol at his head. The monk submitted instantly, crying for mercy and tossing his purse to the thief, who put it in his coat.

"Ah," gasped the monk, "take it, take it! But what a wigging the prior will give me if he thinks I made no resistance! If you are a highwayman of the fine old school, you will do me a favor."

"Certainly," said the thief—he was anxious to deserve the compliment—"anything you wish. What is it?"

"I want to prove to the prior that I defended myself heroically against your attack. Won't you please shoot a few holes though that cloak?"

He pulled off his cloak and threw it down. The thief courteously pointed his pistol at it and pulled the trigger. There was no report.

"What's the matter?" asked the monk. "I must own to you" said the highwayman, "that I possess no such commodity as gunpowder."

"Well you're a queer highwayman. Then please slash the cloak a little with your dirk." "I am also destitute of a knife." said the thief. "I have no weapon of any kind. I attack none but cowards and fools."

"You do, eh?" exclaimed the monk. "Then I guess I'm as good as you! Come on!" He fell upon the thief, and smote him hip and thigh. When he had made quite sure that he had beaten the wretch into unconsciousness, he repossessed himself of the purse; and went on his way to the monastery.

Cheese, Here, There and Elsewhere

From the London Grocers' Review of September 25th we take the following interesting data about cheese:

"One of the greatest wits and wags was requested by an editor to write a good article on milk. He replied by return mail, 'The best article on milk I can think of is cream.' What more do you want? In the same fashion it may be said of cheese that the best article on cheese is mould, or chemical corruption. In truth, cheese owes its value to degeneration and the presence of bacterial life. In a word, cheese is the glorification of decay. The history of cheese may be considered as condensing the whole pastoral poetry of the Aryan race. The mild and gentle cow, sacred still among the Aryans of India, doubtless by reason of her gentleness in the family economy, fell especially to the charge of the women. Our very language proves this. Our word daughter comes from the Sanscrit dubitar, meaning the milker, from the verb duo, to milk. Cheese making has, therefore, been a feminine profession from the start, and on some farms to this very day the money coming from the sale of the cheeses is considered as the special perquisite, pin-money of the wife. England has long been famous for the quantity and quality of its cheese. America, however, in a wholesale way, is destroying all the traditions of cheese. One steamer lately carried to England 750,000 America cheeses. Perhaps after a chemical treatment, many of them, like good citizens, will have returned home to delight unwitting natives by their fine foreign finish.

Natural History Item.

Gardening ants collect pieces of vegetable and pile them up to rot in the dark interior of their nests until the rubbish is covered with a growth of fungus on which the ants feed.

MR. OLDBOIE—I am a self-made man, sir. I began life as a barefoot boy. Kennard—Indeed. Well, I wasn't born with shoes on, either

How It May Happen.

"Jeminy crickets, she's got the rickets," whispered one beau to another in the company of a very pretty girl. Truly she was very beautiful, but there was a twitching about the nerves of the face which showed suffering. "No," said the other, "It's neuralgia and she's a martyr to it." St. Jacobs Oil was suggested as the world-renowned cure for it. Did she try it? Yes, and was cured by it and—married "one of the fellows" afterwards. The use of the great remedy for pain will not bring about a marriage, but in its cure of pain it will bring about conditions of health to make life more enjoyable. No man or woman ought to marry who is a sufferer from chronic pains. We should not wed woes to win only wretchedness.

The manufactured products of Great Britain amount to about $4,100,000,000 a year.

A Child Enjoys

The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effects of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be costive or bilious, the most gratifying results follow its use; so that it is the best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle.

The Rothschilds are worth $2,000,000,000.

A Bright Eye

is a sign of good health and if the stomach is not in the best of conditions the eyes will show it. Ripans Tabules will make the stomach right and keep the eyes bright and clear.

The Clam.

The clam is commonly taken for an example of all that is unprogressive, but he is by no means a stationary creature. Every man bred at the seaside knows how a clam left upon the sand will utterly disappear by sinking himself below the surface; but the clam also has a forward movement, and will travel thirty feet in the course of a week. The large muscle of the clam, which helps to make him indigestible, is his single leg, and by the aid of this he makes his progress.

THE BUSINESS MAN'S LUNCH.

Hard Work and Indigestion go Hand in Hand.

Concentrated thought, continued in, robs the stomach of necessary blood, and this is also true of hard physical labor.

When a five horse-power engine is made to do ten horse-power work something is going to break. Very often the hard-worked man coming from the field or the office will "bolt" his food in a few minutes which will take hours to digest. Then too, many foods are about as useful in the stomach as a keg of nails would be in a fire under a boiler. The ill-used stomach refuses to do its work without the proper stimulus which it gets from the blood and nerves. The nerves are weak and "ready to break," because they do not get the nourishment they require from the blood, finally the ill-used brain is morbidly wide awake when the overworked man attempts to find rest in bed.

The application of common sense in the treatment of the stomach and the whole system brings to the busy man the full enjoyment of life and healthy digestion when he takes Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets to relieve a bilious stomach or after a too hearty meal, and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to purify, enrich and vitalize the blood. The "Pellets" are tiny sugar-coated pills made of highly concentrated vegetable ingredients which relieve the stomach of all offending matters easily and thoroughly. They need only be taken for a short time to cure the biliousness, constipation and slothfulness, or torpor, of the liver; then the "Medical Discovery" should be taken in teaspoonful doses to increase the blood and enrich it. It has a peculiar effect upon the lining membranes of the stomach and bowels, toning up and strengthening them for all time. The whole system feels the effect of the pure blood coursing through the body and the nerves are vitalized and strengthened, not deadened, or put to sleep, as the so-called celery compounds and nerve mixtures do—but refreshed and fed on the food they need for health. If you suffer from indigestion, dyspepsia, nervousness, and any of the ills which come from impure blood and disordered stomach, you can *cure yourself* with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery which can be obtained at any drug store in the country.

P N U 50 '94

PHYTOLACCA BERRY TREATMENT for Fat and Attendant Ills. Our Leaflet on this subject is sent Free and is well worth reading; treatment inexpensive and only safe one known. Address BOERICKE & TAFEL, Pharmacists, 1011 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. **Business Established in 1835.**

WALTER BAKER & CO.
The Largest Manufacturers of
PURE, HIGH GRADE
COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES
On this Continent, have received
HIGHEST AWARDS
from the great
Industrial and Food
EXPOSITIONS
In Europe and America.
Unlike the Dutch Process, no Alkalies or other Chemicals or Dyes are used in any of their preparations.
Their delicious BREAKFAST COCOA is absolutely pure and soluble, and *costs less than one cent a cup.*
SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.
WALTER BAKER & CO. DORCHESTER, MASS.

Well People

do not need medicine. Certainly not. But sometimes they have a headache or feel bilious---perhaps a little dizzy. This is the

Warning.

Ripans Tabules, taken at such times, will keep people well.

EASTMAN *
National Business College and Shorthand
SCHOOL affords the best preparation for business life. Practical work. Both sexes. Positions furnished
SHORTHAND
Thorough instruction in Bookkeeping and Business Customs, Shorthand and Typewriting, Penmanship, English and Modern Languages. For Catalogue, address CLEMENT C. GAINES, President, 30 Washington St., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
* **EASTMAN**

RHEUMATISM CURED

Without Medicine. Safe, Sure Scientific principle, total cost $2. This is not a ring. Testimonials from MGR. SATOLLI, and many others. Send for circular. GEO. W. ADEE, 42 Broadway, N. Y. City

BEECHAM'S PILLS

(Vegetable)

What They Are For

Biliousness
dyspepsia
sick headache
bilious headache
indigestion
bad taste in the mouth
foul breath
loss of appetite
sallow skin
pimples
torpid liver
depression of spirits

when these conditions are caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

One of the most important things for everybody to learn is that constipation causes more than half the sickness in the world; and it can all be prevented. Go by the book.

Write to B. F. Allen Company, 365 Canal street, New York, for the little book on CONSTIPATION (its causes consequences and correction); sent free. If you are not within reach of a druggist, the pills will be sent by mail, 25 cents.

"He that Works Easily Works Successfully." 'Tis very Easy to Clean House With

SAPOLIO

Weak Mothers

and all women who are nursing babies, derive almost inconceivable benefits from the nourishing properties of

Scott's Emulsion

This is the most nourishing food known to science. It enriches the mother's milk and gives her *strength*. It also makes babies fat and gives more nourishment to growing children than all the rest of the food they eat.

Scott's Emulsion has been prescribed by physicians for *twenty years* for Rickets, Marasmus, Wasting Diseases of Children, Coughs, Colds, Weak Lungs, Emaciation and Consumption.

Send for pamphlet on Scott's Emulsion. FREE.

Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists. 50 cents and $1.

Bargains! Bargains!

ON FEBRUARY 1ST

I WILL BEGIN TO CLOSE OUT MY ENTIRE STOCK OF

WINTER GOODS FOR ACTUAL COST, For Cash.

Come in and get goods in price lower than you have ever seen them. Clothing, Overcoats, Boots, Shoes, Men's Woolen Shirts, Blankets Dress Goods, in fact every thing you need.

THESE GOODS

Must Be Closed Out

BEFORE MY SPRING STOCK COMES IN.

——I MEAN BUSINESS——

And will convince you that my prices are lower than you can buy elsewhere in the county.

VERY TRULY YOURS

MARLINTON, W. VA. S. W. HOLT.

Looking Backward

——MAY BE A PLEASING PASTIME,——

But we take more pleasure in "Looking Forward" to the time when the population of this county will all have become convinced that at my establishment is the best place to buy anything in the mercantile line than anywhere else in the county.

Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, etc.

——YOU MUST EAT!——

Since it is a self evident fact that you must Eat to Live, or Live to Eat I desire to present to your consideration my complete stock of

GENERAL GROCERIES.

CAREFUL SELECTION, PURE GOODS, REASONABLE PRICES

——APPEAL TO YOUR——

REASON POCKET HEALTH

West End of Bridge.

P. GOLDEN,
Marlinton, W. Va.

MARLINTON HOUSE.

Located near Court House.

Terms.

per day 1,00
per meal - - - 25
lodging - - 25

Good accommodations for horses at 25 cents per feed.

Special rates made by the week or month.

C. A. YEAGER, Proprietor

G. C. AMLUNG,

FASHIONABLE

BOOT AND SHOEMAKER

EDRAY, VA.

All work guaranteed as to workmanship, fit and leather.

Mending neatly done.

Give me a call.

BLACKSMITHING

AND

Wagon Repairs.

C. Z. HEVNER.

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Shops situated at the Junction of Main Street and Dusty Avenue, opposite the postoffice.

FIRE FIRE

Insure against loss in the

Peabody Insurance Co.,

WHEELING, W. Va.

Incorporated March, 1869

Cash Capital [illegible]

N. C. McNEIL,
MARLINTON W. Va.

In Poor Health

means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected.

Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

Brown's Iron Bitters

If you are feeling out of sorts, weak and generally exhausted, nervous, have no appetite and can't work, begin at once taking the most reliable strengthening medicine, which is Brown's Iron Bitters. A few bottles cure—benefit comes from the very first dose—*it won't stain your teeth*, and it's pleasant to take.

It Cures

Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver
Neuralgia, Troubles,
Constipation, Bad Blood
Malaria, Nervous ailments
Women's complaints.

Get only the genuine—it has crossed red lines on the wrapper. All others are substitutes. On receipt of two 2c. stamps we will send set of Ten Beautiful World's Fair Views and book—free.

BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

—FOR RENT.—The pasture lands of the heirs of C. E. Warwick, deceased, on Stoney Creek. For terms apply to R. E. L. Doyle, on the premises, or address John C. Warwick, Hinton, W. Va.

Let Us Pray.

(Published by request of Mrs. Lillie B. Lockridge, of Driscol, W. Va.)

To the Editor of the State:

It has been decided to hold a great convention of all the ministers of all the denominations in the State of Virginia, in the City of Richmond about the middle of June. The object of this convention is to seek great spiritual blessings from God on all people and churches, and preachers: and the glory of God. It is currently known as the "Holy Spirit Convention."

This article is publshed in order to make an earnest request to all Christians everywhere, and especially in Richmond and Virginia, to unite in fervent prayer to the Lord for His guidance and His precious blessing. It is requested that mention be made of the convention in prayer meetings, and in private devotions. The old Christians and invalid Christians who cannot attend meetings are earnestly requested to pray in their homes for the blssings of the Lord in this convention. And also let all the ministers pray for it in private and in public.

Let not any man' woman or child, however great, however lowly, think his or her prayers are not asked for.

Pray that the churches may send their pastors and pay their expenses if necessary. Pray that God may cause the way to open for the poorly-paid preacher to attend. Pray that God will give us favor with the transportation companies. Pray that God will make Virginia tremble with His power, and shake the powers of darkness out of their places and destroy them. Pray that there may break out revivals in every church in Virginia. Let us all unite and make one great, glorious prayer-meeting, whose cries, like burning incense, may ascend from all hearts to Him whose "Kingdom ruleth over all." Pray that the ministers of Virginia may be wonderfully filled and controlled by the Holy Spirit, and that such power may be given unto them, that every-body shall marvel and confess that "the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

We would be very glad if any who comply with this request will send us a kind word on a postal card.

And now will the papers, "the hewers of wood and the drawers of water" for Isreal, help, and let us add, "the Lord give the word and great was the company of them that published it." Will the Richmond, Norfolk, Danville, Lynchburb, Roanoke, and Petersburg papers please publish the above?

Yours in Christ,
JNO. W. DAUGHERTY,
Richmond, Va.
Representing 500 Virginia preachers.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Important to You.

Having resumed the practice of veterinary surgery (limited) I will treat the following diseases in Pocahontas and adjoining counties, viz: ring-bone bone-spavin curb pollevil, fistula, and heaves. Terms, specific and cures guaranteed. I am also general agent for Eldred's Liquid Electricity, which is a specific for all kinds of fevers, sore-throat, cuts, sprains, bruises, bowel-troubles, and pains of every discription, external or internal. Its timely use will prevent all kinks of contagious diseases. Address,

T. J. WILLIAMS,
Top of Alleghany, W Va

Peerless Feed Grinder.

It will last a lifetime. One horse power sufficient. Grinds any grain, either just merely cracking it, or fine enough to make family meal. Every big farmer is buying one. Referencees, R. W. Hill, C. E. Beard, Lee Beard, G. W. Callison, Frank Hill, Geo. W. Whiting, wm. Callison, and J H McNeel, Academy. Am making a canvass of the county and will call on you in a short time. Price in reach of all. Agency for Pocahontas and Greenbrier counties. Eight sold in one day. For particulars, write to

R. M. BEARD,
Academy, W. Va. 1 [illegible]

DENTISTRY. Dr. J. H. Weymouth will be at Huntersville on the 25th of April, and remain 3 days; Green Bank, 29th 3 days; Clover Lick, May 6th 3 days. Call early and make your engagements.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

DR. G. C. OSGOOD,
Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

DR. J. F. KINCHELOE,
Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY,
Boston, Mass.
ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.,

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Waverley BICYCLES.

Are the Highest of All High Grades

Warranted Superior to Any Bicycle Built in the World, Regardless of Price, or the Name of the Maker.

Read the following opinion of one of the most prominent American dealers, who has sold hundreds of these wheels:

RICHMOND, VA., Oct 2, 1894.

Indiana Bicycle Company, Indianapolis, Ind.:

GENTLEMEN—The Waverly Scorcher and Belle came to hand yesterday. We are afraid you have sent us the high priced wheel by mistake. You can't mean to tell us this wheel retails for $85? We must say that it is, without exception, the prettiest wheel we have ever seen, and, moreover, we have faith in it, although it weighs only 22 lbs., for of all Waverleys we have sold this year and last (and you know that is a right good number), we have never had a single frame nor fork broken, either from accident or defect, and that is more than we can say of any other wheel, however high grade, so called, that we sell. We congratulate ourselves every day that we are the Waverley agents.

Yours truly, WALTER C. MERCER & Co.

High Frame, Wood Rim, Detachable Tire, Scorcher, weight 22 lbs . . $85.

Steel Rims, Waverly Clincher, Detachable Tires, weighs 25 lbs $85

Regular Frame, same weights $85

Ladies' Drop Frame, same weights and Tires . . $75

26-inch Diamond, Wood Rims, weight 21 lbs . . $74

A - GOOD - AGENT - WANTED.

In every town a splendid business awaits the right man. Get our Catalogue "J." Free by mail.

INDIANA BICYCLE CO.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

IT TICKLES YOU

THE INSTANT RELIEF YOU GET FROM

LIGHTNING HOT DROPS.

CURES Colic, Cramps, Diarrhœa, Flux, Cholera Morbus, Nausea, Changes of Water, etc.

HEALS Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Scratches, Bites of Animals, Serpents, Bugs, etc.

BREAKS UP Bad Colds, La Grippe, Influenza, Croup, Sore Throat, etc.

SMELLS GOOD, TASTES GOOD.

SOLD EVERYWHERE AT 25C AND 50C PER BOTTLE. NO RELIEF, NO PAY.

HERB MEDICINE CO. (Formerly of Weston, W. Va.) SPRINGFIELD, O.

The Confederate Veteran

and the

Pocahontas Times, $1.65.

L M M'Clintic

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

OL 12, NO. 40. MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, MAY 3, 1895. $1.00 IN ADVANCE

icial Directory of Pocahontas.

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rk County Court, ...S. L. Brown.
rk Circuit Court, ...J. H. Patterson.
essor, ...C. O. Arbogast.
mmissioners Co Court {C. E. Beard, G. M. Kee, A. Barlow.
unty Surveyor ......George Baxter.
roner, ...George P. Moore
County Board of Health: Dr. J. W. ice, L. M. McClintic, M. J. McNeil, C. Arbogast.
Justices: A. C. L. Gatewood, Split ck; Charles Cook, [illegible] H. ose, Huntersville; Wm. L. Brown, nmore; G. R. Curry, Academy; omas Bruffey, Lobelia.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first esday in April, third Tuesday in ane, and third Tuesday in October. County Court convenes on the first esday in January, March, October, d second Tuesday in July. July is y term.

LAW CARDS.

. C. McNEIL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Coufrts o Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in he Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

. M. McCLINTIC,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in he Supreme Court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,
TTY. AT LAW & NOTARY PUBLIC
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. A. BRATTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

ANDREW PRICE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will be found at Times Office.

SAM. B. SCOTT, JR.
LAWYER,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

All legal business will receive prompt attention.

PHYSICIAN'S CARDS.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,
DENTIST,
MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
BEVERLY, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in The Times.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office next door to B. A. Yeager's Hotel. Residence opposite Hotel. All calls promptly answered.

J. M. BARNETT, M. D.,
HAS LOCATED AT
FROST, W. VA.

Calls promptly answered.

A STAUNTON journal seems to be feeling very good in view of hopeful indications of bettertimes. It says: "When a tide begins to come in along the beach it fills this little dry hole, then it washes over that sandy place, and finally it washes over the whole beach. All this is done so gradually and quietly that it is high tide before we know it. Well, the holes are filling. The fifty cent wheat hole has disappeared. The three cent beef hole has disappeared, and 5½ cent beef has taken its place. Horses, too, are rising in price. The United States Treasury receipts for March came nearer meeting expenses for that month than for many a month before, and for the first time in a long while there comes a renewal of foreign orders for American securities. Had it happened in 2893, all in one day, wheat going up 15 cents on the bushel, and beef 2½ cents, there would have been a celebration in honor of the occasion." It is much easier to tear down than repair, so permanent prosperity does not come in an hour, and our people are expected to be patient but hopeful. Those who read this paragraph will see that a very encouraging start has been made, on the only sound basis—higher prices for commodities, iron, provisions, and cotton. For higher materials enable manufacturers, jobbers, and carriers to hire more men and pay better wages. When a person has no employment it matters but little to him whether a suit of clothes is five dollars or twenty. It does not make his times any easier. Higher prices for commodities have come it seems to stay. Sugrr has advanced one-eight of a cent per pound. This helps thirty-five thousand employees. Cotton is a cent higher. This means better times for ten millions of people. The signs in the wheat market bring hope to ten millions more. The Carnegie Company has voluntarily advanced wages, which indicates renewed hope in the vast extent of our country's iron and steel industry, and is a token for good for all classes and conditions. There are other signs too tedious to mention.

A GREAT many persons thought that the direct tax was to be refunded to individuals, but ex-Governor E. W. Wilson comes out in a letter and says that such is not the case as none of it was paid by individual tax-payers, but by the State as a whole, with the exception of the citizens of Jefferson and Berkley who have been repaid by legislative enactments. Where the people got mixed was in supposing that some money they had paid to the Internal Revenue Department was the direct tax.

GOVERNOR MACCORKLE has decided that Elkins is the most dangerous man to be nominated for President by the Republican party. He shows very conclusively that Elkins would carry the North, and break the solid South with his views on silver. The only thing out of place in the Govetnor's letter is that he seems to be doing his best to help the Republicans to pick the strongest man and to cause Elkins to be nominated, by his logical deductions.

IF the sun had nothing else to do but to shine on the righteous, it would be hardly worth while for him to rise as early as he does.—Texas Siftings.

IT must be the lot of every one, when he arrives at an observing and thinking age, to notice the different estimates which different people put upon this world and the fullness thereof. Take two persons, one old and the other young, letting everything else be equal, and we find the older man bemoaning the awful condition of the world, its wickedness, its trouble, its debts, its immediate destruction for its sins, while the younger man, however grave and thoughtful he may be, will consider it a delightful world, taking a hopeful view of not only his own future but of the prospects of the earth outlasting him. Having assumed the neutral place of the philosopher, you must then come to the conclusion, as you view the face of nature and that of the weary old critic, that you see more signs of corruption, rottenness, and early dissolution in the face of the old man than in the world which you hear berated. And that must be the secret. A man who has grown old and sour living a life of selfishness sees no good in anything because there is no good in him. The effects of a misspent life are plainly shadowed forthand his daily existence is a torture to himself and creates social desolation around him. This pessimistic spirit belongs so generally to old age that it is with a feeling of repulsion that the young man looks forward to ending his life should he live to [illegible] of despair and [illegible]. [illegible] whole question comes [illegible] to how we are to fill up our lives. This is the problem every man works out for himself as he elbows his way through the daily press of circumstances. Every phase of life is in daily use, all tending to the grave, and happy is the man who escapes a shadow in life worse than the grave itself. On the banks of the Monongahela, on a bluff, is the tombstone of a man which serves as a landmark to the pilots on the river. On it is engraved, by request of the strange character, who died at the age of twenty-six, whose body rests under it, the inscription "Let no man say whiskey brought me to this, for my sober moments were my most unhappy ones." Evidently this boy had taken one way out of the woods, but not one that can be followed by you and I. The most generally commended mode of life is that of the sober, industrious man, who "sets his stakes" to do and not to do certain things, but "dies the same," having carried on a businesslike existence to every one's satisfaction save his own. Life is a most serious matter. Probably the best a fellow can do is to enjoy to the limit the days he has to live, in the surroundings fate has given him, striving all the time to be just and charitable, proudly cherishing his native love and reverence for higher things, endeavoring to make the world a more agreeable place for man, and in this way he may work out his own salvation from a misanthropic old age. But the philosopher will tell us that it depends upon our temperament, and if we have been born with an unfortunate disposition we are not likely to know real happiness or realize our longings. It may be that we are to know that "Each year brings less summer cheer, Crimps more our ineffectual spring, And something earlier every year, Our singing birds take wing."

VERDANT GREEN IN TROUBLE.

He Says, "Never Bring a Pistol to Marlinton."

George Garden, who claims to come from Locust Creek, arrived at Marlinton one evening last week, and before twenty-four hours had passed found himself safely lodged in jail. His character was marked by great simplicity, with the inordinate desire of youth to make himself prominent. The crankiness of his age was shown in his wearing a great deal of flashy jewelry, the most notable of which were his bespangled bracelets. He was very well dressed, and looked a simple, high-colored youth, who was just beginning to feel his way around in the world. He tried to obtain a position with every man in town, but failed, and the boys took delight in sending him to all sorts of unlikely places to find work, as well as to some of our most respected townsmen to buy something to drink.

He came into this printing office in his search for a position, and looking around decided that a roll-top desk must be the press, and said as much. A proposal to trade him the running gear of a bicycle as a watch chain took with him immensely. The boys finally sent him to the McLaughlin House to obtain a position as night clerk, and when he got into that part of the town he got into trouble. He insisted on going into the private apartments of the jail building, frightening the jailer's wife, and showing a pistol. This pistol seemed to be his greatest pride, and he had flourished it constantly since coming to town. Jailer [illegible] decided to arrest him.

He was brought before Justice Cook who took jurisdiction of the case, the boy being charged with carrying a pistol.

He seemed to be most ready to confess judgment, thinking he would be only fined, and was breathing out threats against the man who had arrested him. In his examination he said he was an orphan, 18 years old, and had lived with William A. McClure, of Locust, most of his life. He said that he was "studying to be a detective," and the great secret was out. It was evident that the spectators had an example before them of the effect the reading of blood and thunder stories has on a young boy's mind. He brazened the trial out, and seemed very proud of his handcuffs which were crowding his beloved bracelets, until the court sentenced him to thirty days in jail and fined him $25 and costs. then he wilted and objected to going to jail under any circumstances, begging the Justice to increase his fine to $100, saying, too, that he wanted to go to school.

The Justice told him that the month's confinement would be the best of schooling, but he failed to see the point.

In the course of the evidence it came out that he had bought the pistol from a merchant of this county a few days before. Selling a pistol to a minor is an indictable offense, and one that cannot be guarded against too much. It was a particularly unhappy bargain which put this poor numb-skull in in the possession of a pistol so that he "could study for a detective, and practice firing."

Very great relief was felt by many in the town when they heard of his arrest, as he had been firing his pistol very recklessly and terrifying several women.

He received a warm welcome from the prisoners in the jail, as he had forced himself into the guard-room where he had laughed and told them that he could break out that jail in a few minutes. They delighted in telling him what awful things were in his particular cell, and he got very sick of it.

The sentence will teach him a lesson, and do a lot of good among that abnoxious class of boys who own a revolver.

To be trusted is a greater compliment than to be loved.

A Relic of Antiquity.

A dealer in curios has refused the following scroll which was discovered recently in this county, and it came into the exclusive possession of a reporter of this paper, who recognized it as the oldest story on earth; in fact it is known as the Old, Old Story. The parchment it is written on is a browny-white, and the instrument a lead pencil, which is binding in law. It has no date but it can safely be said that it was written when the world was young. The contents of the document are here given that the reader may speculate on its antiqnity:

"My dear if you are still my dear it has been a long time sense I tried to write you a letter I thought as I was tired of work I write you a few lines to let you no I still think of you and love you in my heart. dear love you ask when I wanted to get married. I will be ready by the first of October if that wlll suit you Darling I want you to tell me this do you love that other girl better than me if you do my Darling tell me so for I want to no so I will no what to depend on. Darling I thought you was mad at me yesterday when you left and was to meeting last night but I did not go with you my dear I do not think you care enything for me I want you to tell me the truth and nothing else for dear I do love you and will stick to you as long as I live if you will stick to me as you promise you would now Darling answer this by Wendnesday night I am gcing to meeting that night would like for you to be there my dearst love answer this and tell me what you are going to do and please burn this [illegible] you read it. please [illegible] for this time, write soon I will look for you a sunday be shore and come."

The Mills of the Gods.—The aged mendicant crept tremblingly into the office of the successful young lawyer. "Only a few pennies, sir," he said.

The young man gazed at him keenly. "Is not this William Wilwats?" he asked.

The aged mendicant admitted that such was the case.

"Then listen, William Wilwats," said the young man, his voice trembling with suppressed satisfaction. "Twenty years ago, when you were a prosperous merchant, you met a little barefoot country boy in the highroad and called him 'bub.' That is an insult no boy ever forgives. My time for revenge has come at last. You don't get a cent. Get out."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

"MY task in life," said the pastor of one of our churches, complacently, "consists in saving young men." Whereupon one of our fair maidens, with a soulful longing, replied: "Save a good one for me."—Troy Chief.

"DID you ever surrender yourself to the police?" asked Ploddind Pete. "No sir," replied Meandering Mike. "I'm a firm believer in the principle that the orficer should seek the man, not the man the orficer."—Washington Star

"THINGS are gettin' into a bad bunch," remarked the man from the interior of Wayback township. "The politicioneers are all tryin' to teach the grangers how to grange, en the grangers are all tryin' to pint the politicioneers how to politish."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

WHEN the bellows gave out and the organist in a Rockland church was unable to get anything but a few groans from the instrument, the pastor remarked: "The organ has failed us at a vital moment; let us rise and sing, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'"—Lewiston Journal.

The greater our dread of crosses, the more necessary they are for us.

ND THE POET.

nd her.
nd scorching ray
mer sun.
passing by.
ds eye;
t won.

"he pitying said,
with drooping head
ing sky;
oughtless deed
like common weed,
to die.

nd grateful shade
mossy glade,
dle, thou didst bloom,
bleeds for thee,
spitefully,
h a doom.

tless flower,
priceless flower,
eart,
all his power,
ke thee, sweet flower,
Nature's art.

ee in thy need,
rant and bleed,
thee so.
a lovely mere,
waters bright and clear,
ee flow.

efreshing breast,
y down to rest,
ll thy pain.
will change thy shape,
f the Lake,'
t bloom again."

—The Academy.

Y'S ORG'N.

I WONDER," reflected Mrs. Bentley, "why 'Mandy don't feed them chick'ns—'ts high time they was fed! 'Mandy! Hoo-oo-hoo! Hoo-oo-hoo! You 'Mandy!"

"Yes, maw, what d'you want?"

A girl about seventeen years old came out the kitchen door, and stood
mother. Mrs. Bentley
more steps away, and
were making so much
to raise her voice to a
eeping pitch. "What'd'
I want ter know why
them chick'ns, missy
I want! Step around
don' forget 's Chris'mas
o' extry work ter be
's if you didn't care
inster had anything for
w 'r not?"
e," said the girl, with
ss. She came out into
stood near her mother.
athered up in her left
l of wheat. With her
began scattering it on
rased ground.
u think 'tis fun ter hev
their wives 'n' a lot o'
cook 'n' work fer an
he said; "but I don't.
as 'ud never come—fer
it does us! Maria
paw's got her a new
ded, suddenly. A glow
ame across her face, but
nstantly.
?" said Mrs. Bentley,
ing the chickens.
nty-four stops, maw."
?"
Maria's paw got 'er fer

oman shut her lips to-
kind of grimness.
t won't give no better
r with twenty-two," she

'Mandy, with a sigh of
"Oh, maw," she added,
h a very passion of long-
n; "d' you think paw'll
n org'n fer Chris'mas?"
w," replied her mother.
o' like snow, don't it?
[illegible] 'f you go'n' ter
rrow?"
ow; say of 'em's fat

ness lowered upon the
wind whistled a little as it
the corner of the big
ashed some stray locks of
ir across her neck. A
making up from the lower
looked over the tall barn,
pawing the ground im-
far off, down near the
tinkle-tinkle-tinkle of a

ome the cows," said Mrs.
ing unconsciously. It
f resignation, however,
they had been a farmer's
ate she was a farmer's
ay!" she exclaimed, in
as a rock cage. 'Didn't
ou go'n' ter church? You
the mournful sound o'
voice. Oh, say, 'Mandy!
ound got home las' week
r spend Chris'mas 'n'
I just heard it while you
r'n' peach'ns?"
it yesterday," said the
[illegible]
[illegible]
in her throat began to

gave her a kiss, search-

"I guess he'll mos' likely be go'n' ter Maria's t-r-morrow, a-seein' her new org'n," she said, looking away.

"Yes, I guess," said the girl. After a moment's hesitation, she added: "Maria's maw got 'er 'n offul pretty new dress."

"Did she?"—with a look of interest. "What's it like?"

"'T's a sort o' brown 'n' gold stripe—camel's hair. 'T's offul pretty," added the girl with a kind of bitter reluctance.

Mrs. Bentley was awed into silence for a moment in contemplation of Maria's splendor; then she gave a little sniff of contempt.

"Well, I don't see where them Quackenbushes git so much money ter spend on foolishness! They got just the same fer their pertatos as we did—'n' they didn't have no bigger crop, I know. 'N' they ain't sold their hawgs yet. It beat me where they git their money ter pay fer things!"

"She's got a pair o' gloves ter match, too."

"Lan' sakes! Just 's if that pair o' gray ones she got 'n the spring wasn't good enough! It beats me. Well, there's one thing mighty sure! They needn't any of 'em think she's go'n ter look better in all her finery than you'll look 'n thet peacock blue o' your'n!"

"'T's 's old 's the hills," said the girl. Her lips quivered, and there was an undertone of tears in her voice. Her mother looked at her in mute sympathy.

"Maria Quackenbush ain't got no such figger 's your'n," she said, after a little, taking stock of the girl's good points; "nor no such hair, 'n' she don't know how ter do 't up like you do. I don't suppose he'll take a notion to her."

"Who will?" There was a conscious look on the girl's face.

"Dick Underwood."

"Who's a-car'n' whether he does 'r not?" exclaimed 'Mandy, with an exaggerated affectation of scorn and indifference that but poorly concealed the deep hurt her mother's words had given. "He's welcome to, 'f he wants to! Nobody 'll hender 'im, I guess."

"Hev you got them chick'ns fed?"

"Yes." She shook the last grains of wheat from her apron. Her face was flushed, and tears were very close to her eyes now.

As she turned toward the house, there was a clatter of unevenly galloping horses on the winter ground, and up to the gate dashed Maria Quackenbush and Dick Underwood, laughing noisily, and with a great deal of color in their faces, as if they had been riding recklessly.

"Whoa!" cried Maria, with spirit. "Whoa, I tell you! Hello, 'Mandy! How do you do, Mis' Bentley! Guess my hair 's down my back, ain't it? My! I must be a sight! But when you git this horse warmed up, you can't go slow on him!"

"Won't you git down 'n' come in?" asked Mrs. Bentley, with cold and unmistakable disapproval. "How do you do, Mr. Underwood? My! how you have changed! 'Mandy!"

'Mandy came to the gate, blushing and looking rather shy and awkward. The young man jumped off his horse and shook hands with her through the gate.

"I've only changed in looks," he said, with shining eyes. "No, we can't come in to-night. We promised Mrs. Quackenbush we'd be back early to supper."

"We're go'n' ter hev some music 'n' sing'n'," said Maria loftily. "I've got a new org'n fer Chris'mas, 'Mandy."

"Yes, I heard," said 'Mandy, faintly.

"Got twenty-four stops 'n' two knee swells—a loud 'n' a soft. 'T's got a high back, 'n' places fer lamps 'n' vases. Can't you come over ternight?"

"No, I guess not," said the girl. The color had left her face, and she was looking pale.

"No," said Mrs. Bently, with a hard look in her eyes, "she'll hev ter do all the work ternight. I'm a-go'n ter town."

"Why, maw!" exclaimed 'Mandy, in amazement. "'R' you, honest? What you go'n' fur?"

"I'm a-go'n' ter git some things fer dinner termorrow. I'm all out."

She began drumming with her coarse red fingers on the gate. There was a look of sudden resolution—almost stubbornness—on her face; and a cold glitter, like steel, in her eyes—especially when she looked at Maria.

"I wish you c'u'd come," said that young lady, airily, to 'Mandy, flicking her horse's ears with her whip; "I've got lots ter tell you"—simpering—"'n' just piles ter show you. I've got a new dress that'll make your mouth water!"

"Hush!" sniffed Mrs. Bentley, tossing her head contemptuously.

"'Ts brown 'n' gold camel's hair—offul fine—'n' it cost a dollar-'n'-a-quarter a yard."

"Hez your paw sold his hawgs yet?" asked Mrs. Bentley, with sudden and startling significance. But evidently nothing could shake Maria's self-satisfaction to-day. She returned with placidity Mrs. Bentley's intense gaze.

"I do know," she replied lightly. "'N' I've got a pair o' gloves ter match, 'Mandy. Guess you better come, after all. Well, we'll hev ter be go'n', Mr. Underwood"—she gave him a decidedly and boldly coquettish glance, whereat poor 'Mandy turned paler and Mrs. Bentley's face assumed a faintly purplish tinge—"'r we'll be late. Good-bye! Hope you'll hev a good time ter-morrow."

"Good night," said the young man, with a lingering look through the gate at the pale, pretty face and wide, hurt eyes. "I wish you a very happy Christmas!"

"Good-night," said 'Mandy, with a poor smile that was hardly a smile at all.

"Now, you go right 'n the house 'n' do up all the work, 'Mandy," said Mrs. Bentley, taking up a slop pail and walking with quick, resolute strides. Every step seemed to say, "I've made up my mind! I've made up my mind!" "You tell Peter ter hitch Dock 'n' Charley ter the spring wag'n, while I'm dress'n. 'N' you hurry up, too, so's I can git off before you paw gits back! I won't git home to-night; I'll put up at Mis' Huntly's. Hurry up!"

Too occupied with her own reflections to give more than a passing thought to her mother's sudden resolutions, and eager to get her pale face away from those solicitous eyes, 'Mandy gladly obeyed.

Twenty minutes later Mrs. Bentley came from the house, dressed for town, and crossed the lane to the barn.

"I'll show them Quackenbushes 'f they can walk over my girl!" she was saying. Her lips were shut firmly together, and there was an ominous look in her eyes. Mandy's paw'll never git stirred up ter the pitch o' gitt'n 'n org'n; 'n' what's the sense o' my keep'n that hundred dollars ter bury myself with? Guess I'll git buried decent somehow. 'N' then a 'ticin' Dick Underwood down there on' the strength o' a new org'n 'n' a new dress!" Her tone was bitter now indeed. "I'll show 'em!"

She climbed into the wagon over the front wheel, and took up the reins with decision.

"Git up," she said, in a tone not to be trifled with.

As she passed the kitchen, she looked in, but 'Mandy was not in sight. The ominous look deepened on the mother's face. "I'll show 'em," she muttered again. The wind whistled around the corner, and brought with it the first flurry of snow.

The ground was white when Mrs. Bentley drove with a flourish of triumph into the barn yard. 'Mandy ran out, bareheaded. Sho was still pale, and her eyes looked as if she had not slept.

"Oh, maw!" she cried. "What you got there?"

"Stop holler'n'," said her mother grimly. "'Tis a new org'n fer you—'n' 'ts got twenty-eight stops 'n' three knee-swells!"

"Oh, maw!" exclaimed 'Mandy, completely overcome. Then—"you're a holler'n' yourself! Say, maw, what's the third swell fur?"

"I don't know what 'ts fur, but 'ts there. 'N' I guess I can holler 'f I want to, because I've showed 'em! 'N' I've got a dress fur you thet cost a dollar 'n' a half a yard, 'n' two pairs o' gloves ter match!"

"Oh, maw!" gasped 'Mandy, "you're a holler'n' offul!"

"'N' Dick Underwood told me he was com'n' ter see the new org'n. 'N' he asked me 'f I thought you liked him like you uster, 'n' like he likes you! So, 'f I ain't showed them Quackenbushes, missy, I'd like ter know who has! 'N' I guess I can holler 'f I want to!"

The Latest Thing in Shoes.

Perhaps the most striking thing among the late offerings in sole shapes is the last that turns almost skyward at the toe. The curve begins at the ball, and the toe very much resembles the peaked, turned-up front of some centuries ago that had to be chained to the knee, only that it is not nearly so long, says a writer in Boots and Shoes Weekly.

It was not so very long ago that the turned-up toe was in vogue with us, made with a stiff, unyielding, heavy sole-leather bottom. The advocates of this shape contended then that this was the proper form for the sole of the shoe, because the foot assumed this position in progression. But there was no provision made in it for the foot at rest.

If this new style of turned-up toes is adopted, however, the modern flexible sole will in some degree mitigate the evils of such a shape by permitting the toes of the foot to press downward partially at least. This seems to be one of those novelties in footgear that is more calculated for novelty than comfort.

Progress in Ireland.

Statistics just published show that during the past year 60,000 acres of land have been reclaimed in Ireland. Horses and mules have increased in the island by nearly 10,000. Sheep and cattle have decreased 316,000 and 72,000, respectively; but, on the other hand, pigs have increased to the extent of 237,000, and the poultry census shows a goose and two fowls for every man, woman and child in Ireland, with ducks and turkeys in equal abundance.—New York World.

"Why did the football game stop?" "The ball got mashed to a pulp." "How did that happen?" "A practical joker on one of the teams slipped a wig on it during the game."—Puck.

A DIRE PEST OF RABBITS.

VAST SWARMS OF THE RODENTS OVERRUN NEW ZEALAND.

Hunted For Their Fur and Slaughtered by Millions by the Farmers, They Still Keep on Increasing.

DESCRIBING the rabbit pest of New Zealand, a writer in the Dry Goods Economist says: As the increase of rabbits proceeded the crops were laid under contributions by their ravenous teeth. The farms were stripped of their grain, and the fields became barren squares on the plains. The colony was besieged by a pest too numerous to be handled. The colonists saw that if the rabbits did not leave, the people would have to go. They assembled together to devise relief. Their difficulties were too diversified for individual management.

Parliament was petitioned to take cognizance of the situation and introduce redress. It took cognizance and panaceas were suggested. Forces were sent against the invaders, armed to the teeth, and ordered to breathe slaughter and play havoc promiscuously. Canines were engaged and traps were employed. Mounted horses were savoring over the plains achieving victories.

Although the plains were carpeted with dead and the hills covered with dying bunnies no shrinkage among the living animals was perceptible. Their powers of reappearance were equal to their disappearance. Killing had as much influence on their numbers as plasters have on flies in the summer time. Fresh arrivals took the places of those leaving by physical exits.

Rewards were offered for improvements in the process of extermination. Lead was found too slow to supply demands. Various schemes were tested. It was discovered that the most convenient channels to reach the systems of the animals would be down their throats. It was decided to communicate with their vitals through their stomachs, and to open up results among their bodies by poison. Grain well soaked with phosphorous was scattered over the hills and plains. The animals enjoyed the hospitalities of the colonists for a few minutes; then turned over on their sides and closed their accounts.

Poison was found more powerful than all hostile aggressions. It was kept well scattered over the provinces infested, and the dissolution of rabbits was greatly assisted. Hence the large increase in the exportation of rabbit skins. Rabbit hunting became a national sport in New Zealand. It is one of the popular diversions at the antipodes. It takes the place among the colonists of the fox chase in the old country. The number of animals brings the range of the sport within convenient access, and the large area infested render search for the bunnies unnecessary.

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The arrivals are not permitted to pause or retreat, and to scatter is then impossible. They are kept in motion until they pass through the gate into the open pen awaiting their advent. The gate is then closed and the animals are prisoners of war. To escape is not possible, as the wires of the pen extend six inches into the earth, and burrowing underneath is thereby prevented. Acres on acres of dense masses of rabbits are then inclosed by wires. The work of killing the animals is the next and the larger undertaking.

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THE LILY AND THE POET.

A lily on the highland lay,
Beneath the fierce and scorching ray
Of midday summer sun.
It chanced a poet, passing by,
Upon the lily cast his eye;
His sympathy it won.

"Poor little flower," he pitying said,
"Who left thee thus with drooping head
Beneath a burning sky;
Ah, me! it was a thoughtless deed
To cast thee forth, like common weed,
To wither and to die.

"Away from cool and grateful shade
Of garden bed or mossy glade,
Where, erstwhile, thou didst bloom,
My heart with pity bleeds for thee,
Thus treated so despitefully,
And left to such a doom.

"The lily is the spotless flower,
The emblem of the priceless dower,
Of purity of heart.
King Solomon, in all his power,
Was not arrayed like thee, sweet flower,
Thou work of Nature's art.

"I cannot leave thee in thy need,
Amid the dust to pant and bleed,
I cannot leave thee so.
Close by thee lies a lovely mere,
Whose sparkling waters bright and clear,
O'er water lilies flow.

"Upon its cool, refreshing breast,
I'll lay thee gently down to rest,
And banish all thy pain.
The water sprites will change thy shape,
And, as a 'Lily of the Lake,'
Thou yet shalt bloom again."
—The Academy.

'MANDY'S ORG'N.

I WONDER," reflected Mrs. Bentley, "why 'Mandy don't feed them chick'ns—'ts high time they was fed! 'Mandy! Hoo-oo-hoo! Hoo-oo-hoo! You 'Mandy!"

"Yes, maw, what d'you want?"

A girl about seventeen years old came out the kitchen door, and stood looking at her mother. Mrs. Bentley was twenty or more steps away, and the chickens were making so much noise she had to raise her voice to a disagreeable, rasping pitch. "What'd' I want! Why, I want ter know why you don't feed them chick'ns, missy—that's what I want! Step around lively, now, 'n' don' forget 's Chris'mas Eve, 'n' a lot o' extry work ter be done. You ac' 's if you didn't care whether the minister hed anything fer dinner tomorrow 'r not!"

"I don't care," said the girl, with sullen emphasis. She came out into the lane, and stood near her mother. Her apron, gathered up in her left hand, was full of wheat. With her right hand she began scattering it on the hard, ungrassed ground.

"Mebbe you think 'tis fun ter hev ministers 'n' their wives 'n' a lot o' children ter cook 'n' work fer an Chris'mas," she said; "but I don't. I wish Chris'mas 'ud never come—fer all the good it does us! Maria Quackenbush's paw's got her a new org'n," she added, suddenly. A glow of eagerness came across her face, but faded almost instantly.

"Has he?" said Mrs. Bentley, stolidly watching the chickens.

"'N' 'ts twenty-four stops, maw."

"What has?"

"The org'n Maria's paw got 'er fer Chris'mas."

The elder woman shut her lips together with a kind of grimness.

"I guess it won't give no better music than one with twenty-two," she said.

"No," said 'Mandy, with a sigh of indifference. "Oh, maw," she added, suddenly, with a very passion of longing in her tone; "d' you think paw'll ever get me 'n org'n fer Chris'mas?"

"I do' know," replied her mother. "Looks kind o' like snow, don't it? Which o' them pull'ts 'r you go'n' ter kill fer termorrow?"

"I do' know; any of 'em's fat enough."

A dull grayness lowered upon the farm. The wind whistled a little as it came around the corner of the big barn, and pushed some stray locks of the girl's hair across her neck. A horse came running up from the lower pasture, and looked over the tall bars, neighing and pawing the ground impatiently. Far off, down near the river, was the tinkle-inkle-inkle of a cow bell.

"There comes the cows," said Mrs. Bentley, sighing unconsciously. It was a sigh of resignation, however, for Mrs. Bentley had been a farmer's daughter before she was a farmer's wife. "There!" she exclaimed, in mild triumph, as a cock crew. "Didn't I tell you it was go'n' ter storm? You can tell it by the mournful sound o' that rooster's voice. Oh, say, 'Mandy! Dick Underwood got home las' week from town ter spend Chris'mas 'n' New Year. I just heard it while you was out gether'n' punk'ns!"

"I knowed it yesterday," said the girl. She did not stir or lift her eyes, but a faint color came into her face and a pulse in her throat began to beat quickly.

Her mother gave her a keen, searching look.

"I guess he'll mos' likely be go'n' ter Maria's ter-morrow, a-seein' her new org'n," she said, looking away.

"Yes, I guess," said the girl. After a moment's hesitation, she added: "Maria's maw got 'er 'n offul pretty new dress."

"Did she?"—with a look of interest. "What's it like?"

"'T's a sort o' brown 'n' gold stripe—camel's hair. 'T's offul pretty," added the girl with a kind of bitter reluctance.

Mrs. Bentley was awed into silence for a moment in contemplation of Maria's splendor; then she gave a little sniff of contempt.

"Well, I don't see where them Quackenbushes git so much money ter spend on foolishness! They got just the same fer their pertatos as we did—'n' they didn't have no bigger crop, I know. 'N' they ain't sold their hawgs yet. It beat me where they git their money ter pay fer things!"

"She's got a pair o' gloves ter match, too."

"Lan' sakes! Just 's if that pair o' gray ones she got 'n the spring wasn't good enough! It beats me. Well, there's one thing mighty sure! They needn't any of 'em think she's go'n ter look better in all her finery than you'll look 'n thet peacock blue o' your'n!"

"'T's 's old 's the hills," said the girl. Her lips quivered, and there was an undertone of tears in her voice. Her mother looked at her in mute sympathy.

"Maria Quackenbush ain't got no such figger 's your'n," she said, after a little, taking stock of the girl's good points; "nor no such hair, 'n' she don't know how ter do 't up like you do. I don't suppose he'll take a notion to her."

"Who will?" There was a conscious look on the girl's face.

"Dick Underwood."

"Who's a-car'n' whether he does 'r not?" exclaimed 'Mandy, with an exaggerated affectation of scorn and indifference that but poorly concealed the deep hurt her mother's words had given. "He's welcome to, 'f he wants to! Nobody 'll hender 'im, I guess."

"Hev you got them chick'ns fed?"

"Yes." She shook the last grains of wheat from her apron. Her face was flushed, and tears were very close to her eyes now.

As she turned toward the house, there was a clatter of unevenly galloping horses on the winter ground, and up to the gate dashed Maria Quackenbush and Dick Underwood, laughing noisily, and with a great deal of color in their faces, as if they had been riding recklessly.

"Whoa!" cried Maria, with spirit. "Whoa, I tell you! Hello, 'Mandy! How do you do, Mis' Bentley! Guess my hair 's down my back, ain't it? My! I must be a sight! But when you git this horse warmed up, you can't go slow on him!"

"Won't you git down 'n' come in?" asked Mrs. Bentley, with cold and unmistakable disapproval. "How do you do, Mr. Underwood? My! how you have changed! 'Mandy!"

'Mandy came to the gate, blushing and looking rather shy and awkward. The young man jumped off his horse and shook hands with her through the gate.

"I've only changed in looks," he said, with shining eyes. "No, we can't come in to-night. We promised Mrs. Quackenbush we'd be back early to supper."

"We're go'n' ter hev some music 'n' sing'n'," said Maria loftily. "I've got a new org'n fer Chris'mas, 'Mandy."

"Yes, I heard," said 'Mandy, faintly.

"Got twenty-four stops 'n' two knee swells—a loud 'n' a soft. 'T's got a high back, 'n' places fer lamps 'n' vases. Can't you come over ternight?"

"No, I guess not," said the girl. The color had left her face, and she was looking pale.

"No," said Mrs. Bently, with a hard look in her eyes, "she'll hev ter do all the work ternight. I'm a-go'n ter town."

"Why, maw!" exclaimed 'Mandy, in amazement. "'R' you, honest? What you go'n' fur?"

"I'm a-go'n' ter git some things fer dinner termorrow. I'm all out."

She began drumming with her coarse red fingers on the gate. There was a look of sudden resolution—almost stubbornness—on her face; and a cold glitter, like steel, in her eyes—especially when she looked at Maria.

"I wish you c'u'd come," said that young lady, airily, to 'Mandy, flicking her horse's ears with her whip; "I've got lots ter tell you"—simpering—"'n' just piles ter show you. I've got a new dress that'll make your mouth water!"

"Humh!" sniffed Mrs. Bentley, tossing her head contemptuously.

"'Ts brown 'n' gold camel's hair—offul fine—'n' it cost a dollar-'n'-a-quarter a yard."

"Hez you paw sold his hawgs yet?" asked Mrs. Bentley, with sudden and startling significance. But evidently nothing could shake Maria's self-satisfaction to-day. She returned with placidity Mrs. Bentley's intense gaze.

"I do' know," she replied lightly. "'N' I've got a pair o' gloves ter match, 'Mandy. Guess you better come, after all. Well, we'll hev ter be go'n', Mr. Underwood"—she gave him a decidedly and boldly coquettish glance, whereat poor 'Mandy turned paler and Mrs. Bentley's face assumed a fairly purplish tinge—"'r we'll be late. Good-bye! Hope you'll hev a good time ter-morrow."

"Good night," said the young man, with a lingering look through the gate at the pale, pretty face and wide, hurt eyes. "I wish you a very happy Christmas!"

"Good-night," said 'Mandy, with a poor smile that was hardly a smile at all.

"Now, you go right 'n the house 'n' do up all the work, 'Mandy," said Mrs. Bentley, taking up a slop pail and walking with quick, resolute strides. Every step seemed to say, "I've made up my mind! I've made up my mind!" "You tell Peter ter hitch Dock 'n' Charley ter the spring wag'n, while I'm dress'n. 'N' you hurry up, too, so's I can git off before you paw gits back! I won't git home to-night; I'll put up at Mis' Huntly's. Hurry up!"

Too occupied with her own reflections to give more than a passing thought to her mother's sudden resolutions, and eager to get her pale face away from those solicitous eyes, 'Mandy gladly obeyed.

Twenty minutes later Mrs. Bentley came from the house, dressed for town, and crossed the lane to the barn.

"I'll show them Quackenbushes 'f they can walk over my girl!" she was saying. Her lips were shut firmly together, and there was an ominous look in her eyes. "Mandy's paw'll never git stirred up ter the pitch o' gitt'n 'n org'n; 'n' what's the sense o' my keep'n that hundred dollars ter bury myself with? Guess I'll git buried decent somehow. 'N' then a 'ticin' Dick Underwood down there on' the strength o' a new org'n 'n' a new dress!" Her tone was bitter now indeed. "I'll show 'em!"

She climbed into the wagon over the front wheel, and took up the reins with decision.

"Git up," she said, in a tone not to be trifled with.

As she passed the kitchen, she looked in, but 'Mandy was not in sight. The ominous look deepened on the mother's face. "I'll show 'em," she muttered again. The wind whistled around the corner, and brought with it the first flurry of snow.

The ground was white when Mrs. Bentley drove with a flourish of triumph into the barn yard. 'Mandy ran out, bareheaded. She was still pale, and her eyes looked as if she had not slept.

"Oh, maw!" she cried. "What you got there?"

"Stop holler'n'," said her mother grimly. "'Tis a new org'n fer you—'n' 'ts got twenty-eight stops 'n' three knee-swells!"

"Oh, maw!" exclaimed 'Mandy, completely overcome. Then—"you're a holler'n' yourself! Say, maw, what's the third swell fur?"

"I don't know what 'ts fur, but 'ts there. 'N' I guess I can holler 'f I want to, because I've showed 'em! 'N' I've got a dress fur you thet cost a dollar 'n' a half a yard, 'n' two pairs o' gloves ter match!"

"Oh, maw!" gasped 'Mandy, "you're a holler'n' offul!"

"'N' Dick Underwood told me he was com'n' ter see the new org'n. 'N' he asked me 'f I thought you liked him like you uster, 'n' like he likes you! So, 'f I ain't showed them Quackenbushes, missy, I'd like ter know who has! 'N' I guess I can holler 'f I want to!"

The Latest Thing in Shoes.

Perhaps the most striking thing among the late offerings in sole shapes is the last that turns almost skyward at the toe. The curve begins at the ball, and the toe very much resembles the peaked, turned-up front of some centuries ago that had to be chained to the knee, only that it is not nearly so long, says a writer in Boots and Shoes Weekly.

It was not so very long ago that the turned-up toe was in vogue with us, made with a stiff, unyielding, heavy sole-leather bottom. The advocates of this shape contended then that this was the proper form for the sole of the shoe, because the foot assumed this position in progression. But there was no provision made in it for the foot at rest.

If this new style of turned-up toes is adopted, however, the modern flexible sole will in some degree mitigate the evils of such a shape by permitting the toes of the foot to press downward partially at least. This seems to be one of those novelties in footgear that is more calculated for novelty than comfort.

Progress in Ireland.

Statistics just published show that during the past year 60,000 acres of land have been reclaimed in Ireland. Horses and mules have increased in the island by nearly 10,000. Sheep and cattle have decreased 316,000 and 72,000, respectively; but, on the other hand, pigs have increased to the extent of 237,000, and the poultry census shows a goose and two fowls for every man, woman and child in Ireland, with ducks and turkeys in equal abundance.—New York World.

"Why did the football game stop?" "The ball got mashed to a pulp." "How did that happen?" "A practical joker on one of the teams slipped a wig on it during the game."—Puck.

A DIRE PEST OF RABBITS.

VAST SWARMS OF THE RODENTS OVERRUN NEW ZEALAND.

Hunted For Their Fur and Slaughtered by Millions by the Farmers, They Still Keep on Increasing.

DESCRIBING the rabbit pest of New Zealand, a writer in the Dry Goods Economist says: As the increase of rabbits proceeded the crops were laid under contributions by their ravenous teeth. The farms were stripped of their grain, and the fields became barren squares on the plains. The colony was besieged by a pest too numerous to be handled. The colonists saw that if the rabbits did not leave, the people would have to go. They assembled together to devise relief. Their difficulties were too diversified for individual management.

Parliament was petitioned to take cognizance of the situation and introduce redress. It took cognizance and panaceas were suggested. Forces were sent against the invaders, armed to the teeth, and ordered to breathe slaughter and play havoc promiscuously. Canines were engaged and traps were employed. Mounted horses were cavorting over the plains achieving victories.

Although the plains were carpeted with dead and the hills covered with dying bunnies no shrinkage among the living animals was perceptible. Their powers of reappearance were equal to their disappearance. Killing had as much influence on their numbers as plasters have on flies in the summer time. Fresh arrivals took the places of those leaving by physical exits.

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Conductivity.

A curious instance of the conductive power of water is that divers are able to converse under water by placing their helmets, which are invariably made of copper, together, and shouting to one another; the sound, they say, is swiftly and distinctly conveyed.

Well Put.

"It makes me mournful to think," said an old veteran of the G. A., "that this good, right arm of mine which carried a musket in a hundred fights, should now be all doubled up and out of shape with rheumatism." "Well look here, where have you been living all this time, that you don't know St. Jacobs Oil will cure you." And straightway he went for a bottle, and he was cured also. The straight way is the sure way for the accomplishment of any good in this life, and the seeking of the great remedy for the cure of pain is surely the best way. Ask those who have been benefited and they will put you straight.

Boys, a homely girl will love you best. A pretty girl is so vain that she is of no account.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

John Jacob Astor was a butcher.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root cures
all Kidney and Bladder troubles.
Pamphlet and Consultation free.
Laboratory Binghampton, N.Y.

England has a woman bill poster.

Why Put Off

taking medicine until you are sick? You can keep a box of Ripans Tabules in the house and at the first signs of a headache or bilious attack a single tabule will relieve you.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation. 25 cts., 50 cts., $1.

Oregon has a yearly gold output of $1,000,000.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

The South polar snow-cap of Mars is now visible.

After six years' suffering, I was cured by Piso's Cure.—Mary Thomson, 29½ Ohio Ave., Allegheny, Pa., March 19, '94.

Florida's pineapple crop reaches 2,300,000.

Good Words for Hood's

"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla for three years with good results. I can truly recommend it for rheumatism, indigestion, catarrh and a host of other ills. My catarrh trouble has decreased in my head and throat, and my other troubles have been

Cured.

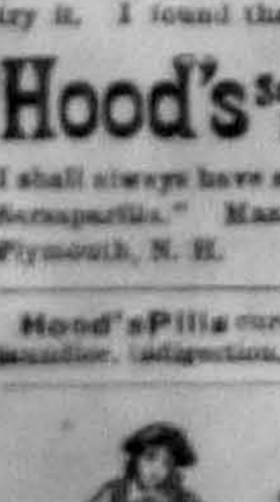
My husband has also taken Hood's Sarsaparilla and has helped him much. I saw notices in the papers of what Hood's Sarsaparilla had done for others and decided to try it. I found that it helped me at once.

Mrs. H. Philbrick.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

I shall always have a good word for Hood's Sarsaparilla." Mrs. Harrison Philbrick, Plymouth, N. H. Get only Hood's.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, jaundice, indigestion, sick headache. 25c.



"What's there? Things For the Cook, sir";

Methinks it be some

Hecker's Buckwheat

For the morrow's breakfast.

P N U 49 '94

A Handsome PICTURE FREE

WE WILL MAIL POSTPAID a fine Panel Picture, entitled "MEDITATION" in exchange for 13 Large Lion Heads, cut from Lion Coffee wrappers, and a 2-cent stamp to pay postage. Write for list of our other fine premiums, including books, a knife, game, etc.

WOOLSON SPICE CO., 450 Huron St., TOLEDO, OHIO.

ROYAL ARCH MASONS. [illegible]

A NOBLE FIGHT.

AN EMINENT SOUTHERN LAWYER'S LONG CONFLICT WITH DISEASE.

Twenty-five Years of Prosperity, Adversity and Suffering—The Great Victory Won by Science Over a Stubborn Disease.

(From the Atlanta, Ga., Constitution.)

Foremost among the best known lawyers and farmers of North Carolina stands Col. Isaac H. Sugg, of Greenville, Pitt Co., a man who has been on the edge of eternity and whose life had been measured by minutes.

"It has been twenty-two years since I became a resident of this town" said Col. Sugg in telling his story to a reporter; "even then the first symptoms of Gravel were asserting themselves but were slight. Gradually, however, my disease developed, and fight it as I would it seemed to gain a stronger foothold day by day until my misery was complete. For sixteen years I never knew what it was to be free from pain, not pain as an ordinary man thinks of it, but agonizing, excruciating, unendurable pain. Tortured from head to foot, at times thrown into spasms when it would require the united strength of four men to hold me until I was stupified with stimulants and opiates. I could not sit, lie or stand in any one position but the shortest time. Sleep was out of the question unless brought about by the strongest stimulants or opiates. Oh, how many, many times have I thought of putting an end to that life of suffering. But then my mind would revert to my wife, my children, my home, and I would restrain my hand with the hope that some other means of escape would be offered. I searched the archives of medicine for relief. Doctors were consulted, lithia waters, mineral waters, drugs, opiates and stimulants of all sorts were tried without avail. Why, I sent clear to the West Indies for medicine and yet the result was the same.

"I kept at my work as long as I could but nature gave way at last and I succumbed to the inevitable. My entire nervous system had been shattered by the stimulants and opiates I had taken, my blood had actually turned to water, my weight had dropped from 173 pounds to 123, and it seemed to everybody that the end was in sight. Why, I could not bear the gentle hand of my wife to bathe my limbs with tepid water. I was simply living from hour to hour. I had made my will, settled my business and I waited for the last strand of life to snap.

"It was at this time that a somewhat similar case as my own was brought to my notice. This man had suffered very much as I had, his life had been despaired of as mine had and yet he had been cured. Think what that little word meant to me—CURED. The report stated that the work had been accomplished by a medicine known as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I investigated the report thoroughly and found that it was true in detail. Then I procured some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and began taking them and began to get better. I began to sleep like a healthful child, sound, calm and peaceful. My appetite came back and my nerves were soothed and restored to their normal condition and I felt like a new man. But the greatest blessing was the mental improvement. I began to read and digest, to formulate new plans, to take interest in my law practice, which began to come back to me as soon as my clients realized that I was again myself. After a lapse of 10 years I ride horseback every day without fatigue.

"That Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life is beyond doubt, and I am spreading their praise far and wide."

Inquiry about the town of Greenville substantiated the above facts of Col. Sugg's case, and that many others are being benefited by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are considered an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excess of whatever nature. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, (50 cents a box or 6 boxes for $2 50—they are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

◆

What a Frenchman Believes.

The Frenchmen's belief in their superiority to the rest of the world in every branch of human activity almost amounts to a dogma. With the average Frenchman it is an article of faith that if France were blotted out, not merely the gayety of nations, but civilization itself, would suffer eclipse. Every art and every science is supposed to take its fountainhead in France.

Countless Frenchmen, for example, and M. Thiers among the number, have believed that the discovery of the law of gravitation is due not to Newton, but to Pascal, and a French author of a treatise on the history of chemical theory begins it by declaring that chemistry is a French science and was founded by Lavoisier of immortal memory. Even M. Casimir-Perier, in his message to the Chambers, could not abstain from declaring that France was "the center of intellectual light." It would be a harmless trait of character if it was confined to the pursuits of peace and did not extend to an insatiable thirst for military glory.

M. Guizot, who knew his countrymen well, once said that there was no folly for which they were not ready, provided only it was a military folly, and that it was almost impossible for a French statesman to pursue a policy of peace and not to be accused of unpatriotic motives. Here lies the danger of the present situation.—Macmillan's Magazine.

◆

Col. Kaintuck—I don't see how poor folks are to keep warm this winter. Host—Woolen goods are lower. Col. Kaintuck—Yes, but whisky's gone up.

A Literary Discovery.

Mrs. Fields tells, in an article in Scribner's Magazine, an interesting story of a literary discovery. It refers evidently to her husband, the publisher, who found one day in a second-hand shop in London a beautiful Ballantyne reprint of "Rasselas."

Imagine the joy of the enthusiastic buyer, having left the shop, the book paid for and tucked under his arm, to find, as he turned into a quiet street to take a look at his new purchase, to find hidden between the leaves, a letter in the well-known handwriting of Doctor Johnson himself.

It was almost too much to believe, and the question immediately arose in the young publisher's mind, "to whom does this letter belong?"

At one moment the fortunate possessor would shut up the book and start for home, in the next he rapidly retraced his steps and at last did not pause until he had again reached the door of the small shop where his purchase had been made.

By this time he had resolved what to do: he would first discover if the seller of the book knew of the existence of this treasure, and then they could decide together upon the right step to take. The bookseller was astonished at the sight of the letter, and confessed at once that he could make no claim upon it, as he was ignorant of its existence until that moment.

However, the matter was soon settled to the satisfaction of both parties; they decided upon the price such a letter should bring, and one-half of the value was paid to the bookseller, who had unconsciously allowed such a prize to slip through his fingers.

◆

Lost the Job for Laughing.

An industrious little typewriter chatted thusly the other day:

"Lots of people, you know, come and read their manuscripts and books and letters to us, and we copy them in that way.

"It's a good plan if they are good readers, but lots of them hesitate and stutter and stumble and lose the place, which, of course, uses up our time.

"A young man came in the other morning with a play that he wanted copied, and nothing would do but that he must read it.

"He wouldn't even let me look at it! Afraid I'd steal it, I suppose.

"Well, he started in, and it didn't take me long to discover that he didn't know any more about writing a play 'than a pig does about a holiday,' as poor Scanlan used to say.

"He didn't bring his characters on; he didn't take 'em off; he didn't do anything that a sane playwright would do.

"But when it came to a love scene, it was so wildly absurd that I grinned. I couldn't help it.

"He was up in arms instantly.

"'What are you laughing at?' he demanded.

"I tried to say that I wasn't laughing, and then simply roared.

"He ran out in a rage; we lost the job and I almost lost my situation."—New York Recorder.

◆

A Better Scheme.

A Yankee is going to try to cross the Atlantic in a ten-foot boat. A better scheme would be to buy one of those six-foot boxes that the undertakers sell, and cross the Styx. He would arrive at his inevitable destination sooner and more comfortably.—White River Journal.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Something Missing.

The other night a young couple, newly married and evidently fresh from the country, put up at one of the leading hotels, and after being assigned to a room, went up stairs. A few minutes later the young man came down stairs, and, approaching the clerk, said:

"That room is very nice, and all that, but there is something missing that should be there."

"What is it?" asked the clerk, surprised.

"Well," answered the young man, leaning over the desk and whispering, "to tell the truth, there is no comb and brush there."

It was as much as the clerk could do to keep a straight face. "You haven't travelled much?" he inqured.

"No," answered the man; "this is the first hotel I've ever been in."

"Then," said the clerk, "the comb and brush are in the washroom on this floor—for public use, but we do not supply tooth-brushes."

The young man went away pleased.

PROGRESS.

People who get the greatest degree of comfort and real enjoyment out of life, are those who make the most out of their opportunities. Quick perception and good judgment, lead such promptly to adopt and make use of those refined and improved products of modern inventive genius which best serve the needs of their physical being. Accordingly, the most intelligent and progressive people are found to employ the most refined and perfect laxative to regulate and tone up the stomach, liver, and bowels, when in need of such an agent—hence the great popularity of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. These are made from the purest, most refined and concentrated vegetable extracts, and from forty-two to forty-four are contained in each vial, which is sold at the same price as the cheaper made and more ordinary pills found in the market. In curative virtues, there is no comparison to be made between them and the ordinary pills, as any one may easily learn by sending for a free sample, (four to seven doses) of the Pellets, which will be sent on receipt of name and address on a postal card.

ONCE USED THEY ARE ALWAYS IN FAVOR.

The Pellets cure biliousness, sick and bilious headache, dizziness, costiveness, or constipation, sour stomach, loss of appetite, coated tongue, indigestion, or dyspepsia, windy belchings, "heart-burn," pain and distress after eating, and kindred derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels. Put up in glass vials, therefore always fresh and reliable. One little "Pellet" is a laxative, two are mildly cathartic. As a "dinner pill," to promote digestion, take one each day after dinner. To relieve distress from over-eating, they are unequaled. They are tiny, sugar-coated granules; any child will readily take them.

Accept no substitute that may be recommended to be "just as good." It may *be better for the dealer*, because of paying him a better profit, but *he* is not the one who *needs* help. Address for free sample,

World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

P N U 49

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

Napoleon's Shrewdness.

When the great Napoleon was urged to conquer China, he replied:

"Better let China alone. The Chinese do no harm at present. If we conquer them we shall teach them the art of war. They may then raise and equip armies, buy or build navies, endanger France, and perhaps all Europe."

The shrewdness of the level-headed Corsican is being appreciated by several European statesmen just now.—Boston Globe.

◆

A poorhouse goes with every plutocrat.

THE SALES LADY.

Often in the morning
There comes a feeling
Of weariness, indescribable;
Not exactly ill,
Nor fit to go to the store,
But too near well
To remain away.

One • Ripans • Tabule

Taken at night,
Before retiring,
Or just after dinner,
Has been known
To drive away that
Weariness—for months.

LINENE REVERSIBLE

Raphael, Angelo, Rubens, Tasso

The "LINENE" are the Best and Most Economical Collars and Cuffs worn; they are made of fine cloth, both sides finished alike, and being reversible, one collar is equal to two of any other kind.

They fit well, wear well and look well. A box of Ten Collars or Five Pairs of Cuffs for Twenty-Five Cents.

A Sample Collar and Pair of Cuffs by mail for Six Cents. Name style and size. Address

REVERSIBLE COLLAR COMPANY,
77 Franklin St., New York. 27 Kilby St., Boston.

EASTMAN COLLEGE, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., offers both sexes the best educational advantages at the lowest cost. Healthful; best influences; elective studies. Superior instruction. Departments of *Book-keeping and Business Studies; Shorthand and Typewriting; English and Modern Languages; Penmanship and Drawing;* the elementary branches, etc. NO VACATIONS. Positions obtained for competent students. Address, for Catalogue CLEMENT C. GAINES, President, 30 Washington Street, Poughkeepsie, New York.

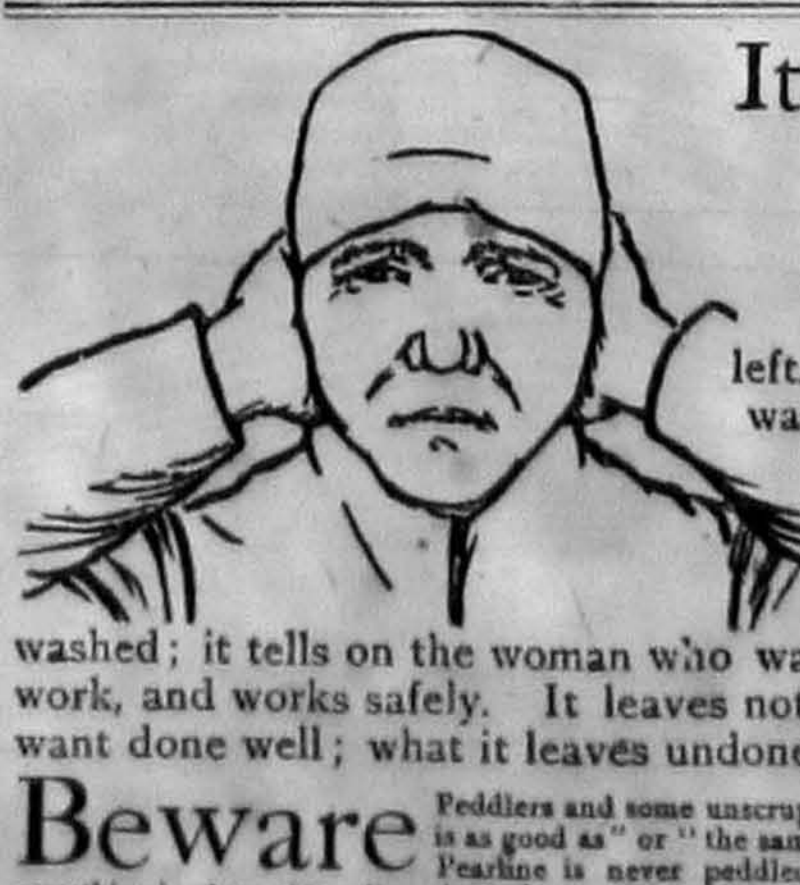
PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C.
Successfully Prosecutes Claims.
Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau.
3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

The Most Successful and useful of late inventions are the U. S. and National Postal scales, which indicate instantly the amount of postage in cents on all mailable matter. They are manufactured by The Gilfillan Scale and Hardware Co., of Chicago, and sold by all first-class stationers.

Valuable Receipts For Scrofula, Liver and Kidney complaints, Freckles, Warts, Copying Pads, Cement Walks, &c. List free.
BOX 506 EAST AURORA, N. Y.

WALL ST. NEWS LETTER of value sent FREE to readers of this paper. Charles A. Baldwin & Co., 40 Wall St., N. Y.

PHYTOLACCA BERRY TREATMENT for Fat and Attendant Ills. Our Leaflet on this subject is sent Free and is well worth reading; treatment inexpensive and only safe one known. Address Boericke & Tafel, Pharmacists, 1011 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Business Established in 1835.



It's a cold day for the housekeeper when *Pearline* gets left. Take *Pearline* from washing and cleaning and nothing remains but hard work. It shows in the things that are washed; it tells on the woman who washes. *Pearline* saves work, and works safely. It leaves nothing undone that you want done well; what it leaves undone, it ought not to do.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, do the honest thing—*send it back.* 300 JAMES PYLE, N. Y.

Webster's International Dictionary
The New "Unabridged"
The Best Christmas Gift
A Dictionary of English, Geography, Biography, Fiction, Etc.
WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY
Standard of the U.S. Supreme Court, the U.S. Government Printing Office, and of nearly all the Schoolbooks. Commended by every State Superintendent of Schools.
G. & C. Merriam Co., Pubs., Springfield, Mass.
Send for free pamphlet containing specimen pages, illustrations, etc.

Do You Know that there is Science in Neatness.
Be Wise and Use
SAPOLIO

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

ANDREW PRICE, EDITOR

Marlinton, Friday, May 3. 1895

Official Paper of Pocahontas County.

Subscription ONE DOLLAR in advance. If not paid within the year $1.50 will be charged.

Entered at the post-office at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

FROM recent developments we fear we have slandered Mr. Cleveland in the piece of last week entitled, "Our Dramatic President." This is not the first time he has been reviled, and we hope he will not bear malice. We got the whole thing wrong, and will have to ask those who read it to "fergit it."

SENATOR CAMDEN says not to have a state convention on the silver question before the national Democratic Convention has time to lay down some uniform line of action. It would be awkward if some "Chicago Convention" should have to reconcile the views of forty-four state conventions when it meets next year. We might have a composite view of the silver question whey they adjourned.

THE Virginia name spelled E-n-r-o-u-g-h-t-y is pronounced "Darby." This is explained recently in the Richmond *Dispatch*. It seems that the Darbys were a powerful Scotch family who were conquered by one of the Edwards, king of England. In order to humiliate them, a royal edict was issued that they should change their name to "Enroughty." They complied with this decree in the spelling, but when asked how the name was pronounced, always answered "Darby." This seems a very reasonable explanation, and we will ever think of it when we exclaim, "Enroughty and Joan!"

FOR thousands of years the Sphynx has been a source of wondering admiration, and has become a term expressive] of the mysterious. A writer in the eleventh century says in his account "this face is very pleasing, and is of a graceful and beautiful type, one might almost say it smiles winningly." This face is attached to the body of a lion and was perhaps designed to symbolize the blended ideas of power and wisdom. A lady correspondent of the *Wheeling Register* saw this remarkable object last November. It has been much mutilated by a fanatic sheik and the Mamelukes, who used it for a target in their artillery practic. She says, the ears are 4½ feet long, the nose 5 feet 7 inches in length and the mouth 7 feet and 7 inches in breadth. This certainly indicates a massive countenance. This correspondent saw the mummy of Rameses the Great. It measures over six feet and so he must have been a person of large, imposing presence, when in his regular splendor.

HERE is an account of the celebration of the formation of Mingo county, published in some of the metropolitan papers. "Recently the people of Logan county, West Virginia, held a grand barbecue to celebrate the division of the county. Tables were spread in the street and all traffic was suspended. Hundreds of stalwart mountaineers came in with their wives and children from the region round about. Eight big black bears had been shot within a mile or two of town, and their carcasses, served in barbecue style, were the piece de resistance of the feast. The bears flanked and surrounded with roasted possums, wild turkeys, pheasants, quail, rabbits and all sorts of domestic fowls. Potatoes by the barrel were roasted and pumpkin pies by the hundred lined the tables. Hard cider was the beverage. "Devil Anse" Hatfield, the noted leader of the Hatfield-McCoy vendetta, was master of ceremonies."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Three of a Kind! What to buy? Where to buy? How to buy?

—READ THE ANSWER IN THIS ADVERTISEMENT—

FIVE POINTS OF MERIT
Progressive business ideas.
Honest Business Principles.
New Desirable Goods.
Superior Quality of Goods.
Lowest Possible Prices.

NOTE SOME PRICES.

Calico 4c per yard. Sateens 9c and up. Manville Zephyr 12c per yd.
Lawns, White, Black, Both Plain and Fancy 10c and up.
40 in. wide White Lawn 12c. Taffetta Moire 20c.

GENTS. FURNISHING GOODS.

Shirts in Endless Variety 27 Cents and up.
Good Laundried Shirt, in blue, slate or in stripes, 49 cents.

SHOES, SLIPPERS, ETC.
Ladies' Dong. Oxfords, 90c.
" Tan " $1.60.

Clothing Cheaper than Ever Before.
Fine all-wool black diagonal suits, $6.25 & up
Ladies' Trimmed Hats, 50 cents and up

Honest dealing has been my success.
Rest assured that I handle nothing but first-class goods. The best proof of my assertions is to come and see. Yours for Bargains,

Marlinton, W. Va. P. GOLDEN.

Speaking of Goods,

LET US REMIND YOU

OF THE STOCK OF GENERAL MERCHANDISE

OF S. W. HOLT.

He is supplied as usual with attractions for

Spring and Summer.

SEE
Our Elegant Line of Dry Goods.
Choicest Lot of Family Groceries.
An Extensive Stock of Notions.
Finest Line of Shoes in the County.

Come in to see us when in town and we will

PUT YOU ON THE TRACK

To Save Mcney.

Marketable Country Produce Bought and Sold

Road Letting.

SEALED BIDS WILL BE RECEIVED FOR PUTTING IN GOOD REpair and tollable order the Huntersville and Warm Springs turnpike from the Lockridge Ford, near D. B McElwee's residence, to the top of the Alleghany Mountain at the State line, until noon on the 20th day of May, 1895. Bidders to state in bids what they will put the road in tollable order for, and what amount in addition to the tolls they will put said road in tollable order with the privilege of taking tolls on same for a term of 5 years. The court reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

S. L. BROWN,
3t) Clerk County Court.

Sawmill Burned.

The sawmill owned by W. H. Overholt, of Frankford, at the mouth of Stamping Creek, was destroyed by fire last Friday night. Loss about $600. The fire was discovered about two in the morning, and though the mill-crew were camping there they could not save the property. This mill was recently established there for the purpose of shipping lumber by way of the river to the railroad, and was doing an extensive business. How the fire originated is not known.

Lightning Hot Drops—
What a Funny Name!
Very True, but it Kills All Pain.
Sold Everywhere. Every Day—
Without Relief, There is No Pay!

Truth, and by consequence, liberty, will alwayy be the chief power of honest men.

R. MATHERS
BOOT & SHOEMAKER,
—HAVING LOCATED IN—
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Proposes to do first class handmade work promptly and neatly. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited. Satisfaction guaranteed. Repairing neatly and promptly done.

☞ Shop near Marlinton House.

For Sale.

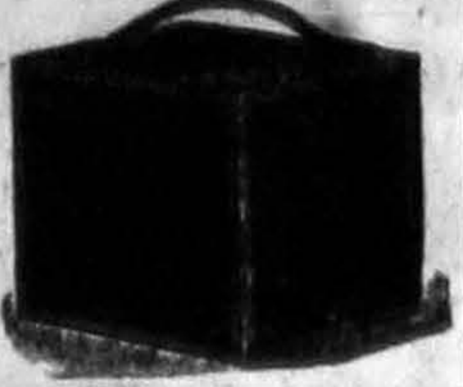
I have at my place near Academy, four male pigs 8 weeks old, for sale at reasonable prices.

These pigs are of the purest thoroughbred Berkshire stock, and were bred by E. J. Wayland, of Virginia. The sow "Lilly May" is a registered animal as is also the sire "Gov. Joe," and these pigs have the right to be entered for registration. Anyone desiring to improve his stock of hogs, will do well to correspond with me, and I can give him the complete pedigree, running back many generations. The sow 'Lilly May' took the 1st premium at both of the Staunton fairs last fall under one year old.

R. M. BEARD.
4t. Academy, W. Va.

FOR RENT.—The pasture lands of the heirs of C. E. Warwick, deceased, on Stoney Creek. For terms apply to R. E. L. Doyle, on the premises, or address John C. Warwick, Hinton, W. Va.

PATTERSON SIMMONS
MARLINTON, W. VA.
Plasterer ... Contractor.
Work done on short notice.



$8.00
Size of Pictures 3½x3½ in.
Weight 21 oz.

THE BULLET.

A roll film camera that hits the mark every time. It's a repeater too; shoots 12 times and can be

Reloaded in Daylight.

The Bullet is fitted with our new automatic shutter. One button does it all—sets and releases the shutter and changes from time to instantaneous. Achromatic lens. Handsome finish.

An Illustrated Manual, free with every instrument, explains its operation and tells how to finish the pictures—but *"we do the rest"* when you prefer.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.
Camera Catalogue Free. Rochester, N. Y.

In Poor Health

means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected. Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

Brown's Iron Bitters

If you are feeling out of sorts, weak and generally exhausted, nervous, have no appetite and can't work, begin at once taking the most reliable strengthening medicine, which is Brown's Iron Bitters. A few bottles cure—benefit comes from the very first dose—*it won't stain your teeth*, and it's pleasant to take.

It Cures
Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver
Neuralgia, Troubles,
Constipation, Bad Blood
Malaria, Nervous ailments
Women's complaints.

Get only the genuine—it has crossed red lines on the wrapper. All others are substitutes. On receipt of two 2c. stamps we will send set of Ten Beautiful World's Fair Views and book—free.

BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

E. H. SMITH
IS NOW
SELLING
OUT
HIS EXTENSIVE LINE OF
DRUGGIST'S SUNDRIES,
PERFUMES,
STATIONARY, ETC.,
AT COST.

If you are needing any thing in this line it will pay you to call.

He as usual has a full line of DRUGS and CHEMICALS, and is always ready to supply the trade with such as they need in this line.

If you cannot call in person send your order by mail and it will receive prompt and careful attention.

BLACKSMITHING
AND
Wagon Repairs.

C. Z. HEVNER.
MARLINTON, W. VA.
Shops situated at the Junction of Main Street and Dusty Avenue, opposite the postoffice.

FIRE FIRE

Insure against loss in the

Peabody Insurance Co.,
WHEELING, W. Va.

Incorporated March, 1869.
Cash Capital $100,000.00.

N. C. McNEILL.
MARLINTON W. Va.

LEADER 176.

FRENCH COACH STALLION (IMPORTED)

Black; foaled May 11, 1888; bred by M. Tribout, of Chateau de Almeneches, department of Orne; got by the government stallion Ciceron II; DAM, Paquerette (brown) by Omega out of a daughter of Hussein.

This horse, imported by M. W. Dunham, and owned by the undersigned company, will stand an early season in Pocahontas, at the following places, commencing about April 24th:

ACADEMY............Joe McNeel's,
EDRAY..............S. B. Moore's,
(Possibly at CLOVER LICK.)

It is the intention of the owners of this horse to make two seasons with him, giving the earlier season to Pocahontas and the later to Greenbrier.

"Leader" is a very handsome horse, stylish and large, and has taken first premium over a large lot in the State of Illinois. The judge said to the crowd that he was 'the best colt to suit him he had ever seen."

TERMS; TO INSURE: One mare $8; two mares, bred by same owner, $15; three mares, bred by same owner, $21.

GREENBRIER LIVE-STOCK CO.

J. A. SHARP & CO.

—Have Established a Firstclass—

Harness and Saddlery
Store and Shop,

—AT—
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Something that has been needed in this county for years.

They carry a complete line of

HARNESS, SADDLES, COLLARS, HARDWARE, and TRIMMINGS.

Both Factory and Handmade.

At Rockbottom Prices.

ALSO,

THE UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT,

Is fitted out with a complete stock of latest and best designs, and coffins can be furnished on shortest notice.

☞ Successors of G. F. Crummett, who is employed by the firm.

FEED, LIVERY
—AND—
SALE STABLES.

First-Rate Teams and Saddle-Horses Provided.

☞ Horses for Sale and Hire. ☜

SPECIAL ACCOMODATIONS FOR STALLIONS.

A limited number of Horses boarde.

All persons having horses to trade are invited to call. Young horses brokec to ride or work.

J. H. G. WILSON,
Marlinton w. Va

MARLINTON HOUSE.
Located near Court House.
Terms.
per day.... 1.00
per meal... 25
lodging - - 25

Good accommodations for horses at 25 cents per feed.

Special rates made by the week or month.

C. A. YEAGER, Proprietor.

G. C. AMLUNG,
FASHIONABLE
BOOT AND SHOEMAKER
EDRAY, VA.

All work guaranteed as to workmanship, fit and leather.
Mending neatly done.
Give me a call.

C. B. SWECKER,
General Auctioneer
and Real Estate Agent.

I sell Coal, Mineral and Timber Lands. Farms and Town Lots a specialty. 21 years in the business. Correspondence solicited. Reference furnished.

Postoffice—Dunmore, W. Va., or Alexander, W. Va.

M. F. GIESEY,
Architect and Superintendent,
Room, 19, Reilly Block,
Wheeling, W. Va.

HOME NEWS

—J. E. M. Bing, of Valley Head, expects to raise 10,000 lbs of honey this year.

—Deputy Sheriff Burns has levied on about 66 head of stock for taxes, in the Levels district.

—David Moore, of Frost, has recently been granted a pension for services in the Union army.

—Married: Mr. Wm. Cutlip to Miss Lucy Cutlip, on the 24th of April last. All of near the Droop Mountain.

—A stock of millinery is being put in this week in the rooms over the TIMES office, by Mrs. J. M. Cunningham and Miss Maud Yeager.

—Mr. Henry Hannah, formerly of Locust, is now merchandising in Renick's Valley, and seems to be getting a nice run of custom.

—Mr. H. A. Yeager's auction was well attended last Saturday, and every thing seemed to be selling at good prices. Capt. C. B. Swecker, the entertaining auctioneer, made things lively.

—A lot has been selected by the trustees, donated by the Development Company, on which will be erected a Methodist church this summer. The site is not far from the court-house and is admirably chosen.

—Seventy or more families from Logan, McDowell, and Wyoming counties have settled around the head of Spring Creek and localities adjacent, the past two or three years, mainly on lands bought of Albert Williams, Esq.

—From the Bath *News* we learn of the deaths of J. Marshall Sitlington, of Bath Alum, aged 73, April 21st, and of Samuel C. Burges, of Cowpasture Bridge, aged 62, April 19th. Both gentlemen were well known to the people of this county.

—A party of four, fished all day in Stoney Creek, and caught eight fish, last Saturday. Mr. Hubbell got one to the top of the water and just as he was getting ready to say "Howdy do, old boy, howdy do!" the fish slipped off the hook and returned to its element.

—Mr. Wm. C. Hull, late of Edray, has just returned from an excursion to Randolph county. He says the prevailing impression is, the southern extension of the Davis Road from Elkins, will be pushed with unusual vigor by the way of Shaver's Fork during the present year.

—Mr. Geo. R. Walton, of Greenbrier county, caught a rattlesnake last summer which he concluded he would pet. Last winter he decided he would let him freeze so that he would not have him to take care of through the winter, which he did, but when he tried to wake the snake this spring, he discovered that it was dead.

—Considered in the light of its present and prospective conditions, Mr. Washington Livesay, on Spring Creek, Greenbrier County, has a very valuable and desirable farm of one thousand acres. On it are three thousand white oak trees over twenty inches in diameter and of superior quality. Every acre can be utilized for grain, grass, or timber.

—Mr. Charles Schaol, a drummer representing a harness and leather firm in Marietta, O., passed through Huntersville last Friday on a bicycle, to which is attached a cyclometer. He made the run from Ronceverte to Marlinton in five hours, and from Marlinton to Huntersville in less than an hour. By his indicator the distance from Marlinton to Ronceverte is 48½ miles, and from the Marlinton Bridge to Huntersville 7½ miles.

—Saturday April 20th, while the family were at dinner, the L part of Mr. Peter L. Cleek's residence was discovered by Billy Miller who lives near by, to be on fire, and he quickly gave the alarm. The flames had penetrated the roofing for a space of several feet, and would have soon been beyond control. Fortunately it was seen in time to be readily extinguished. The fire seems to have started from a spark falling on the dry moss. The excitement and the exertion occasioned a relapse of the influenza from which Mr. Cleek was recovering, and he has been quite ill since.

—Major William McClung, one of Greenbrier's most prominent citizens a generation since, resided on the farm now owned by Mr. A. M. McLaughlin. He began life in the forest, built a round-pole cabin, vestiges of which are yet to be seen. Two of the foundation logs are yet in place, showing the dimensions to have been eighteen by sixteen feet. Within a few rods stands the spacious brick mansion where he closed his busy life, leaving an estate valued at one hundred and ninety thousand dollars. In his times industry and wealth were near neighbors.

—Among the professional men of our town is a gentleman whose veins run blue with the blood of the First Families of Virginia. This gentleman lost his vote very unexpectedly last week. He challenged a gigantic West Virginian to fight a duel with pistols in the grey of an April morning, in the secluded haunts of the Jericho neighborhood. This stumped the native, who did not relish this orthodox way of settling disputes. A treaty of peace was patched up temporarily, but the owner of Jericho feels it his duty to post notices "NO DUELING ON THESE PREMISES."

—The French Coach horse, "Leader," advertised in another column, is owned by a syndicate of Greenbrier farmers. He cost eleven hundred dollars in New York. Mr. Andrew McLaughlin has in possession one of the French Coach colts, not a year old, that is about fifteen hands high, and of a glossy brown color. In Mr. McLaughlin's flock of sheep is a Shropshire ewe nursing three thrifty lambs all her own. Like the old woman that lived in a shoe this motherly sheep at times does not know what to do, and so she lies down and pensively takes things as they come, and goes to sleep herself.

—Mr. Aaron Law lives at the home of his son-in-law, Abram Beard, Esq., of Renick's Valley. Mr. Law is a native of England, and was born in Kent, in 1804, whence he emigrated to the United States in 1837, and lived many years at the Warm Springs, Va. He remembers the cold winter of 1812, when an ox was roasted on the ice over the Thames, and when horse races came off on the same ice. His ancestral home was in sight of the chalk cliffs from which England derived its poetic name, Albion. He seems to have perfect health, has an erect, sprightly walk, and makes frequent visits to the neighbors.

—There are plenty of machines and riders for a bicycle club at this place. The practicability of the bicycle on our mountain roads was very well illustrated last week by Mr. E. H. Smith, the druggist. He rode to Ronceverte, a distance of 46 miles, over two mountains, in eight hours. It is considered a long day's drive for a double team. Chas. Schaol, a drummer, was in town this week. He travels in summer exclusively on a bicycle. He has often crossed the State, and worked his way over the most intricate roads. He once made the trip from Point Pleasant to Clifton Forge, a distance of 297 miles, in one week, having worked the territory on his route.

—Tim Ahern, the man from Cork, who has been in Marlinton the last six months, left last week. He identified himself very closely with the pleasure-loving element, being good at a song and dance, very witty. He played football, and received a number of wounds in the engagement at Mingo. The last bit of news from him was characteristic. When he got to the Hot Springs he went to the bar, set up drinks for every body, and took a number straight himself. Then throwing his hat away, with an Irish whoop, he jumped to the middle of the room, and said, "I kin out-sing, out-dance, or out-box any spalpeen in the crowd for tin dollars. I'm from Marlington!" An unwary gentleman came up and patted him on the back and told him he was "all right," but Tim kicked his feet from under him, and knocked him winding, and broke him all up. The man from Marlinton presently took the train, and that is the latest report of the Corker.

—Died: on Spring Creek, Greenbrier county, of consumption, Miss Phoebe Workman aged about 17 years. She was the daughter of Mr. Steve Workman.

PERSONAL MENTION.

E. H. Moore, of Academy, made this town a short visit last week.

Miss Maud Yeager has returned from Baltimore.

Cam. Herold, of Covington, is in town.

P. Golden is absent on a trip to the upper end of the county.

Mr. W. M. Wysong and family have removed to Ronceverte from Academy.

Miss Dora Brownlee has been employed as a teacher of the public school at this place for the next session.

Mrs. Manta Arbogast, of Texas, was visiting friends and relatives in town this week.

R. M. Beard, of Academy, spent several days in town last week.

Mrs. Wm. T. Beard, of Mill Point, was visiting friends in town on Monday, accompanied by her grandson, Carl.

Misses Annette Ligon and Myrtle Varner passed through town on their way to Academy.

Mrs. Sheets and son and daughter, of Gillispie, Pocahontas County, were here attending the funeral of her daughter and their sister, Mrs. Phillips. Mrs. Sheets has returned to Gillispie, her grandchildren with her. This was the dying request of her daughter, Mrs. Phillips. The youngest was only three weeks old.—*Tygart's Valley News.*

Mr. Henry Sharp, on Douthard's Creek, whose son, Albert Sharp, lives at Marlinton, is suffering very much from a complication of diseases. This worthy, aged citizen has many friends and relatives to sympathize with him in his affliction.

Richard C. Hales has recently purchased, from A. D. Bruce, half of the excellent farm called "Newmarket," situated one mile on the Pocahontas side of Mingo, (Randolph County.) The farm is in fine fix, and the pasturage of first-class quality. Anyone requiring good grazing, at a reasonable price, this summer, for cattle, should apply immediately to Mr. Hales, who is sure to give every attention to stock placed under his care, and they will be regularly salted.

A Runaway.

Sunday afternoon, April 21st, as Misses Lillie and Elva Friel were driving to Sunset to attend singing, their horse became unmanageable near Mr. William L. Harper's. Their buggy struck the carriage occupied by Mr. J. C. Loury and Mrs. Grose. In the collision Mr. Loury's carriage had the axle bent very much, while the buggy was whirled over the bank and lodged on top of a fence in a reversed position. Miss Lillie fell near the place of collision, but Miss Elva was holding the reins and was thrown two or three rods. Fortunately neither was seriously hurt.

The horse was disengaged by the shock and rushed on furiously, and while Messrs. William Grose and M. A. Friel were occupied in relieving the young ladies, their horses also took fright and followed on. All three, however, were checked by Mr. Lanty Herold and son, Winston. After a brief delay the whole party went to Sunset and had their singing.

Dunmore.

Still things move along. Alex. Butterbaugh moved to Dunmore this week; Wine & Lambert moved this week, and will commence sawing at Dice Rymell's the last of the week; J. K. Taylor has come home from Huttonsville and will return the last of the week; Rev. John A. Taylor moved to Maryland to take charge of his pastorial work; Rev. Maxwell moved to Green Bank last week, and preached a very able sermon Sunday at Dunmore; Miss Sallie J. Anderson has returned.

Capt. C. B. Swecker will attend the Circuit Court at Beverly which convenes May 1st.

We are glad to see Dr. C. L. Austin home from the hospital at Weston for a short stay.

Gov. Hughes is still in town.

Mr. Jacob Grant is with us; he has been gone for several years.

Some person set fire to Rev. J. A. Taylor's logs, Sunday, and burned up about five hundred. The gentleman will get an introduction to the grand jury this fall.

The carding machine is now grinding out rolls. SAP HEAD.

April 29, 1895.

On the Trail.

L. R. Steele, from Clay County, was in this town tracking an escaped prisoner, one Ward Handshaw, who was here on Easter Sunday. Handshaw is accused of two cold-blooded murders, and almost every other crime in the calendar. He waylaid a sixteen year old boy, in Clay County, a year or so ago, and, thinking that he had money on his person, shot him dead. He was arrested, but a gang of toughs opened the jail for him, and since then he has been at large. He killed an old man in Braxton in order to rob him, but by neither murder did he get any money. Since his escape he has broken into three stores. He lives in the mountains nearly the whole time, "sanging," hunting, and fishing, accompanied by his brother.

He has been much feared by the stock owners, for he has no scruples when it comes to killing a sheep or steer for dinner. He sleeps in the open air three-fourths of the year.

Keeping to the woods as he does it requires a hunter to track him down. Steele was close on him on the 12th of April on William's River, and being sure that he had gotton in front of him, lay by all night to waylay him. That night the Handshaws came into Marlinton, got supper at the McLaughlin House, refused a bed, and camped in the Laden Bottom. One begged breakfast of S. L. Brown and the other of Capt Smith the next morning, and went towards Academy. When Easter morning dawned on Steele, lying on William's River, there was a three-inch snow on the ground. This covered all tracks, and he not expecting the fugitives to come into the settlement, proceeded through the mountains expecting to come on them in Nicholas county where they have relations.

Steele arrived here exactly two weeks behind them, and went from here again to Nicholas, as he thinks they took the Nicholas Road. A number of people recognized the picture of the murderer. There is a reward of $400 for him.

The mounsaineer detective is a brave looking fellow and says that he has "been after him for five weeks and 'lows to bring him in"

Handshaw is a man of about 35 years of age, and the detective thought it very likely that he would "sang" in this county this season. Their practice is for the brother, who is his accessory after the fact, to market the "sang," examine the stores, and then for Handshaw to come and break in.

Steele warns anyone, attempting to hold him up, to cover him very carefully with a gun before saying anything to him.

Dilley's Mill.

We are having fine growing weather, with an excellent rain the 27th which greatly revived every thing. We have good hopes of a plentiful fruit year. There is a very heavy apple bloom. The peach trees were all killed last winter by the continued cold and freezing weather.

Dr. J. H. Weymouth passed through this part, en route to Green Bank. The Dr. entertained the young folks very pleasantly with music.

Prof. G. E. Moore and sister are visiting near Academy. Also Miss Fannie Moore is visiting near Dunmore.

Prof. G. E. Moore, closed his second term of school, the 26th, at Mt. Zion, where he taught a very successful term.

We have a very interesting sunday school at Mt. Zion. All are cordially invited to join us in this good work. The first sunday school founded in the United States, was founded by a missionary—a chieftian in the ranks of celebrated evangelists. The Sunday School is a part of the Church and the Church is the body of Christ.

Rev. Fultz will preach at Mt. Zion first Sunday in May at 10 a. m.

Master Roy Bambrick was knocked off a horse by a limb, and sprained his arm right badly.

Messrs. J. W. Grimes and C. W. McLaughlin attended H. A. Yeager's sale the 27th, ult.

Misses Carry Moore, Fannie Moore and Ona Grimes were at Huntersville Saturday.

"ANONYMOUS.

Green Bank.

A fine shower last Saturday and to-day (Monday).

Crawford Hull was in our town last week.

Prof. John McLaughlin, of Marlinton, was in town last Saturday.

Will some reader of the TIMES tell the book and chapter and verse in the Bible, that containes all the letters of the alphabet except one, and what one is not there?

G. D. Oliver & Bros. are having some repares done to their storehouse.

The Board of education, of Green Bank District will meet in session on the 4th of May at 1 o'clock p. m.

Sandy Burner, of Traveler's Repose, was in our town last Friday after Dr. L. L. Little, to see P. D. Arbogast's little child, who was very sick, but is better at this writing.

Dr. C. L. Austen started on last Monday for Weston, W. Va.

The first quarterly meeting for this circuit, will be held at Dunmore on the 11th and 12th of May instead of the 4th and 5th, as was stated last week.

Our farmers are hauling limestone from Henry Sheets, to burn lime for corn. We think this a step in the right way.

There will be about 100 acres of corn on Dr. J. P. Mooman's farm this year.

☐This is a poor year to sell flour in this part of the county, owing to good crops last year, and a good acrage flour is selling retail at 2½, by the barrel $4.50, corn 75cts. and dull sale at that, and heretofore sold at $1.00, flour as high as $8.50.

J. H. Curry has conditionally rented his shoe shop to Henry Trimble, who will run a first-class harness shop.

The question has often been asked, why was that pen built around the school house so people could not see our public building? Who can answer it?

T. J. Williams and son, of Top-of-Alleghany, passed through our town last Saturday. He is moving to Frost where he will keep hotel.

W. A. Gladwell lost a good cow from the effects of drinking lye.

Capt. C. B. Swecker, of Dunmore, passed through town enroute for Beverly monday.

Born:—To S. B. Hannah and wife, a boy; to A. C. Sutton and wife, a girl; Emery Conrad and wife, a girl; to Snoden Cooper and wife, a boy. BIG FOOT.

Sunset.

As I have seen nothing in your valuable paper from this corner for some time, it may be well to let it be known that we have not pegged out yet.

The farmers are pushing their work, and are preparing to raise larger crops than usual. They realize that we are on the verge of better times.

Rev. C. M. Fultz and wife, are off to Rockingham (his native county) on a bridal tour.

There was considerable excitement in our village on Monday morning, the 29th inst. Some parties were on their way to Huntersvill, and when attempting to pass the residence of one worthy townsman, P. M. Harper, and Mr. J. C. Harper came out in a very excited manner, and he had in each hand a large *cow-horn*, warm yet from the animal, but their fear subsided when they noticed on his face about a two-foot smile, and he said "It's a *gal.*"

Mr. Amos Barlow, the merchant king, of H. took a fine lot of yearling cattle to C. W. Moore's mountain land to graze.

The China wedding at H. N. Moore's, was an enjoyable affair on last Saturday, the 27th, ult.

Our general miller, John Jackson, is happy too—it rained and the wheel turned round.

SOPHOMORE.

LOST:—Miss Lucy Kincaid, while on her way to Marlinton a day or two since, her horse shied at the "Fortifications" and caused her to drop her purse. All the contents were recovered except a five-dollar gold coin. The finder will please return the same to Miss Kincaid.

Quite a number of teams started for the depot, from Edray on Tuesday.

On the highway of life we are all out to take the rich man's dust.

Self-murder is decidedly on the increase in Christian countries.

The chief obstacle to commercial progress in Persia is in the unsatisfactory state of the roads.

There are as yet as many unpublished sermons of the late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon as will require another ten years to get out.

Nitrate has doubled in consumption during the past ten years, and Colonel North, the nitrate king, is afraid that the supply will soon fall short of the demand.

Since the battle of Waterloo the Rothschilds have laid by $2,000,000,000 for a rainy day, and one estimate of their wealth by the year 1965 is $60,000,000,000.

The shrinkage of value of horses in 1893 is estimated to be over $25,000,000, and the total loss in falling off of prices will, the New York World estimates, aggregate $60,000,000, since the commencement of the present depression of values.

A St. Louis man is now being treated by two Chicago physicians for lying, asserts the Atlanta Constitution. He has an uncontrollable mania for falsehood, and his physicians will soon perform an operation on him for the purpose of affecting a cure. The result will be awaited with anxious interest.

In Paris, according to a recent enumeration, there are more tailors, upholsters, bonnet-makers, barbers, advocates, and men of letters than in any other city of the world. London has the most cab and carriage proprietors, engineers, printers, booksellers and cooks. Amsterdam is ahead on general dealers and money lenders. Brussels is celebrated as the city where the largest number of boys smoke. Naples has the most street porters. Berlin has the largest number of beer drinkers. Florence excels in flowers sellers, and Lisbon contains the most bailiffs.

An interesting New England custom is that mentioned by Harper's Weekly which provides that stockholders of the Boston and Albany road shall ride free to Boston from any point on that road to attend the annual stockholders' meeting in September. They show their stock certificates instead of tickets, and they have all the week to get home in. So it happens that in stockholders' week people from western Massachusetts flock to Boston to do their shopping, and crowd the hotels. A similar concession by other railroads in other States would tend to popularize small holdings of railroad stock.

The black ladybird of Australia, which was introduced into California two years ago to exterminate the black scale and like orchard parasites, has not belied its reputation, announces the New York Post. To these pests it has proved so relentless an enemy that in some parts of the State, notably Santa Barbara County, scarcely any insect life remains for the sustenance of the ladybird. Trees which, two years ago, were covered with the excretions of the scale, which, in fact, seemed irremediably ruined, are now clean, bright and vigorous. "It is difficult," says an expert, "to place a pecuniary estimate on the value of the enemy of the black scale. In one respect, however, the saving in spraying and fumigating will probably represent $100,000 a year to the horticulturists of California. One fruit-grower alone has of late years been compelled to expend from $3000 to $5000 per annum for this purpose, while there are four or five growers in Los Angeles County alone who each pay out an average of $10,000 annually in battling against the black scale. All this will be saved, for the little beetle costs nothing. Then, in addition to the economy, the trees will be more healthful and consequently will bear more plentifully and a better quality of fruit. The officers of the Board of Horticulture are satisfied that the black scale is doomed, as was the cotton cushion, and are now turning their attention to the discovery of a parasite that will war on the red scale, which is causing so much annoyance and loss to the orange-growers of the South."

SUN SPOTS.

There's a fleck of rust on a flawless blade—
On the armor of price there's one;
There's a mole on the cheek of the lovely maid—
There are spots on the sun.

But the blade of Damascus has succored the weak,
The shield saved a knight from a fall;
The mole is a grace on my lady's cheek—
The sun shines for all.

—S. A. Walker, in Independent.

MA'MOISELLE.

BY FLORENCE L. GUERTIN.

"MA'MOISELLE" was a butterfly. She flitted from flower to flower in her own dainty fashion, absorbing what sweetness and pleasure she could from each, and casting the blossom aside when she had deprived it of what had been the best it contained. She was a butterfly that pleased the eye and ornamented the landscape, but one that caused the passer-by to shake his head and ask what the end would be. Could she go on in that way forever? Would life always yield her honey, unmixed with gall? Would she ever become serious, less selfish, less flippant? Would she ever marry and settle down? Or, if she did not, would she grow old, as other women did, or forever remain distractingly young and irresponsible as she was now?

Ma'moiselle was no longer a young girl, people said. At twenty-eight it was time that a woman should long since have been at the head of a house, the mother of a growing brood. But Ma'moiselle shook her head and said that she really wouldn't care for it; that she was just beginning to find out how to enjoy herself; that she loved her freedom, her liberty, her good health, her ability to relish the flavor of all things, too much to exchange them for an uncertainty.

The unkind ones said that the real reason was that she loved all men too much to marry one; that she was a disgraceful little flirt, and that they pitied the man who really did win her. And they could not forgive her the fact that, in spite of her frivolity and general undesirableness in their eyes, there were a number of men who were undoubtedly willing, and even anxious, to accept the position of husband to Ma'moiselle, and be led by her the dance that they predicted.

It was Josiah Dalrymple who christened her "Ma'moiselle." She had some French blood in her; and being rather proud of the fact, she did her best to accentuate it. It was hardly an affectation, for her tastes were innately French. She had developed the habit, when a child, of giving an expressive and decidedly foreign little shrug to her shoulders. She could speak the language, too. it being the one study to which she had paid any serious attention, and she loved to chatter it. Dalrymple said that she reminded him of a picture he had once seen in the Paris Salon; a figure in fancy dress, that might have served as a model for "Folly," but was simply catalogued "Portrait of a Young Lady;" and ever afterwards he had called Elise Coudert "Ma'moiselle."

Dalrymple was about as little like a butterfly as she was like a grub. It had fallen to his lot to be one of the toilers of the world, and though still a young man he had won a place and name for himself by his own untiring efforts. He was serious by nature and upright through principle. He believed thoroughly in the gospel of hard work, and knew that success worth having would not come easily. His life was earnest, his purpose unflinching, his amusements few. Ma'moiselle was among the latter. When he had had a particularly trying day, downtown, it rested him to drop in, on his way to his rooms, at Mrs. Coudert's attractive home. The drawing room was always light and airy—anything heavy and severe being excluded by Ma'moiselle, whom Mrs. Coudert never opposed; and he could generally have a little chat with Ma'moiselle herself. It was sure not to be a drain on his intellect, while his eye was gratified by the tasteful surroundings, and his ear amused by the conversational twitter, although of Ma'moiselle herself his reason did not always approve. It refreshed him even to scold her, presuming as he often did upon his old acquaintance and the friendship he had had with her brother, now married and living far away.

He went up the steps to her house one afternoon, unusually depressed, on account of business complications, and met young Waterbury coming out. Waterbury was a tall, smooth faced, manly looking fellow, with features like those cut in a cameo, but now pale and set. He went by Dalrymple with an unsmiling nod, and the latter passed into the house.

Ma'moiselle was still in the drawing room, with a countenance that told no tales, but was as serene and fresh as usual.

"What have you been doing to that boy?" he asked after he had shaken hands and drawn a chair up near to her.

She laughed, and flushed a little as she replied:

"Nothing, O father confessor, except to tell him how foolish he was. Tea?" she asked questioningly, turning to the cups on the low table beside her, and picking up a thin slice of lemon with the tongs.

"No, thanks," he said shortly; "you know that I hate the stuff. I only take hot lemonade when I have a cold."

Ma'moiselle scored one word in her small mind. It was "grumpy," so she waxed more amiable herself. She moved her chair back a little and faced him. Putting two small feet, in ridiculously pointed, high heeled slippers, on a low footstool in front of her, she let her head rest on the back of her chair and her hands drop, in a resigned fashion, into her lap.

"What is it, Josiah?" she asked, looking at him in a quizzical way—she always called him Josiah when she wanted to tease him—"what is troubling your soul now?"

"I was thinking of young Waterbury," he said, quite seriously. "I am sorry for him."

She turned her head a little uneasily.

"For being so foolish?" she asked, gazing up at the ceiling.

"No," he replied; "he couldn't prevent that. But you might have done so. Why did you not tell him that he was foolish at the beginning of the winter? Why did you let him play the devoted knight to you, going about with you and seeing you day after day, becoming wrapped up in you, only to be told in the end that he was foolish'?"

"Because, my dear Josiah"—with unusual sweetness—"you can't tell a man not to fall in love with you, before you are sure that he is going to do it; and after that—well"—with one of the characteristic little shrugs, and a smile that showed her even white teeth—"it's generally too late."

Then, changing to a more plaintive key, she said:

"Don't be disagreeable to-day, Jo; you know how I dislike disagreeable conversations. And don't stand leaning there, looking down at me as if you were a preacher and I the sinner. I know that I'm frivolous, I know I'm vain—fond to distraction of attention, even. You see I admit it all, so you can't argue with me. I assure you I agree with you. I am quite hopeless. Now sit down"—as he smiled a little—"and be pleasant, and let's drop that tiresome boy. Isn't he handsome, though? What a nose, and what shoulders! I could almost adore him."

Dalrymple dropped wearily into the chair near her.

"I think that I will have some tea," he said; "I am tired."

"What? Change your mind weakly, like any woman?" she exclaimed joyously, delighted to think that she had diverted him.

He leaned his head on his hand and watched her fingers fluttering about among the tea things. They were white, with the pinkest of nails, and fairly glittered with rings. He thought she wore too many rings. He had often told her so; but they were the one ornament in the way of jewelry of which she was prodigal.

"I could not live without them," she had once said, holding her palms out with the ten jeweled digits extended in front of her and gazing at them fondly. "They are a moral support to me, really, just as good clothes are, you know. Perhaps you don't understand that, either, but that's because you're not a woman. I love my rings, and really don't believe I could exist without them. They mean so much to me. I love them for the fire they contain, for the sparkle that they give out. If I feel downcast, I move my hands about, and the rings glisten and seem to say, 'Cheer up; there is light and life in me,' and I brighten immediately."

"How long have I known you, Ma'moiselle?" Dalrymple asked, as he leaned forward and took the cup she held out to him.

"Eleven years," she replied. "What an age! Don't tell me you remember how old I was then."

"But I do," he replied, smiling a little in his slow way. "I remember perfectly. Eleven years—" He sipped the tea and seemed to be thinking. "And how many lovers have you had since then, Ma'moiselle?"

"How do I know?" she replied, pushing the footstool away somewhat impatiently, feeling that the coming lecture had not been averted after all.

"No, you couldn't be expected to remember, of course," he said; "but I think I do. I have been a spectator, you know. When I first knew you, you were only a child, but you were very much as you are now. There were danglers even then. The first that I recall were young Winslow and old Howard. They were always hanging around you. Then there was that English chap who blushed so, and the titled Italian, whom we all hated because he looked like Mephistopheles. And that awfully nice fellow—Babcock, wasn't it?—who had it worse than some do, and who left so suddenly and went ranching. They say," he went on, looking thoughtfully down into his cup, "that he has—gone to the dogs since."

"Well," she said feebly, "could I help it? I could not make myself love him."

"No," he replied; "of course you couldn't help it. You good women never are to blame for anything. You never drive a man to drink or to folly and ruin. It is always his fault if he does any of these things through love of you. You never take a young boy and let him grow to care for you, to make you his ideal, to fairly worship you, only to be laughed at in the end. You never start him in life with false and bitter ideas of women because one has disappointed him. You irreproachable women never break men's hearts or wreck their lives. It is always their own fault, you say. There are some sins, Ma'moiselle," he said, speaking very slowly, "that are not down in the decalogue and yet are crimes."

"And by all this you mean," she said quite lightly, "that I am one of the criminals?"

"I mean that you are one of the irreproachable women," he answered, looking at her seriously. "You have been born with a charm—a power to please—I don't know what it is, but I have watched it work destruction for eleven years. You are not the prettiest woman I know, Ma'moiselle, nor yet the most intellectual, but you are the most fascinating, and—"

"Thank you," she interrupted drily. "It was fitting that you should administer that sugar pill after being so brutally frank."

"I am afraid that I feel like being still more frank," he continued; "and perhaps I do not choose my words happily. But I felt sick at heart when I saw that boy at the door, and knew so well what had happened. Where is he now, and what do you suppose he will do to-night?"

"It is not as serious as you think it is," she said gently. "He will get over it."

"Yes," he agreed; "he will get over it. They all do, in time. But the getting over it, ma'moiselle; you don't know what that means. Irreproachable women never do."

"Go on," she said, coldly. "The end, Josiah, is what I have been hoping for ever since you began."

"The end is," he said, that this woman is generally caught in her own snares. She at last finds out that after all she, too, has a poor thing called a heart that is not as lifeless as she thought it. She learns what it is to love and to suffer."

"You mean—?" Ma'moiselle said, leaning forward in her chair, her hand tightly clasped, the color and brightness gone from her face.

"I mean that she at last meets some one to whom she does not in the least appeal; some one on whom all of her wiles are lost; some one who does not care for her. She inspires polite indifference, the most maddening thing in the world—that is all."

If he had brought a lash down on her shoulders he could not have stung her more. She rose quickly and went to the window, standing with her hands still closely clasped in front of her, looking out at the placid passers by. It was some time before she spoke.

"I am trying to think whether I shall take the trouble to answer you or not," she said at last. "You have gone farther than you have ever gone before, and I have let you. I had a morbid curiosity to be present at my own dissection. I am glad to know what you really think of me. But I hate such conversations! I hate such scenes! I am not given to making long speeches, and, as you told me, I am not clever. But whatever my faults are, saying unpleasant things is not among them. Flattery may be part of my wiles, but at least it never hurts. I feel," she said, turning toward him and passing her hand wearily over her forehead—"I feel at least ten years older than I did when you first began."

She leaned a little on a table near her, and his heart smote him, she looked so frail and childish. "Perhaps it is all true, what you have said. Perhaps I am what you think. But what do you know of a woman's heart? What do you know of her inner life and motives? Simply what you observe, and what she is pleased to tell you. Because she does not wear her heart on her sleeve, or surrender it to some man, are you justified in thinking that she is without one? How do you know that she is without one? How do you know that she has not suffered? How do you know that her frivolous life is not an effort to hid it? What right have you to predict pain for her, when—"

She turned away, unable to finish. Dalrymple gazed at her, aghast. Her slender frame was trembling, and for the first time he saw that her eyes looked pained and earnest. He hardly supposed her capable of expressing any emotion save almost childish joy or pleasure; yet now, as he looked at her, he felt as if he had laid bare her quivering soul. He took one step toward her and held out his hand.

"Ma'moiselle," he said softly, "forgive me."

The front door opened, and in an instant the portieres leading from the hall were parted, as Mrs. Coudert entered the room. Dalrymple dropped his hand and turned to greet her. He did not see Ma'moiselle alone after that, and soon took his departure.

As he stepped into the open air he drew a long, deep breath, and almost doubted the reality of the scene he had had with Ma'moiselle. He was glad that Mrs. Coudert had come in just when she did, before he had had time to take back those cruel, truthful things. It had been the hardest task of his life, but he was glad that he had had the strength to say them. It had settled one thing in his mind. She cared for some one else. She had suffered—she, who never seemed to have a care or a serious thought. It was some one whom perhaps she had known in her early youth—some one whom she had sent away and regretted; some one whom she had found out too late that she loved.

A few days later the worst that he had dreaded for his business came upon him. Every day chronicled fresh failures, and in one of the crashes he saw the enterprise that he had given years to building up, totter and fall like a house of cards; the money he had toiled to amass melt before his eyes. In the opinion of the world he was a ruined man, everything—save honor—gone.

There was nothing to do but to begin again. This he preferred to undertake in another city. He settled his affairs as best he could, and prepared to leave town. He had some money, left him by his mother, and he intended to travel a little before he decided where to locate and again begin the battle of life.

He postponed his good-by to Ma'moiselle until the last. He had not seen her since that day when, he now felt, he had presumed—when he had touched upon a wound where he supposed there was nothing but callousness.

She came down in a clinging gown of palest heliotrope, and nestled back among the cushions at one end of the couch. She said that she had not been feeling well; that she certainly must be getting old, for she was developing nerves. And she played with a little gold smelling bottle, holding it occasionally to her nostrils. It was one of her airs, she told him; she never had been known to faint in her life, but simply liked the smell of it. Then there was a little pause in which he felt conscious and constrained, yet could not tell why.

"I am going away, Ma'moiselle," he said at last, looking away from her, "and I could not bear to go without apologizing—without telling you how sorry I am—you understand—for what I said last time."

"Yes," she replied, smiling; "I understand. It was quite tragic, wasn't it? You will let us hear from you—mother and me? We shall be anxious to know what you are doing."

It was plain that she did not wish to talk of that last conversation, and he became more uneasy than ever. He had wanted to say so much about his repentance, but felt that he had been cut off. He sat and gazed quite stupidly at her hands as they played with the vinaigrette, wondering what made them look so different. They were as white as ever, the nails were as carefully manicured, but—they did not seem like the hands of Ma'moiselle.

He had it at last. The fingers did not wear a ring; and he had never seen her without rings before.

"Your hands look strange, Ma'moiselle," he said. "Your rings—part of you, you know—where are they?"

A wave of color rose, dyeing her throat and face. It filled him with amazement. He sprang to his feet, a sudden thought seizing him. Thrusting his hand deep into his pocket, he drew out a draft, signed by the cashier of a well-known bank, but sent to him anonymously. He had not had time to trace it, and did not intend to use it, but believed that some business friend, wishing to help him, had sent it. He gazed now with horror from the slip of paper to the little, ringless hands of Ma'moiselle, then into the eyes that no longer met his, but drooped guiltily.

"Ma'moiselle," he said sternly.

The small hands went up to the face, covering the hot cheeks.

"Ma'moiselle," he repeated less severely, but with reproach in his tones.

Still there was no reply, but the pillows shook, and he knew that she was crying. The next time that he said "Ma'moiselle," it was from his knees beside her, where he gently took the little palms from her face, and looked into her eyes with the lashes all wet. Then he dropped his head on the unadorned fingers, and kissed them reverently.

When he lifted his head again to take her in his arms, something glistened on the hand of Ma'moiselle, but it was not a diamond.—Munsey's Magazine.

Picturesque Names.

In making treaties with China each foreign country has chosen its own name. England is Ying Kwo, the flourishing country; France is Fa Kwo, the law-abiding country; the United States is Mei Kwo, the beautiful country; Germany is Je Kwo, the virtuous country; Italy is I Kwo, the country of justice; Japan is Ji Kwo, the land of the sun, but she prefers to be called Ji Pen, the land of the rising sun.—Detroit Free Press.

Pekin, China, is frozen up for six months of the year, and the inhabitants enjoy ice sledging at Christmas.

MONEY.

NOT POPULAR
CELESTIALS,

is "Cash" and the
Denominations,
of Them Pays
mall Bill.

ink nothing of car-
large part of their
transactions with
as our silver
ch are worth less
of a cent each.
money as a man
pay a bill of a
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gnitude may easily
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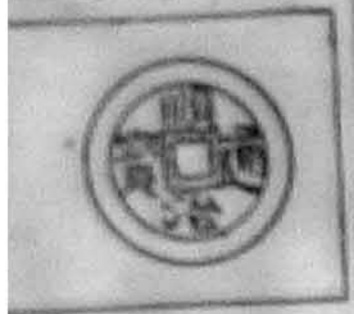
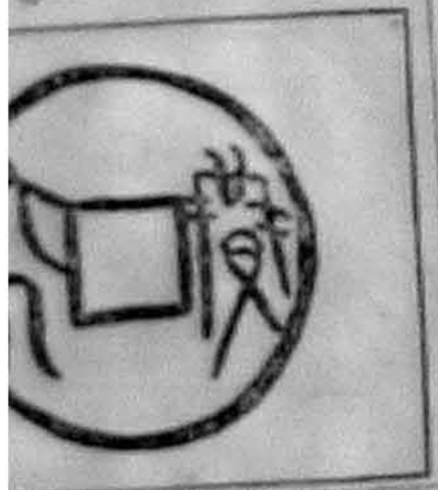


ho Tsoo, 1644-1661. In-
p, "Convenient Gov-
nt Money" (Chinese),
ain-Head of Currency"

are called "cash."
y from seven-eighths of
inch in diameter, and
ole in the centre, and
d in very small amounts
strings.
of this shape and gen-
ave been in circulation
the sixth century, B.
the larger part of that
the only coins in cir-
"cash" now in use is
at coined during the
n as the Ta-Tsing or
asty, beginning with the

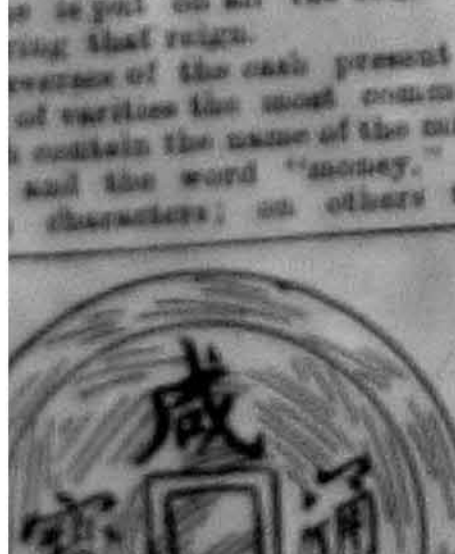
e made of various alloys
nc, lead and tin. The
roportions previous to
pper 50, zinc 41½, lead
ter that time the propor-
anged to equal parts cop-
but they were not always
especially at the provin-
great deal of cash being



Wang of Tchou, 525 B. C. In-
"Valuable Six Hwas"—two be-
of money at that time. Reverse

poorer quality, some contain-
erable iron.
h was all cast, the moulds
e to hold two rows of coins,
llow running through the
which the metal was poured,
ls sometimes holding fifty

ns are very similar in appear-
ing on the obverse, or face,
of the period, or "Nien Hao,"
eigning Emperor, and the
Current money." The name
peror of China—who is styled
Heaven"—is held too sacred
in print, especially on a coin
ass through the hands and is
n the pockets of the common
and consequently a name is
the period of the Emperor's
alled the "Nien Hao," and
e is put on all the coins is-
ing that reign.
everses of the cash present a
of varities the most common
contain the name of the mint
and the word "money," in
characters; on others the

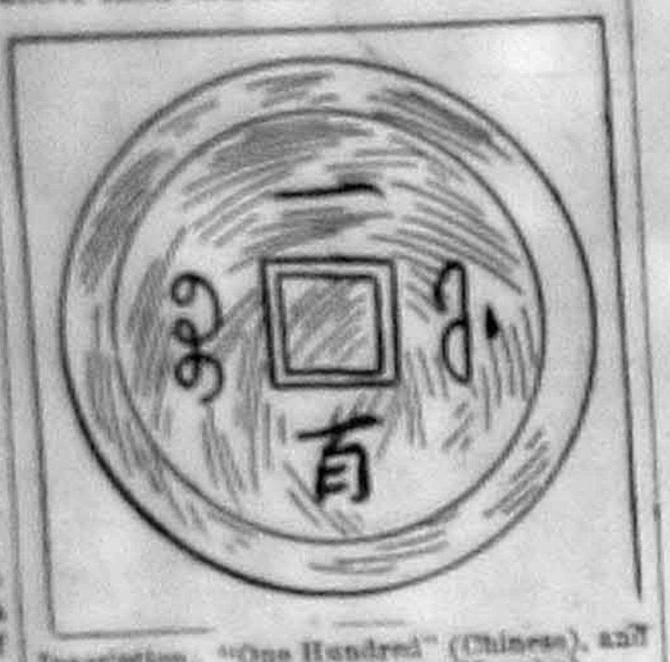


Emperor Wen Tsung, 1851-1862.
"Prevailing Abundance. Cur-
Money."

of the mint is given in Chinese
ters to the right, and same in
the characters to the left. Others
the name of the mint in Chinese
only at the top, right or
and a few have the value in

construction which took place
the beginning of the reign of
Emperor Wen Tsung (1851-62)
a great drain on the Treasury.
meeting the various schemes de-
for the relief of the Government,
the issue of coins of a larger de-

nominations than the cash heretofore in use, having a nominal value much above their intrinsic worth. The coins

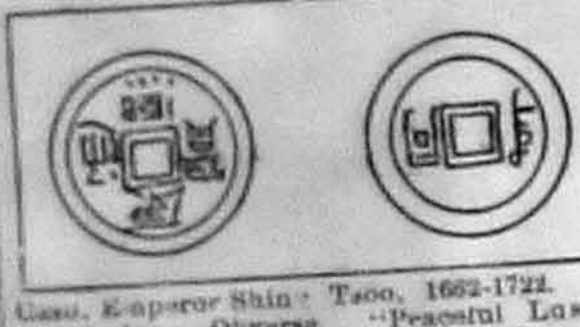


Inscription, "One Hundred" (Chinese), and name of the Fuhchow Mint (Manchu).

were of the nominal value of 5, 10, 20, 50, 100, 200, 300, 400, 500 and 1000 cash. They were not well received by the people and very few were issued of the values above 100 cash.

A new issue of coins, struck with dies—not cast, as heretofore—has recently appeared. This includes a cash of very much improved appearance, and silver pieces of from five cents to dollar size.

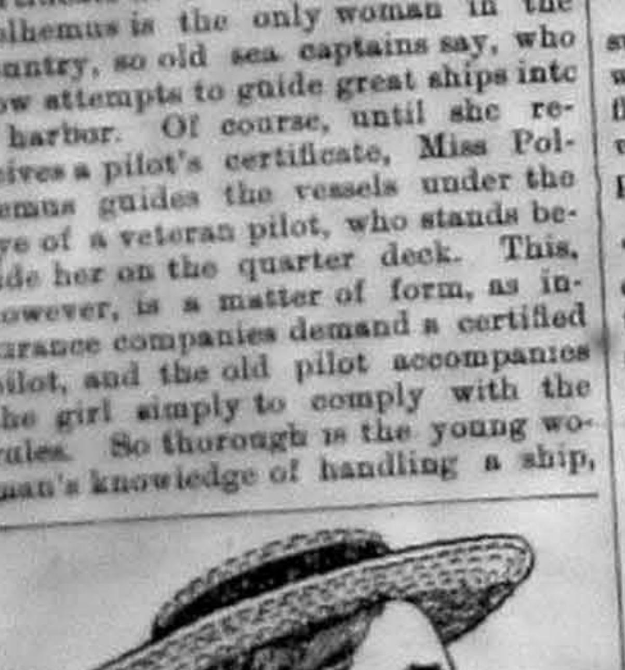
The names of the Nien Hao, or periods of the reigns since the advent of the Manchu dynasty, are: Heavenly Mandate, 1616; Heavenly Intelligence, 1627; Eminent Virtue, 1636; Compliant Government, 1644; Peaceful Luster, 1662; Agreeable Rectitude, 1723; Celestial Support, 1736; Increasing Felicity, 1796; Luster of Reason, 1821; Prevailing Abundance, 1851; United Government, 1862, and Bright Beginning, 1875.—New York World.



Cash, Emperor Shin Tsoo, 1662-1722. Inscription: Obverse, "Peaceful Luster. Current Money" (Chinese). Reverse, name of the mint at Ta-t'ung, in Shanse Province, in Chinese, and the same in Manchu.

A Girl Pilot.

Miss Elizabeth Polhemus, of San Diego, Cal., a twenty-year-old lass, wishing to earn her own living, and having a fondness for the sea, has been qualifying herself as a pilot for ocean vessels entering San Diego Harbor. In a few months, says the New York Times, she expects to pass the examination required by the State Board of Pilot Commissioners and receive her certificate as a first class pilot. Miss Polhemus is the only woman in the country, so old sea captains say, who now attempts to guide great ships into a harbor. Of course, until she receives a pilot's certificate, Miss Polhemus guides the vessels under the eye of a veteran pilot, who stands beside her on the quarter deck. This, however, is a matter of form, as insurance companies demand a certified pilot, and the old pilot accompanies the girl simply to comply with the rules. So thorough is the young woman's knowledge of handling a ship,

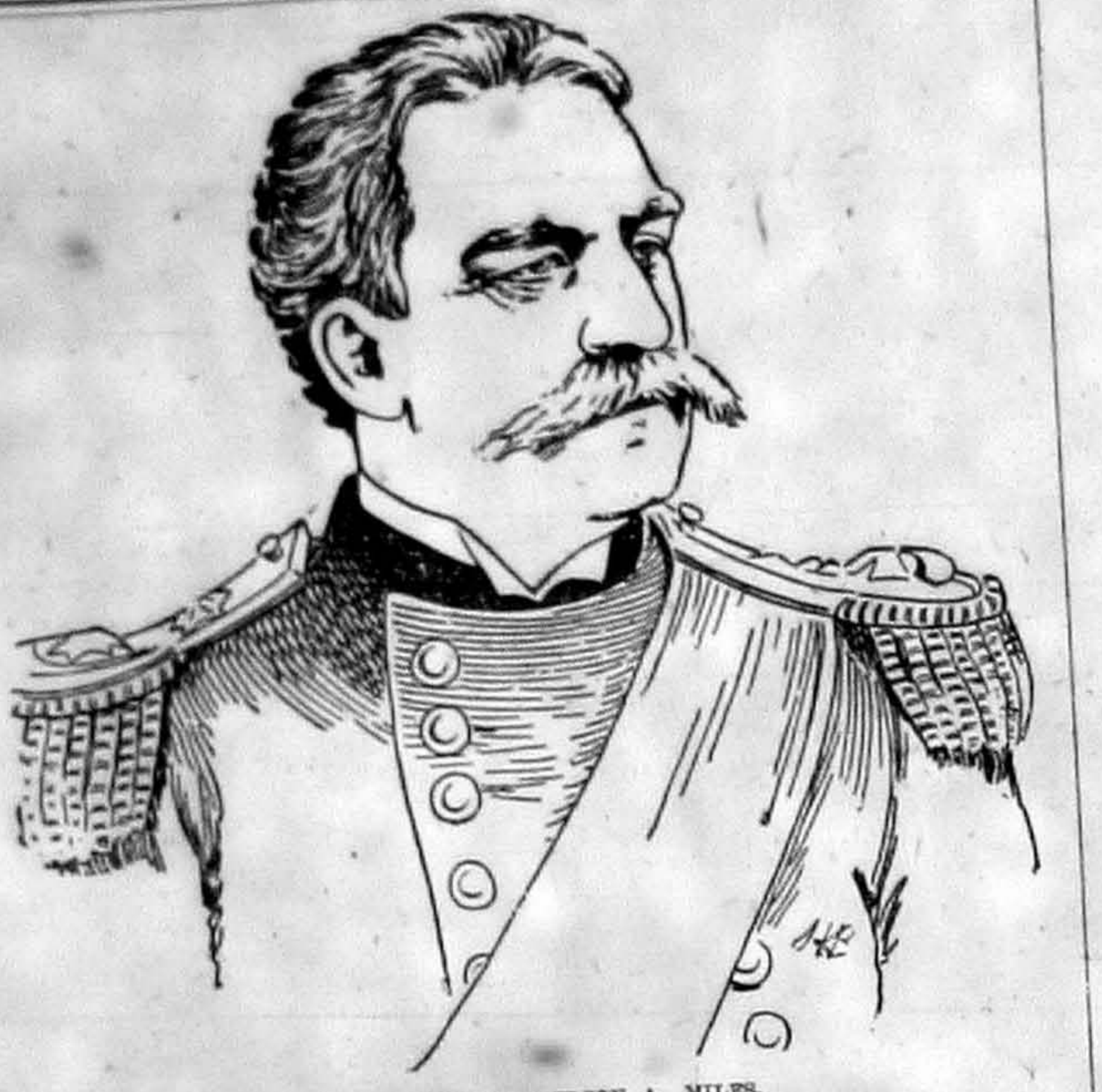


ELIZABETH POLHEMUS.

and of the reefs, shoals, currents and air-currents of San Diego Harbor, that the old pilots who have instructed her in this difficult work seldom have a word to say in criticism of her management, and for six months it has not been necessary to change one of her orders when bringing a ship into port.

When Miss Polhemus gets her pilot's certificate her fees for bringing in a vessel will be $5 per foot on the draught of a vessel and four cents per ton. A three-thousand-ton ship, drawing twenty feet, would pay the pilot $220. The pilots have a lookout station on Point Loma, and, unless a vessel is expected during the night, their trim schooners can lie in their berths inside the point, and put to sea only when a vessel is sighted. It is not necessary for them to cruise up and down the coast, as do the New York pilots.

It is reported that the fine docks opened at Suez twenty-five years ago, before the Suez Canal became available, have fallen into a sad state of disrepair. The quays are tumbling to pieces and the basins slowly filling up by the sand discharged from the canal. The docks cost $5,000,000 and still have a certain utility if kept in fair condition.



MAJOR-GENERAL NELSON A. MILES.

The New Commander of the Department of the East, with headquarters at Governor's Island, New York.

General Nelson A. Miles.

General Nelson A. Miles is remarkable for three things, says the New York World. He has had extraordinary success as an Indian fighter. He took command at Chicago during the railroad riots of last summer and summarily suppressed the "Debs rebellion." But the most extraordinary thing about him, in the minds of military men, is that he should have risen to high command in the army as at present constituted without being a graduate of West Point.

When he took command of the Military Department of the East, with headquarters on Governor's Island, he entered upon the duties of an office which has nearly always been filled by graduates of this noted military school. All of the Generals on both sides who rose to supreme distinction during the Civil War were graduates of West Point. Then was the time for volunteer soldiers to rise to the top, but they did not do so.

After the restoration of peace it was not supposed that anybody but West Pointers would stand much chance of rising to high command. With the army on a peace footing, promotion would take its regular course and officers would have little or no chance to distinguish themselves in active service.

But here is an officer whose greatest success have been achieved since the war, and who did not receive the benefit of the severe military training with which the United States Government prepares its officers for the army.

People occasionally hear about the "West Point ring," which is said to control the army. There is supposed to be a prejudice in army circles against any man who has not gone through the regular course at the West Point Academy. Difficulties are believed to be thrown in the way of advancement of volunteer soldiers, and the West Pointers are by many thought to keep the good things among themselves.

But the career of General Miles does not show this to be so. With many of the qualities of a great commander he has risen to the top by natural force of character, and if he had graduated from West Point instead of going into the service as a volunteer soldier he would perhaps be no higher than he is at present.

It will be nine years now before General Miles will be placed upon the retired list. Within the next year he will have become the senior officer of the army, with headquarters in Washington, occupying at the age of fifty-seven the exalted position held by Grant, Sherman and Sheridan as Commander of the Army of the United States.

A companion in arms writing of General Miles says:

"General Miles is in stature slightly above the average height, well proportioned, broad-chested, deep-lunged and straight as an arrow. His sentences are clear-cut and pertinent. He has the faculty of being able to say the right thing in the right way. His memory is remarkably retentive of what he sees in the line of his experience, and he is always ready with some apt illustration to fit the subject under discussion. His most marked intellectual characteristics doubtless are his common sense and his absolute self-reliance."

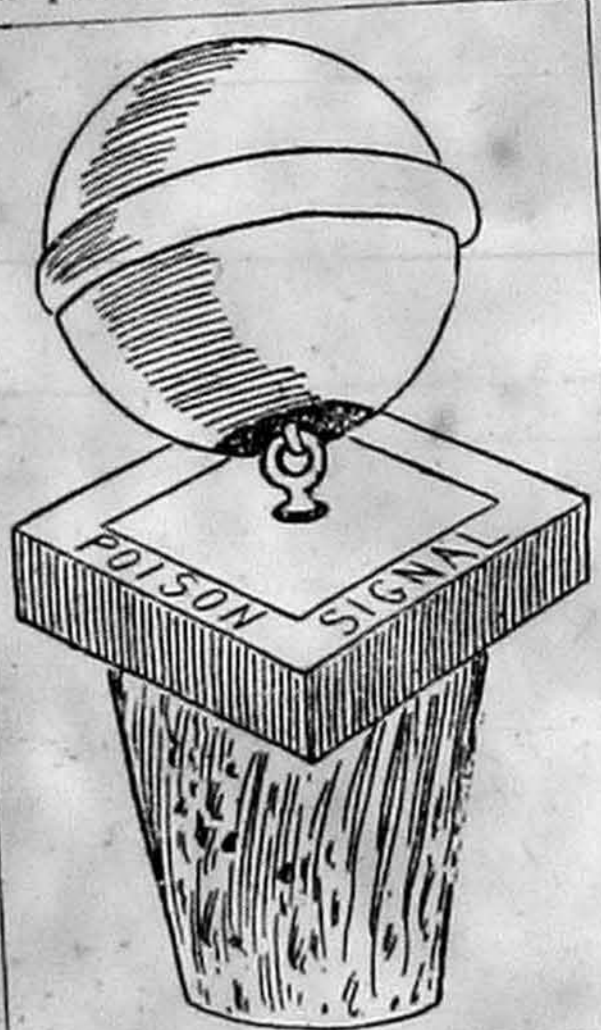
General Miles was married in 1868 to Miss Mary Sherman, of Cleveland, Ohio, daughter of the late Judge Sherman and a niece of Senator John Sherman.

In addition to the salary of $8000 a year all French Ambassadors receive large sums for official expenses. The amounts run as follows: The Ambassador at Washington, $10,000; Madrid, $16,000; Constantinople, $18,000; Berlin, $20,000; Vienna, $26,000; London, $32,000, and St. Petersburg, $34,000 a year.

A Poison Signal.

A novel and simple device for the prevention of accidental poisoning is shown herewith, and it appears to very effectively answer the purpose for which it is intended.

It consists, as will be seen by the accompanying illustration, of a bell so fastened to a capped cork that, it is claimed, the bottle cannot be taken up, much less the cork removed, without producing a tinkle, just loud

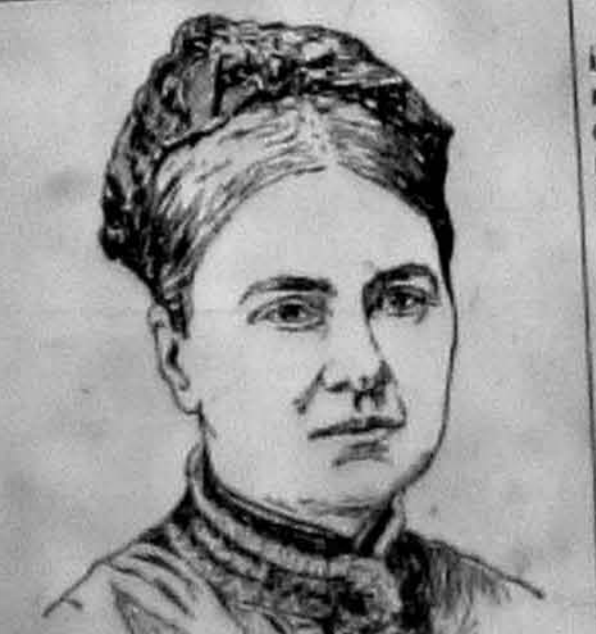


enough to warn the nurse, but not loud enough to disturb the patient. Obviously such a signal would be as effectual in the dark as in the daylight. A cord is attached to the bell with which it is tied to the neck of the bottle.

Those who know how many lives are lost yearly through accidental poisoning will appreciate the value of this safeguard. It has been submitted, we are informed, to most of the coroners in the country, and many of them, besides expressing the fullest approval of it to the patentee, have publicly recommended its use.

A Remarkable Woman.

Countess Tolstoi, wife of the great Russian reformer, is a remarkable woman, who received a diploma from the Moscow University at the age of seventeen, was married when she was eighteen, and her husband twenty years older, and is now, after thirty-one years of married life, the mother



COUNTESS TOLSTOI.

of nine children, and her husband's potent aid in his literary labors. Until her children are ten years old she makes all their clothes. She copies and recopies her husband's manuscript, a task the difficulty of which is increased by the self-invented shorthand in which Count Tolstoi sets down his composition.

THE MODERN GAME

How they jam 'em,
How they ram 'em,
How they slam 'em,
In the football game!

How they squirm with
Ghoulish joy,
When they've killed
Some bright young boy!
How they roar and
How they laugh
When they've crushed
Some youth in half,
In the football game!

How they mangle,
How they strangle,
How they wrangle,
In the football game!

How sweetly soft
Their joyous tones,
Mingled with the
Awful groans!
Listen to their
Happy cries
When they've knocked
Out some one's eyes,
In the football game!
—Harold McGrath, in Truth.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Keep off the grass--Lawn mowers.

A theorist is a man with perfect confidence in his imagination.

The competition of vanity has done much to swell many a fund for charity.

It is the first step that costs; and sometimes it costs so much that we can't afford to take a second.

A gallant youth—a pretty miss—
A trolley car that's dark—
Would it be right to say that this
Was an electric spark?
—New York Herald.

The same woman who laughed at you with riches, will smile with you at poverty—if she takes the notion.—Puck.

"I'll tell you a tale that is positively hair raising." "For Jupiter's sake, tell it to Jobson; he's bald headed!"—Judge.

Some men show remarkably good taste in their selection of ties until they put their necks into the matrimonial halter.—Statesman.

"Virtue lends dignity to a man, but wickedness sometimes lends dollars," said a cynic who had never dared to tell a lie."—Puck.

Bacon—"It's not difficult, nowadays, to get men to do your bidding." Egbert—"No; I've often noticed the dummies about an auction room."

Can a woman a secret keep?
There is one such, I'll engage,
As the years upon her creep—
'Tis the secret of her age.
—Judge.

The man who never knows when he is beaten would be perfectly happy if he could get rid of the suspicion that other people may be better posted.—Puck.

Miss Hasbeen--"I'm very tired after the party last night." Little Ethel—"Yes, you must be. Sister says you held the wall up the whole evening."—Brooklyn Life.

She—"I like this place immensely since they have had the new French chef." He (weak in his French, but generous to a fault)--"Waitah, bring chef for two."--Harlem Life.

Mr. Snapp—"Is the gentleman in the next room a somnambulist?" Landlady—"Gracious goodness, no; for generations back they've all been Baptists."—Chicago Record.

There's heads and heads and heads and heads,
Long heads, round heads, and flats;
Some heads are made to carry brains,
And some just carry hats.
—Spare Moments.

Patron (to laundryman)-- "John, how did it happen that the Japanese killed so many Chinamen in the last battle?" John—"Notee know. Maybee bigee rain makee bad runnee."—New York Weekly.

"I don't see how you dare trust yourself to young Dr. Pills. He hasn't any patients." "That's just the point. He strains every nerve to keep me alive; I'm his only source of income."—Harper's Bazar.

"Every tree can be distinguished by its bark," said Twynn. "I deny that," replied Triplett. "Name one that cannot." "I maintain that a single tree cannot be distinguished by its bark."—Detroit Free Press.

"And what kind of a chin has she?" she asked, as he paused in the middle of an attempt at description of her features. "A movable one," said he, after a moment's sober thought. And then he heaved a deep and pensive sigh.—Somerville Journal.

The poet was in a brown study, and his wife was sewing over by the window. "A penny for your thoughts, Algernon," she said, looking up at him. "That's just it, my dear," he replied. "A penny is about all I can get for them, and that's what worries me."—Detroit Free Press.

High Price for a Bull.

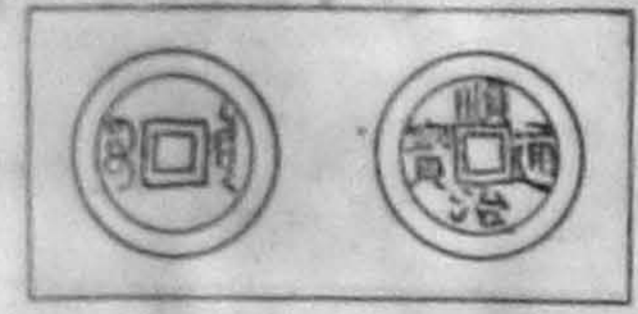
At a recent sale of Aberdeen-Angus cattle, the property of a Mr. Grant, of Scotland, the yearling bull, Boaz, sold for $1450, claimed to be the highest price ever paid for a bull of the breed. He was bought for an Irish breeder. The average for the forty-two animals sold was about $180 each.—New York World.

CHINESE MONEY.

LARGE COINS ARE NOT POPULAR AMONG THE CELESTIALS.

All Money in China is "Cash" and the Coins Are of Small Denominations, so That a Lot of Them Pays Only a Small Bill.

IN China they think nothing of carrying out a large part of their ready money transactions with coins as large as our silver quarters, and which are worth less than one-tenth of a cent each. It takes as much money as a man can well carry to pay a bill of a very few dollars, and a transaction of no very great magnitude may easily require a cart-load of money.

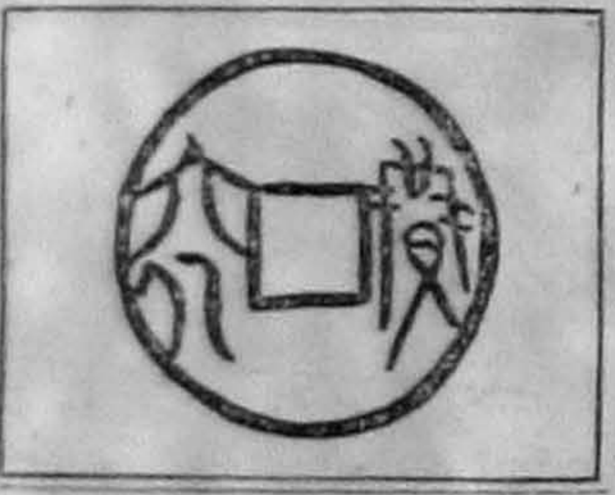


Cash, Emperor, Shu Tsao, 1644-1661. Inscription: Obverse, "Compliant Government, Current Money" (Chinese). Reverse, "Fountain-Head of Currency" (Manchu).

These coins are called "cash." They are usually from seven-eighths of an inch to one inch in diameter, and have a square hole in the centre, and except when used in very small amounts are carried on strings.

Though coins of this shape and general character have been in circulation in China since the sixth century, B. C., and during the larger part of that time have been the only coins in circulation, the "cash" now in use is principally that coined during the present—known as the Ta-Tsing or Manchu—dynasty, beginning with the year 1616.

The coins are made of various alloys of copper, zinc, lead and tin. The authorized proportions previous to 1722 were copper 50, zinc 41½, lead 6½, tin 2. After that time the proportions were changed to equal parts copper and zinc, but they were not always adhered to, especially at the provincial mints, a great deal of cash being of much poorer quality, some containing considerable iron.

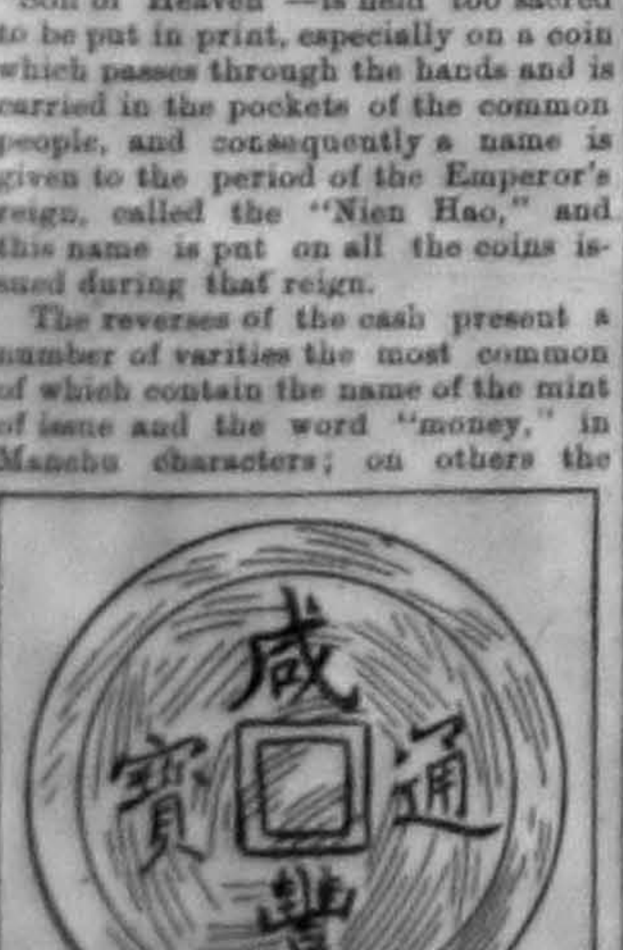


Coin of King Wang of Tchou, 523 B. C. Inscription, "Valuable Six Hwas"—hwa being a unit of money at that time. Reverse blank.

The cash was all cast, the moulds being made to hold two rows of coins, with a hollow running through the centre, in which the metal was poured, the moulds sometimes holding fifty coins.

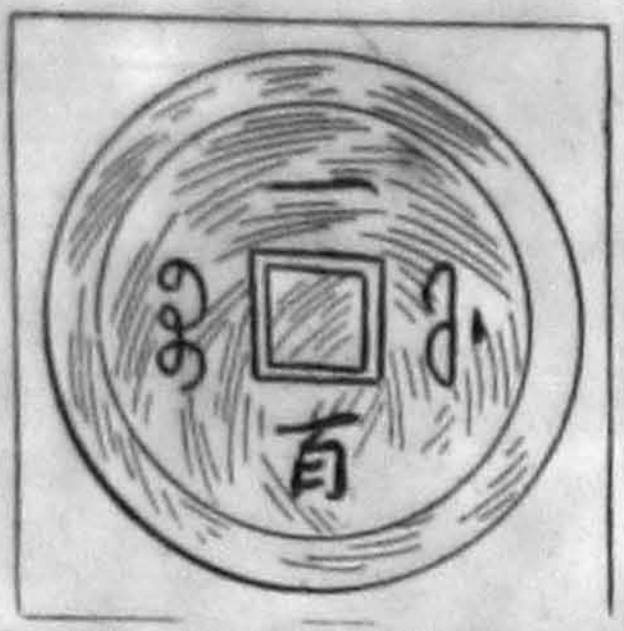
The coins are very similar in appearance, having on the obverse, or face, the name of the period, or "Nien Hao," of the reigning Emperor, and the words, "Current money." The name of the Emperor of China—who is styled "Son of Heaven"—is held too sacred to be put in print, especially on a coin which passes through the hands and is carried in the pockets of the common people, and consequently a name is given to the period of the Emperor's reign, called the "Nien Hao," and this name is put on all the coins issued during that reign.

The reverses of the cash present a number of varities the most common of which contain the name of the mint of issue and the word "money," in Manchu characters; on others the name of the mint is given in Chinese characters to the right, and same in Manchu characters to the left. Others have the name of the mint in Chinese characters only at the top, right or left side, and a few have the value in addition.



100 Cash, Emperor Wen Tsung, 1851-1862. Inscription: "Prevailing Abundance. Current Money."

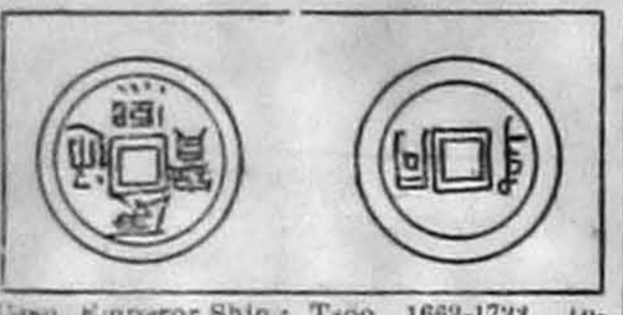
The insurrection which took place about the beginning of the reign of the Emperor Wen Tsung (1851-62) caused a great drain on the Treasury, and, among the various schemes devised for the relief of the Government, was the issue of coins of a larger denominations than the cash heretofore in use, having a nominal value much above their intrinsic worth. The coins were of the nominal value of 5, 10, 20, 50, 100, 200, 300, 400, 500 and 1000 cash. They were not well received by the people and very few were issued of the values above 100 cash.



Inscription, "One Hundred" (Chinese), and name of the Fuhchow Mint (Manchu).

A new issue of coins, struck with dies—not cast, as heretofore—has recently appeared. This includes a cash of very much improved appearance, and silver pieces of from five cents to dollar size.

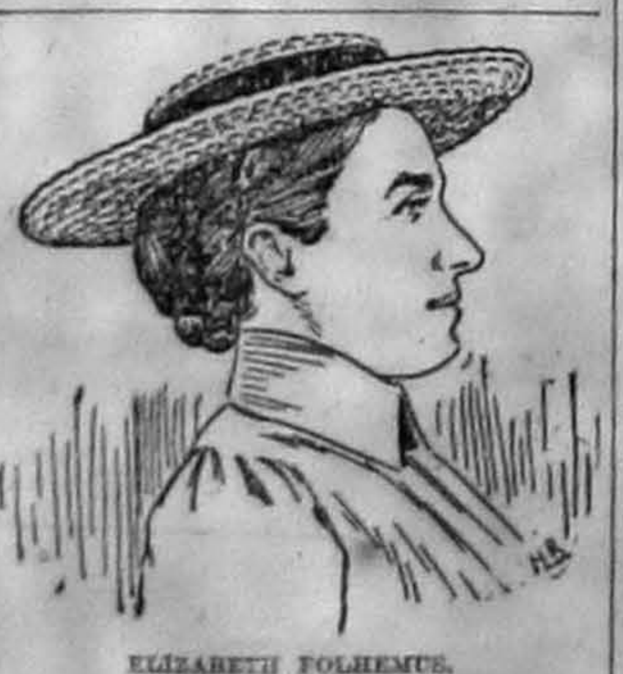
The names of the Nien Hao, or periods of the reigns since the advent of the Manchu dynasty, are: Heavenly Mandate, 1616; Heavenly Intelligence, 1627; Eminent Virtue, 1636; Compliant Government, 1644; Peaceful Luster, 1662; Agreeable Rectitude, 1723; Celestial Support, 1736; Increasing Felicity, 1796; Luster of Reason, 1821; Prevailing Abundance, 1851; United Government, 1862, and Bright Beginning, 1875.—New York World.



Cash, Emperor Shin: Tsoo, 1662-1722. Inscription: Obverse, "Peaceful Luster. Current Money" (Chinese). Reverse, name of the mint at Ta-t'ung, in Shanse Province, in Chinese, and the same in Manchu.

A Girl Pilot.

Miss Elizabeth Polhemus, of San Diego, Cal., a twenty-year-old lass, wishing to earn her own living, and having a fondness for the sea, has been qualifying herself as a pilot for ocean vessels entering San Diego Harbor. In a few months, says the New York Times, she expects to pass the examination required by the State Board of Pilot Commissioners and receive her certificate as a first class pilot. Miss Polhemus is the only woman in the country, so old sea captains say, who now attempts to guide great ships into a harbor. Of course, until she receives a pilot's certificate, Miss Polhemus guides the vessels under the eye of a veteran pilot, who stands beside her on the quarter deck. This, however, is a matter of form, as insurance companies demand a certified pilot, and the old pilot accompanies the girl simply to comply with the rules. So thorough is the young woman's knowledge of handling a ship, and of the reefs, shoals, currents and air-currents of San Diego Harbor, that the old pilots who have instructed her in this difficult work seldom have a word to say in criticism of her management, and for six months it has not been necessary to change one of her orders when bringing a ship into port.

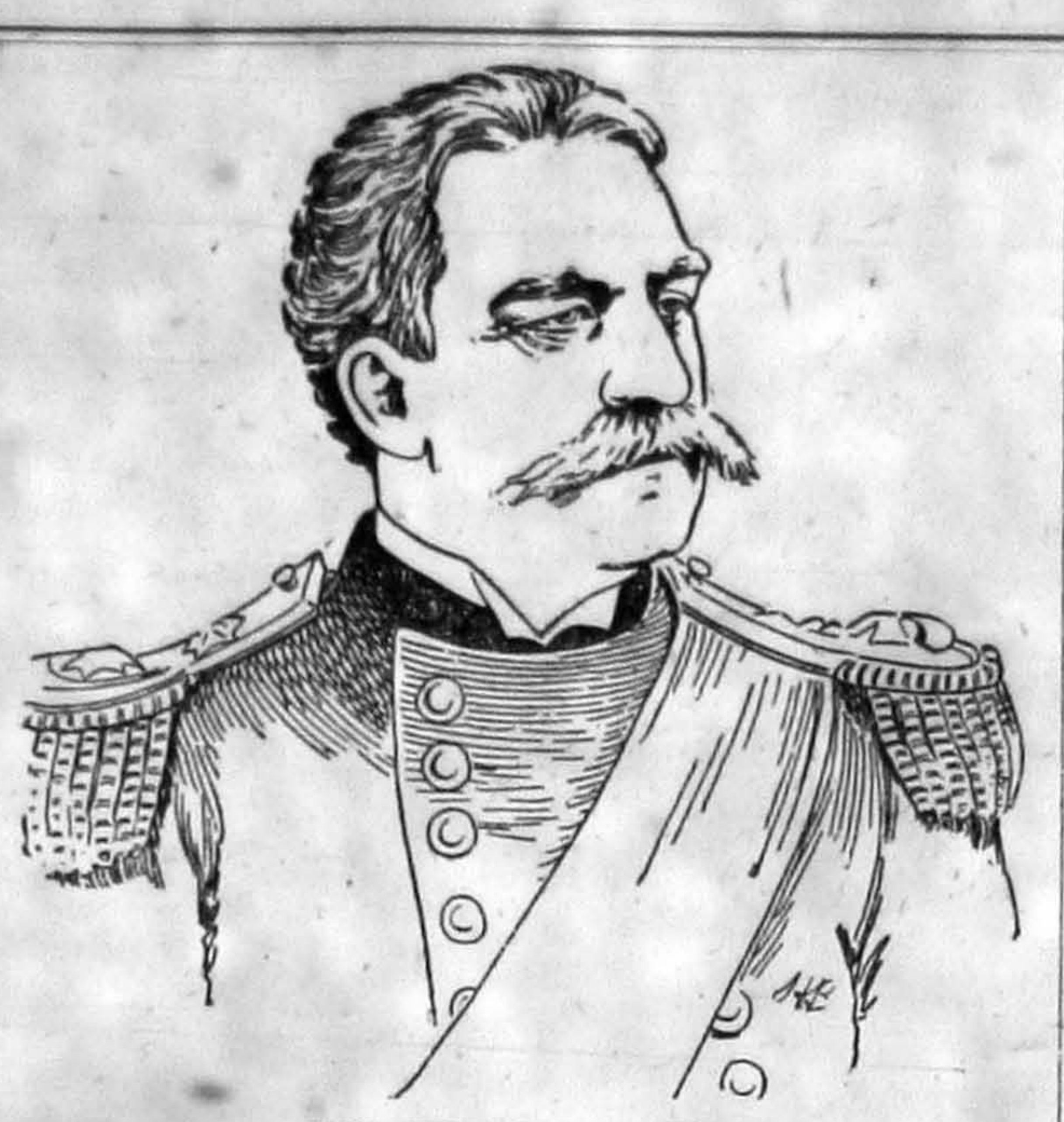


ELIZABETH POLHEMUS.

When Miss Polhemus gets her pilot's certificate her fees for bringing in a vessel will be $5 per foot on the draught of a vessel and four cents per ton. A three-thousand-ton ship, drawing twenty feet, would pay the pilot $220. The pilots have a lookout station on Point Loma, and, unless a vessel is expected during the night, their trim schooners can lie in their berths inside the point, and put to sea only when a vessel is sighted. It is not necessary for them to cruise up and down the coast, as do the New York pilots.

* * *

It is reported that the fine docks opened at Suez twenty-five years ago, before the Suez Canal became available, have fallen into a sad state of disrepair. The quays are tumbling to pieces and the basins slowly filling up by the sand discharged from the canal. The docks cost $5,000,000 and still have a certain utility if kept in fair condition.



MAJOR-GENERAL NELSON A. MILES.

The New Commander of the Department of the East, with headquarters at Governor's Island, New York.

General Nelson A. Miles.

General Nelson A. Miles is remarkable for three things, says the New York World. He has had extraordinary success as an Indian fighter. He took command at Chicago during the railroad riots of last summer and summarily suppressed the "Debs rebellion." But the most extraordinary thing about him, in the minds of military men, is that he should have risen to high command in the army as at present constituted without being a graduate of West Point.

When he took command of the Military Department of the East, with headquarters on Governor's Island, he entered upon the duties of an office which has nearly always been filled by graduates of this noted military school. All of the Generals on both sides who rose to supreme distinction during the Civil War were graduates of West Point. Then was the time for volunteer soldiers to rise to the top, but they did not do so.

After the restoration of peace it was not supposed that anybody but West Pointers would stand much chance of rising to high command. With the army on a peace footing, promotion would take its regular course and officers would have little or no chance to distinguish themselves in active service.

But here is an officer whose greatest success have been achieved since the war, and who did not receive the benefit of the severe military training with which the United States Government prepares its officers for the army.

People occasionally hear about the "West Point ring," which is said to control the army. There is supposed to be a prejudice in army circles against any man who has not gone through the regular course at the West Point Academy. Difficulties are believed to be thrown in the way of advancement of volunteer soldiers, and the West Pointers are by many thought to keep the good things among themselves.

But the career of General Miles does not show this to be so. With many of the qualities of a great commander he has risen to the top by natural force of character, and if he had graduated from West Point instead of going into the service as a volunteer soldier he would perhaps be no higher than he is at present.

It will be nine years now before General Miles will be placed upon the retired list. Within the next year he will have become the senior officer of the army, with headquarters in Washington, occupying at the age of fifty-seven the exalted position held by Grant, Sherman and Sheridan as Commander of the Army of the United States.

A companion in arms writing of General Miles says:

"General Miles is in stature slightly above the average height, well proportioned, broad-chested, deep-lunged and straight as an arrow. His sentences are clear-cut and pertinent. He has the faculty of being able to say the right thing in the right way. His memory is remarkably retentive of what he sees in the line of his experience, and he is always ready with some apt illustration to fit the subject under discussion. His most marked intellectual characteristics doubtless are his common sense and his absolute self-reliance."

General Miles was married in 1868 to Miss Mary Sherman, of Cleveland, Ohio, daughter of the late Judge Sherman and a niece of Senator John Sherman.

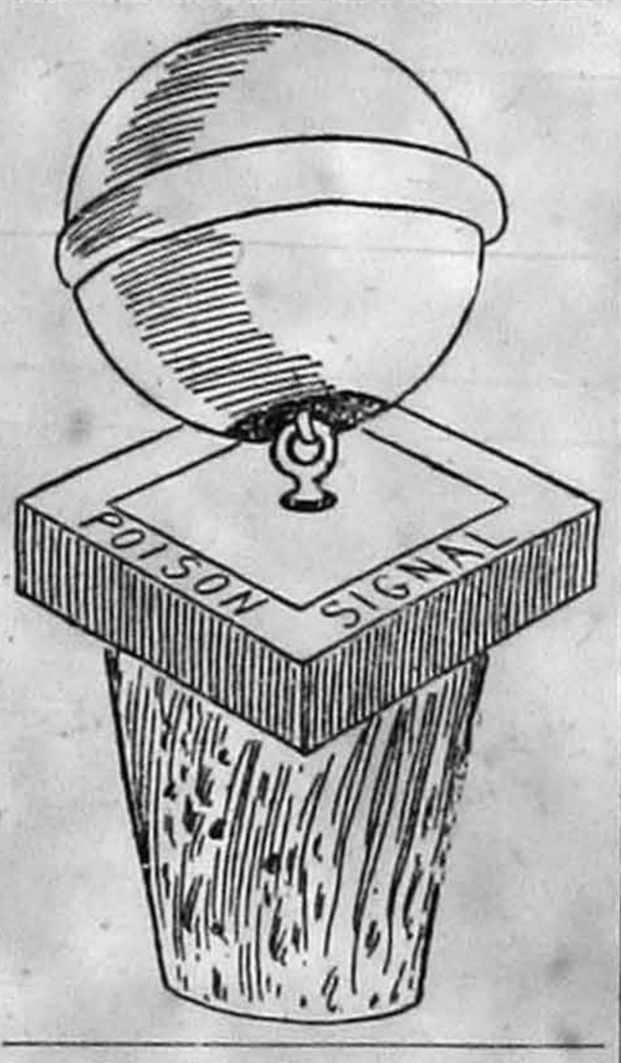
* * *

In addition to the salary of $8000 a year all French Ambassadors receive large sums for official expenses. The amounts run as follows: The Ambassador at Washington, $19,000; Madrid, $16,000; Constantinople, $18,000; Berlin, $20,000; Vienna, $26,000; London, $32,000, and St. Petersburg, $34,000 a year.

A Poison Signal.

A novel and simple device for the prevention of accidental poisoning is shown herewith, and it appears to very effectively answer the purpose for which it is intended.

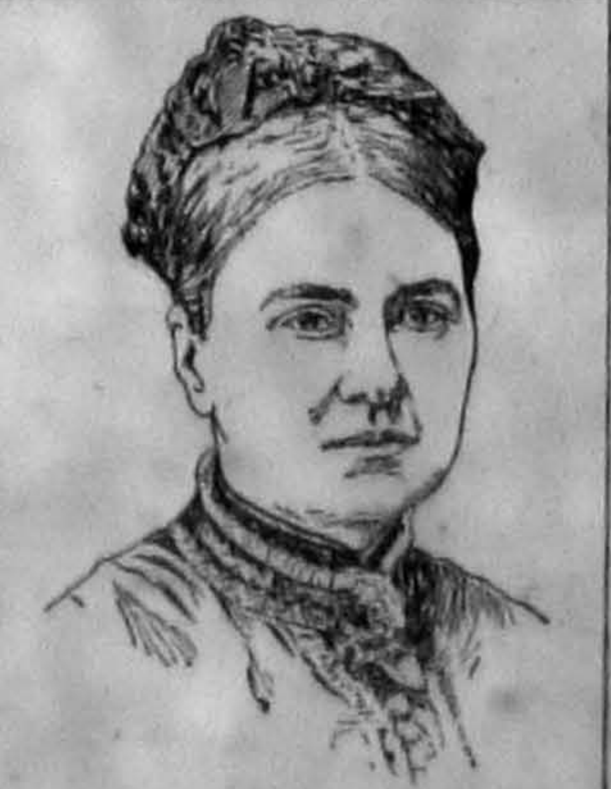
It consists, as will be seen by the accompanying illustration, of a bell so fastened to a capped cork that, it is claimed, the bottle cannot be taken up, much less the cork removed, without producing a tinkle, just loud enough to warn the nurse, but not loud enough to disturb the patient. Obviously such a signal would be as effectual in the dark as in the daylight. A cord is attached to the bell with which it is tied to the neck of the bottle.



Those who know how many lives are lost yearly through accidental poisoning will appreciate the value of this safeguard. It has been submitted, we are informed, to most of the coroners in the country, and many of them, besides expressing the fullest approval of it to the patentee, have publicly recommended its use.

A Remarkable Woman.

Countess Tolstoi, wife of the great Russian reformer, is a remarkable woman, who received a diploma from the Moscow University at the age of seventeen, was married when she was eighteen, and her husband twenty years older, and is now, after thirty-one years of married life, the mother of nine children, and her husband's potent aid in his literary labors. Until her children are ten years old she makes all their clothes. She copies and recopies her husband's manuscript, a task the difficulty of which is increased by the self-invented shorthand in which Count Tolstoi sets down his composition.



COUNTESS TOLSTOI.

THE MODERN GAME

How they jam 'em,
How they ram 'em,
How they slam 'em,
In the football game!

How they squirm with
Ghoulish joy,
When they've killed
Some bright young boy!
How they roar and
How they laugh
When they've crushed
Some youth in half,
In the football game!

How they mangle,
How they strangle,
How they wrangle,
In the football game!

How sweetly soft
Their joyous tones,
Mingled with the
Awful groans!
Listen to their
Happy cries
When they're knocked
Out some one's eyes,
In the football game!
—Harold McGrath, in Truth.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Keep off the grass—Lawn mowers.

A theorist is a man with perfect confidence in his imagination.

The competition of vanity has done much to swell many a fund for charity.

It is the first step that costs; and sometimes it costs so much that we can't afford to take a second.

A gallant youth—a pretty miss—
A trolley car that's dark—
Would it be right to say that this
Was an electric spark?
—New York Herald.

The same woman who laughed at you with riches, will smile with you at poverty—if she takes the notion.—Puck.

"I'll tell you a tale that is positively hair raising." "For Jupiter's sake, tell it to Jobson; he's bald headed!"—Judge.

Some men show remarkably good taste in their selection of ties until they put their necks into the matrimonial halter.—Statesman.

"Virtue lends dignity to a man, but wickedness sometimes lends dollars," said a cynic who had never dared to tell a lie."—Puck.

Bacon—"It's not difficult, nowadays, to get men to do your bidding." Egbert—"No; I've often noticed the dummies about an auction room."

Can a woman a secret keep?
There is one such, I'll engage,
As the years upon her creep—
'Tis the secret of her age.
—Judge.

The man who never knows when he is beaten would be perfectly happy if he could get rid of the suspicion that other people may be better posted.—Puck.

Miss Hasbeen—"I'm very tired after the party last night." Little Ethel—"Yes, you must be. Sister says you held the wall up the whole evening."—Brooklyn Life.

She—"I like this place immensely since they have had the new French chef." He (weak in his French, but generous to a fault)—"Waitah, bring chef for two."—Harlem Life.

Mr. Snapp—"Is the gentleman in the next room a somnambulist?" Landlady—"Gracious goodness, no; for generations back they've all been Baptists."—Chicago Record.

There's heads and heads and heads and heads,
Long heads, round heads, and flats;
Some heads are made to carry brains,
And some just carry hats.
—Spare Moments.

Patron (to laundryman)—"John, how did it happen that the Japanese killed so many Chinamen in the last battle?" John—"Notee know. Maybee bigee rain makee bad runnee."—New York Weekly.

"I don't see how you dare trust yourself to young Dr. Pills. He hasn't any patients." "That's just the point. He strains every nerve to keep me alive; I'm his only source of income."—Harper's Bazar.

"Every tree can be distinguished by its bark," said Twynn. "I deny that," replied Triplett. "Name one that cannot." "I maintain that a single-tree cannot be distinguished by its bark."—Detroit Free Press.

"And what kind of a chin has she?" she asked, as he paused in the middle of an attempt at description of her features. "A movable one," said he, after a moment's sober thought. And then he heaved a deep and pensive sigh.—Somerville Journal.

The poet was in a brown study, and his wife was sewing over by the window. "A penny for your thoughts, Algernon," she said, looking up at him. "That's just it, my dear," he replied. "A penny is about all I can get for them, and that's what worries me."—Detroit Free Press.

High Price for a Bull.

At a recent sale of Aberdeen-Angus cattle, the property of a Mr. Grant, of Scotland, the yearling bull, Boaz, sold for $1450, claimed to be the highest price ever paid for a bull of the breed. He was bought for an Irish breeder. The average for the forty-two animals sold was about $180 each.—New York World.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE,
Marlinton, W. Va.,
April 23, 1895,

D. W. Sharp
vs. } *In Chancery.*
S. L. Barlow, et als.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered in the above styled cause on the 2d day of April, 1895, I will, as Commissioner appointed in said decree, proceed at my office in the town of Marlinton, West Virginia, on the 29th day of May, 1895, to take, state, and report to Court at its next term the following matters, viz:

1st—An account of all liens upon the land of the defendant, Silas L. Barlow, with their respective amounts and priorities, showing to whom such amounts are due and payable.

2d—A statement showing all the lands owned by the defendant, Silas L. Barlow, together with the fee simple and rental value thereof.

3d—Any other matter deemed pertinent by myself or required by any party in interest.

Given under my hand this 23d day of April, 1895.

W. A. BRATTON,
Commissioner.

NOTICE TO LIEN-HOLDERS.

To all persons holding liens by judgment or otherwise on the real estate or any part thereof of Silas L. Barlow:

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said Silas L. Barlow to the satisfaction of the liens thereon, you are hereby required to present all claims held by you and each of you against the said Silas L. Barlow, which are liens on his real estate or any part of it, for adjudication to me at my office in the town of Marlinton, in said county, on or before the 29th day of May, 1895.

Given under my hand this 23d day of April, 1895.

W. A. BRATTON,
a264) Commissioner.

Commissioner's Notice.

At a Circuit Court continued and held for the county of Pocahontas, at the court-house thereof, on Thursday, April 4th, 1895.

State of West Virginia
vs.
One hundred acres
and
Fifteen acres

In the matter of forfeited lands.

On motion of B. M. Yeager, Commissioner of School Lands of this county, the above cause of the State of West Virginia *vs.* One Hundred Acres and Fifteen Acres is referred to N. C. McNeil, one of the Commissioners of this Court, who shall take, state, and report to court the following matters of account, viz:

1st—Whether or not the two tracts set forth in the bill as waste and unappropriated lands, are really waste and unappropriated.

2d—If waste and unappropriated the exact location of said tracts, and all other things required to be reported under chapter 105 of the code of West Virginia, 1891, as amended by the Acts of West Virginia, 1893.

But before proceeding to take and state and report he shall publish in the POCAHONTAS TIMES, a newspaper published in this county, and post at the front door of the court house for four consecutive weeks, a notice of the time and place of taking said account.

A copy, Teste:
J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

The plaintiff and all unknown claimants of any part or parcel of the above named 100 acre and 15 acre tracts of land, will take notice that on the 20th day of May, 1895, at my office in the town of Marlinton, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, I will commence the discharge of my duties under above decree, at which time and place you and each of you can attend and protect and defend any interests you may have in said tracts of land Given under my hand this 17th day of April, 1895. N. C. McNEIL,
a19 4t.] Commissioner.

Notice to Trespassers.

All are hereby notified not to trespass on my land in any way by hunting, fishing, tearing down fences or by grazing or salting stock on the mountain land belonging to the St. Lawrence Company, which adjoins my farm, and is now in my possession. WM. L. HARPER,
April 10, 1895.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE,
Marlinton, W. Va., Apr 23, 1895.

Andrew C. Wooddell's adm'r.
vs.
Andrew C. Wooddell's heirs, et als.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered in the above styled cause on the 2d day of April, 1895, I will, as Commissioner appointed in said decree, proceed at my office in the town of Marlinton, in said county, on the first day of June, 1895, to take, state, and report the following matters of account, towit:

1st.—A statement of the accounts of Levi Gay as Administrator of Andrew C. Wooddell.

2d.—An account of debts due from Andrew C. Wooddell at the time of his death, with their amounts, priorities, and to whom due.

3d.—A settlement of the partnership accounts of Andrew C. Wooddell and W. A. Shearer, who were partners in running and operating a steam sawmill at the time of the death of the said A. C. Wooddell.

4th.—A statement showing whether A. C. Wooddell was insolvent at the time he executed the trust deeds to S. B. Moore and Lloyd Moore of which attested copies are filed as parts of the bill in the aforesaid cause, marked Exhibits "E" and "H" respectively.

5th.—A statement showing what will be a reasonable fee to allow plaintiff's attorney for prosecuting this suit.

6th.—Any other matter deemed pertinent or required by any party in interest.

And if for any reason the said report shall not be completed on said day, the same shall be continued from day to day until completed.

Given under my hand this 23d day of April, 1895.

W. A. BRATTON,
a264 Commissioner.

Notice to Creditors.

To the Creditors of Andrew C. Wooddell, Deceased:

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said Andrew C. Wooddell to the payment of his debts, you are hereby required to present your claims against the estate of the said Andrew C. Wooddell, for adjudication to W. A. Bratton, Commissioner, at his office in the said office on or before the 1st day of June, 1895.

Witness, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said Court, this 15th day of April, 1895. J. H. PATTERSON,
a19. Clerk.

Commissioner's Sale.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county rendered on the second day of April 1895, in the chancery cause of Jas. V. Cackley's executor against Jas. T. Rose

The undersigned special Commissioner will proceed to sell on the 18th day of June, 1895, in front of the court house door of Pocahontas County, at public auction, to the highest bidder, the tract of land conveyed by James V. Cackley to the said James T. Rose, in the bill and proceedings in above cause mentioned. This land is situated upon the waters of Stamping Creek adjoining the lands of A D Grimes' estate, the lands formerly owned by Charles Stewart, and others, is very fertile and well watered and has upon it a comfortable dwelling and necessary outbuildings.

TERMS OF SALE:—sufficient cash in hand to pay the costs of suit and expenses of sale, and the residue upon a credit of 6 and 12 months, the purchaser giving bonds with approved personal security for the deferred payments, bearing interest from date, and a lien to be retained until all the purchase money is paid. N. C. McNEIL,
Special Commissioner.

I, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do certify that bond has been executed by the above Special Commissioner as required by law

J. H. PATTERSON,
a194t] Clerk.

DENTISTRY. Dr. J. H. Weymouth will be at Huntersville on the 25th of April, and remain 3 days; Green Bank, 29th 3 days; Clover Lick, May 6th 3 days. Call early and make your engagements.

On the highway of life we are all out to take the rich man's dust.

Why Beef is High.

The financial editor of the New York *Sun* gives the following reasons for the increased price of beef:—

"The sudden rise in the price of beef has been made the occasion of a senseless outcry against a supposed conspiracy of Chicago wholesale dealers, who are charged with having artificially created it. A large number of people, it would seem, have not yet learned that the prices of commodities are governed by demand and supply, and cannot be permanently fixed by legislation, or by combinations, or in any other arbitrary manner. There was, indeed, a time when the law attempted to regulate not only bread and provisions, but also wages, and constant appeals are still made to the law-making power to counteract the effects of increasing consumption or diminishing production. In the case of beef it needs no profound wisdom to discern that for several years the market for it has been enlarging, while the supply has not kept pace with it. The high wages earned by workingmen both here and abroad, have enabled them to add beef to their daily diet in much larger quantities than formerly, though, because of the opening of the vast cattle ranches on our Western plains and the invention of freezing machines, by which both fresh beef and fresh mutton can be brought from distant countries at a small cost, this increased consumption did not, at first, increase the price. The imports of fresh beef into Great Britain have now for several years averaged 200,000,000 pounds annually, and of mutton and lamb between 3,000,000 and 4,000,000 carcasses. From this country alone Great Britain took last year cattle, fresh beef, and canned beef to the value of $55,000,000. With this enormous consumption abroad, added to that of our own country, it is easy to see how a very small decrease in the supply might lead, as it has finally led, to a rise in price, without resorting to the fiction of a combination or a corner."

To the above the Norfolk *Landmark* adds this comment:—

"Now the same law—that of supply and demand, will produce the same effect in any of the world's commodities—even labor, which is one of the most important. Men are getting too suspicious of each other. Whenever the price of eggs goes up nowadeys the consuming people begin to look at one another and frown, as if to say, "What made you do that, you miserable monopolist?' When the price goes down, the egg farmer howls and says, "Now, you see that; Grover Cleveland and the goldbugs are swarming again; they will ruin this country yet—they won't even let the farmer get over ten cents for his eggs!" We should cultivate a better spirit, even if we have to live on spots and soft crabs. What is the use of being miserable and snappish?"

"AND now," said the barber who had inherited a fortune, "and now I can eat onions in the morning whenever I darn want to!"—Indianapolis Journal.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Important to You.

Having resumed the practice of veterinary surgery (limited) I will treat the following diseases in Pocahontas and adjoining counties, viz: ring-bone bone spavin curb pollevil, fistula, and heaves. Terms, specific and cures guaranteed. I am also general agent for Eldred's Liquid Electricity, which is a specific for all kinds of fevers, sore-throat, cuts, sprains, bruises, bowel troubles, and pains of every discription, external or internal. Its timely use will prevent all kinds of contagious diseases. Address,

T. J. WILLIAMS,
Top of Allegheny, W Va

Notice.

All persons are hereby notified not to pass through my place with horses or to trespass on my land in any other way, and that all trespassers will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

CINDA A. SHINNEBERRY.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

DR. G. C. OSGOOD,
Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

DR. J. F. KINCHELOE,
Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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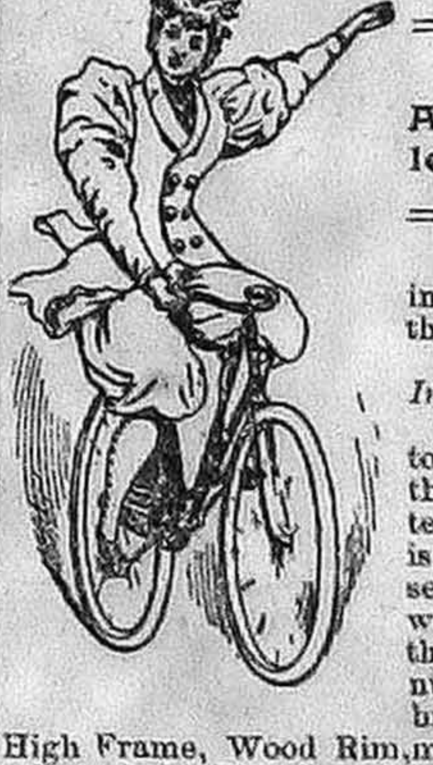

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GENTLEMEN—The Waverly Scorcher and Belle came to hand yesterday. We are afraid you have sent us the high priced wheel by mistake. You can't mean to tell us this wheel retails for $85? We must say that it is, without exception, the prettiest wheel we have ever seen, and, moreover, we have faith in it, although it weighs only 22 lbs., for of all Waverleys we have sold this year and last (and you know that is a right good number), we have never had a single frame nor fork broken, either from accident or defect, and that is more than we can say of any other wheel, however high grade, so called, that we sell. We congratulate ourselves every day that we are the Waverley agents.

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VOL. 12, NO. 41. MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, MAY 10, 1895. $1.00 IN ADVANCE.

Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff,..................J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff,...........R. K. Burns.
Clerk County Court,.......S. L. Brown.
Clerk Circuit Court,....J. H. Patterson.
Assessor,...............C. O. Arbogast.
Commissioners Co Court { C. E. Beard, G. M. Kee, A. Barlow.
County Surveyor.......George Baxter.
Coroner,..............George P. Moore

County Board of Health: Dr. J. W. Price, L. M. McClintic, M. J. McNeel, J. C. Arbogast.

Justices: A. C. L. Gatewood, Split Rock; Charles Cook, [illegible] . H. Grose, Huntersville; Wm. L. Brown, Dunmore; G. R. Curry, Academy; Thomas Bruffey, Lobelia.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, third Tuesday in June, and third Tuesday in October.

County Court convenes on the first Tuesday in January, March, October, and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

LAW CARDS.

N. C. McNEIL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Coufrts o Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,
ATTY. AT LAW & NOTARY PUBLIC
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Will practice in the lcourts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

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PHYSICIAN'S CARDS.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,
DENTIST,
MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
BEVERLY, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in The Times.

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PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
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HAS LOCATED AT
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Calls promptly answered.

DR. PARKHURST, in a recent interview, expressed the opinion there is no possibility of inferring the ratio between good and evil in society by observing the ratio of reported good and evil in the daily papers. A man may live until he is ninety, mind his own affairs every day, tell the truth, live a clean life, and not a printed allusion be made to him except a few lines in the column of deaths, the only notice taken of his existence by the papers being the notice taken of him when his existence ceases. Another man, half as old, nothing to show for his life, dies a violent death under suspicious circumstances, and his case occupies from a column to a full page in all the papers of the town. A large proportion of readers will exclaim, what a wicked city that must be! One or two readers will modestly venture a different opinion, and observe, this must be an exception to the general tone of events in that city, or the papers would not make so much of it. The stock of trade in the newspaper industry is the exceptional, not the ordinary, as now mainly carried on in the cities. If every man but one in fifty millions were born with two heads, it would be the man with one head that would have the porminent place in the curiosity department of the illustrated journals. The forty-nine millions nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety and nine would be passed over as too common-place for interesting reading.

IN this section, as a usual thing, the blossom of the wild service tree is among the first signs of the coming spring. This year it made no sign until the apple trees were putting forth, and they are now blooming simultaneously. The lateness of the season is evidenced by the forest timber, and in all except grass we are wonderfully behind hand this year.

A Delicate Subject.

It has been a source of wonder to many how the majority of the boys of this town can be so idle all day. They lounge and loaf around the stores, blinking their eyes in the sunshine, with a perpetually tired look on their faces. It seems unnatural that anybody out of jail should be so doless. It has been explained that it is on account of their activity after nightfall. As soon as the night has fully set in they are up to some idiotic proceeding, running around and getting in a condition to be good and tired the next day. Thus this tired body climbed up two miles of mountain side one night lately to "serenade" a newly married couple. This climb required as much exertion as a day's work. Every night a lot of ingenuity and strength is expended, and it is a pity that it should be so, for a few years of a boy's life on either side of twenty mean more to him as regards his future usefulness than any other time. He has then just taken charge of the work of managing his life, and if he makes a slip he often finds he cannot recover lost ground. All he has to remember is that once the faculty of making himself useful and respected was almost in his grasp, and that he lost it by his cursed carelessness. Keeping off the streets at night is a long step in the right direction.

There are springs of fresh water in the Persian Gulf that furnish supplies to vessels.

A German statistician has figured out that Monday, and not Friday, is the real unlucky day.

IN DARKEST WEST VIRGINIA.

A Shorter and More Direct Way to the Railroad.

How far is it to Camden-on-the-Gauley, the terminus of the railroad which was coming to Marlinton? The proposed route has been surveyed, but, as far as we know, even this distance has not been given to the public. Lately two men have walked from Cowen, a station near the terminus, and say that it is by no means an unusually hard day's walk. As the way lies through the woods the thought naturally suggests itself that with proper attention a county road might be built which would give Marlinton much better railroad facilities than the town and county has at present. The advantage of a star route mail system which would give us our daily paper in twenty-four hours instead of forty-eight hours, as at presant, would be an inestimable benefit.

At present there is but a bridle path, which is almost impassable, and which is the only way by which a horse can be taken, and this follows the river. The river from the "Dam" to Gray's Camps forms a regular horse-shoe curve which is estimated as being about seventeen miles. This, as we understand it, is the proposed railroad route.

However, the woodsmen say that a road of very practicable grade could be made up Sugar Creek, over Black Mountain. We have been reliably informed that Contractor Gray broposes to make a road up the Black Mountain if this county will make a four-mile extension up Sugar Creek, it being a continuation of the practicable county road now running to the "Dam."

It is said that contractor Gray has a million dollar job in logging on William's River and its branches, and it is to be easily understood why he should like to open up a thoroughfare from Pocahontas to Camden-on-the-Gauley so that supplies may be furnished him. It would mean a magnificent market for the country produce of our farmers, and be of great advantage to him and his sub-contractors, who can only obtain supplies from the towns along the railroad and at city prices.

It seems almost incredible that so little should be known as regards distance and extent of the mountainous section west of us. A road has been built for many years to William's River. It is called "the Pike," but it comes to an end very suddenly for a turnpike. A fair road has been built from the railroad to the camps, as there are about three hundred men employed on Gray's contract alone. Thus the way not traversed by a wagon road is from the "Dam" to "Gray's Camp." It would "break the county" to build a road on the seventeen miles of bridle path along the river, but we have no reason to believe but what the route up Sugar Creek could be cheaply opened unless we are laboring under a misapprehension.

The matter will be investigated this year, and if it proves to be practicable, some action by citizens or County Court may be expected to utilize this long neglected "way-out" of the county.

THE Supreme Court of Virginia has decided that a woman cannot be admitted to the practice of law in that State. This has bearing on a certain state of affairs now pending at the State University. This school admits woman in all departments except the preparatory school. The law class of this year [illegible] a lady member who is applying for a diploma. By a statute a graduate of this school is entitled to qualify to practice in all the State Courts. As our law is practically the same as in Virginia, there is little doubt but what the lady will be pronounced not eligible for graduation, and she will have to seek a field of labor elsewhere. It is certain that recruits for this profession should be taken from among the men, for there is much in the daily life of a lawyer to make it the very last profession to which a woman should aspire.

Lines to a Flirt.

The following poem is the latest production of Paul Jones, the "Drummer Poet:"

Yes, I have loved thee, how well and fondly
Thou, cold and heartless, shall never know.
I would not feed thy vanity by telling thee
How bitterly the tears of manhood flow,
For I have loved thee with that deep devotion
That woman wins but once and never more.
When once love's bark be wrecked on life's dark waters
There comes no second to that selfsame shore.

For I have wasted love's celestial incense
Upon thy shrine, that idol wrought of clay,
I've poured my heart's best blood upon the altar
And now I turn in loathing scorn away,
I have awakened from my charmed dreaming
To yield me to thy wichery no more.
I would not sorrow could I but respect thee,
For I now despise thee where once I did adore.

I've gathered up my heart's proud shattered fragments,
That heart thou'st broken, but couldst not retain;
And forth into the world I bend my foot-steps
Never I trust to see thy face again.
I ask no vengeance from the avenging future,
Cold heart and shallow brain, go free! go free!
I do not ask thee in thy joyous hours
To blight thy gaiety with thoughts of me.

For unbidden comes the day of retribution;
The sun thou hatest will o'er thee surely shine,
When thou with worn out grace and faded beauty
Would sell thy very soul for love like mine.
And, if the spirit of the ancient Sibyl
My lips and soul to prophecy should move,
I could fortell a doom no darker
Than that which shall be thine, bereft of love.

And when the rose hue from thy cheek has faded,
The gloss departed from thy golden hair,
And when thy fondest flatterer, the mirror,
Bids thee confess thou art no longer fair,
And when the brightest dreams have left thee,
And thou to muse upon the world art wholly free,
When friend and flatterer alike forsake thee.
Then is my hour; thou wilt remember me.

Remember, for I have loved thee truly,
And would have loved thee till life's closing hour.
I would have strewn thine earthly path with roses,
Mine, all the thorns, so hadst thou all the flowers.
And now I bid thee take this last confession
From one whose heart from all save scorn is free,
Who deems thee too pitiful for hatred.
I shall forget; but you will remember me.

"Devil" Anse Hatfield.

For several years now the reports of killings on account of the Hatfield-McCoy vendetta, which started from the disputed ownership of a hog, have been very few. It is rapidly dying out, and unless some of the young blood, now growing up resurects the feud, it is likely that we have heard the last of this affair, which has given the people of this State a tremendous reputation for being capable of such murder and revenge. The hero of the whole is old "Devil" Anse Hatfield.

A prominent lawyer tells of visiting Logan C. H. to attend to some important legal matters, some years ago. A case was called, in which the plaintiff was a son-in-law of "Devil Anse." The suit was to recover for damages done by a lumber company to the plaintiff's meadow. The old man was a witness. He asked permission to keep a certain gum bag in his lap while on the stand. Inquiry led to the revelation that this receptacle was full of deadly weapons. On being asked if there was not a lot of danger to bystanders, in case any shooting took place, a native replied that there was not, as all you had to do was to stand still, for the Hatfields never missed what they shot at. The old man's testimony in this case was very clear and straightforward. He described the way in which the meadow had been used, and no cross examination affected his evidence in the least. At length the defendant's counsel decided to ask him, if from what he knew of the cese, if he thought the plaintiff was entitled to recoverer damages. He replied very promptly that he thought not, and gave his reasons, which were very good.

The following sketche is taken from the Charleston *Gazette*.

"They are just the best people I ever met," said he, "and I was never treated better in my life. Among the first I met was old 'Devil' Anse. He introduced himself to me saying, 'This is old Devil Anse you've heard so much about, but if you will come to our home you will find that we will treat you right. When people do the square thing by me, I do the same by them, but I don't stand any monkey business.' Well I took him at his word and went to see him. The old fellow is very well off, owning a large lot of timber; he is well fixed at home, too, and treated me like a lord.

"Cap, Bob, and Jim Hatfield all live near here, and Cap was the best friend I had. They all go armed, carrying Winchesters, and they keep their eyes open, too, let me tell you, but I never saw them do anything that was unlawful. Tom Hatfield was shot through the stomach some time in February and is just recovering from the wound. It is not thought that any of the McCoys did the shooting, although who did it, is unknown. In fact, there can be no question of it, the feud is dying out; at least, it is not nearly so bitter as it used to be. Any of them will talk to you about it, if you approach them right. They all say they are sorry for what has happened and hope it is over for ever. They want to be peaceful, and I for one, don't think you will ever hear any more blood curdling reports of this famous feud.

"Cap." Hatfield has written a poem relating to the causes which led up to the famous vendetta sworn by the family, the circumstances surrounding it, and the exploits of the family. As a literary gem it may not be a success, though it really isn't bad, but it is probably as thrilling as any verse in the language.

"The Hatfields as I saw them, are peaceable, law abiding citizens, good friends to their friends, and good enemies to their enemies. The McCoys did not come on that side of the river while I was there, and I don't think they make a practice of doing it at any time. You see they are as tired of the thing as the Hatfields, and don't want to precipitate any trouble. Those Hatfields are all crack shots, the best I ever saw, and it would be a risky thing to give them a chance to use you for a target. They hit the center every time. That is an ideal country for an outlaw—wild, lonesome, and the most mountainous [illegible] the world, I reckon; why you have to lie down on your back to see the sun, and then you can get a glimpse of it only about once a day—this is about noon."

The lapidary who cut the famous diamond Rose of Belgium is now worth $150,000.

"FROM SHADOW—SUN."

I learn as the years roll onward
  And leave the past behind,
That much I have counted sorrow
  But proves that our God is kind;
That many a flower I longed for
  Had hidden thorn of pain;
And many a rugged by-path
  Led to fields of ripened grain.

The clouds but cover the sunshine,
  They cannot banish the sun;
And the earth shines out the brighter
  When the weary rain is done.
We must stand in the deepest shadow
  To gain the clearest light;
And often from wrong's own darkness
  Comes the very strength of right.

The sweetest rest is at even,
  After a wearisome day,
When the heavy burden of labor
  Has been borne from our hearts away.
And those who have never known sorrow
  Cannot know the infinite peace
That falls on the troubled spirit,
  When it sees, at last, release.

We must live through the dreary winter
  If we would value the spring;
And the woods must be cold and silent
  Before the robins sing.
The flowers must lie buried in darkness
  Before they can bud and bloom;
And the sweetest and warmest sunshine
  Comes after the storm and gloom.

So the heart from the hardest trial
  Gains the purest joy of all,
And from lips that have tasted sadness
  The sweetest songs will fall.
For as peace comes after suffering,
  And love is reward for pain,
So, after earth is heaven—
  And out of our loss the gain.

—Agnes L. Pratt.

A POSTAL COURTSHIP.

BY LITCHFIELD MOSELEY.

"THE prettiest little creature I ever saw," said Mr. Willoughby Vane, as he turned from the window for the fiftieth time that morning. "Jane," he added, addressing the housemaid, who was clearing away the breakfast things, "have you any idea who the people are who have taken old Mr. Adderly's house, opposite?"

"Well, yes sir, if you please," returned the handmaiden. "I met their cook at the grocer's the other day, and she said that her master's name was Black—Captain Choker Black—and that he was staying here on leave of absence with his wife and daughter, sir."

"Oh, indeed; did she happen to mention the young lady's name."

"Yes, sir; she called her Miss Eva."

"Eva! What a charming name!" murmured Mr. Willoughby to himself; and then he added aloud:

"That will do, Jane, thank you."

Mr. Willoughby Vance was a bachelor, twenty-eight years old, rich, indolent and tolerably good looking. He lived with a widowed mother in a pleasant house in Albany, and, having nothing else to do, had fallen desperately in love with his pretty vis-a-vis, and anxiously sought an opportunity for an introduction. However, having discovered the name of his enchantress, he determined to address her anonymously by letter.

Having decided upon taking this step, the next thing to be done was to put it into execution, and, having shut himself in his little study, after many futile attempts, he succeeded in forming an epistle to the lady to his satisfaction, begging her, if she valued his peace of mind, to return an answer to "W. N., Postoffice, Albany." That done, he went out for a walk, and dropped the letter in the nearest box.

Regularly, three times a day, for a week afterward, he called at the postoffice to see whether an answer had arrived for him. As the week advanced Willoughby began to lose his appetite, and grew so restless and irritable that Mrs. Vane, like a fond mother, fancied that her dear boy was ill, and begged him to consult their medical adviser. But her son laughed at her, knowing well that his complaint was beyond the doctor's skill to cure.

He was beginning to despair of ever receiving a reply, when, to his great delight, on the seventh morning, a letter was handed to him by the postmaster, written in a dainty female hand, and addressed to "W. V." Almost unable to conceal his emotion he quitted the postoffice, broke open the seal and drank in the contents.

They evidently were of a pleasant nature, for he read the letter over again, kissed the envelope, put it in his breast pocket, and hurried home to see his inamorata looking out of the window of the opposite house, as usual.

For a moment his first impulse was to salute her unquestioningly, but immediately afterward he bethought himself that as he was still incognito the young lady would perhaps feel in-

same afternoon, and in due course a second answer arrived.

And so matters went on, a constant interchange of letters being kept up for a fortnight, during which time Mr. Willoughby Vane spent his days running to and from the postoffice, writing letters and watching his fair neighbor from the window of the dining-room.

"Confound it!" he would sometimes say to himself. "How very provoking the dear girl is! She never will look this way. I do wish I could catch her eye, if only for a moment. What a horribly sour looking old crab the mother is! Depend upon it, Willoughby, that poor child is anything but happy at home with those two old fogies. Indeed, her letters hint as much." And having given vent to his feelings, he would put on his hat and walk to the postoffice, or shut himself in his room and compose another note to his "Dearest Eva."

At length, three weeks having flown rapidly away in this manner, he received a letter one morning from the young lady, which ran as follows:

"To 'W. V.'—

"Sir—As it is useless to continue a correspondence in this manner, I think it is now time for you to throw off your incognito, and reveal your true name and position to one to whom you are not totally indifferent. Believe me that nothing inspires love like mutual confidence. Prove to me that I have not been imprudent in answering your letters by at once informing me who you are. It is with no feeling of idle curiosity that I ask this, but simply for our mutual satisfaction. Yours, etc., EVA."

To which Willoughby replied by return of post:

"Dearest Eva (if you will perm't me to call you such?)—Have you not for weeks past observed a young man, with his hair brushed back, anxiously watching you from the window of the opposite house? And although you have apparently never taken the slightest notice of him, I trust that his features are not altogether repulsive to you. I am that individual.

Charmed by the graceful mag'c of thine eye,
Day after day I watch and dream and sigh;
Watch thee, dream of thee, sigh for thee
  alone,
Fair star of Albany—may I add mine own?

to quote—with some alterations—the noble stanza of the poet Brown. And now I have a favor to ask you. Whenever you see me at the window take no notice of me at present, lest my mother should observe it. In a few days she will be going out of town, and then we can throw off all restraint. Till then, adieu! Adieu, my adorable one, adieu! My eyes are ever on you. Your own,

"WILLOUGHBY VANE."

To which epistle came the following answer:

"Dear Sir—You explanation is perfectly satisfactory. I may also add, your features are not at all repulsive to EVA."

"Bless her! What a delightful little soul she is!" ejaculated Willoughby.

And he went out, ordered a new suit of clothes and had his hair cut.

"Willy," said Mrs. Vane to her son the next morning, "I wish you would do something to improve your mind, and not waste your time looking out of the window all day as you have lately done. Come and read the Assembly debates to me, if you have nothing else to do."

The worthy lady was a red hot politician, and for three mortal hours she kept him at this delightful task; at the expiration of which time he succeeded in escaping to his own room, where he wrote the following note to Eva:

"Dearest Eva—I am overjoyed at the contents of your brief communication. If, as you say, my features are not altogether repulsive to you, may I hope that you will consent to be mine—mine only?

"WILLOUGHBY."

Back came the reply the next morning:

"Dear Willoughby—Your reply has made me very happy. It is very dull here—no society except father and mother. I long for more congenial companionship. Thine,

"EVA."

In this delightful manner the days flew on—halcyon days, too, for Willoughby, and sweetened by the interchange of this and similar lover-like correspondence. On the following Monday morning Mrs. Vane left town on a visit to some friends in Saratoga, leaving her son to keep house at home. That same afternoon one of Captain Black's servants brought the following note for Willoughby:

"Willie—Have you any objection to my telling my dear papa all? Matters have now gone so far that it will be impossible for either of us to retract what we have written. Let us take papa into our confidence. I know his kind and generous nature well, and have no fear that he will oppose our union. Pray send me a line by bearer.

"EVA."

The answer was as follows:

"My Own Eva—Do whatever you consider best. My fate is in your hands. If your papa should refuse his consent, I— But I will not think of anything so dreadful. Fear not that I shall ever retract. Life without you would be a desert, with no oasis to brighten it. Yours unto death.

"WILLOUGHBY."

That evening, just as Willoughby had finished dinner, he heard a loud double knock at the street door; and on its being opened, a strange voice inquired in a loud tone:

"Is Mr. Willoughby Vane at home?"

His heart beat violently as Jane, entering the room, said:

"A gentleman wishes to speak with you in the library, sir."

And she handed him a card, inscribed "Captain Choker Black, 100th Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y."

"I will be with him in a moment,"

"Your servant, sir," said the gallant Captain—who, glass in eye, was busily engaged in scrutinizing an engraving of the battle of Gettysburg. "Your servant, sir." Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Willoughby Vane?" Willoughby bowed.

"Then, sir, of course you know the business that has brought me here."

Terribly nervous, and scarcely knowing what answer to make, our hero bowed again.

"Come, come, sir; don't be afraid to speak out! My daughter has made me her confidant; so let there be no reserve between us. Eva has told me all!"

Here poor Willoughby blushed up to the roots of his hair.

"You see, I know all about it. You have fallen desperately in love with the poor girl, and, although you have never exchanged three words together, you are already engaged to be married. Mighty expeditious, upon my word! Ha! ha! ha! Pray excuse me for laughing, but the idea is somewhat comical. Ha! ha! ha!"

As the Captain appeared to be in a very good humor, Willoughby's courage began to rise.

"Don't mention it, sir. You are her father, and have a right to do what you please. But I sincerely trust that you have no objections to offer."

"I? None! Believe me, I shall be delighted to see my Eva comfortably settled. But, harkye, sir. Business is business. I am a plain, blunt man; and fifteen years' sojourn with one's regiment on the plains doesn't help to polish one. First of all, what are your prospects?"

And the Captain drew a notebook out of his pocket and proceeded to examine our hero as if he was in a court of justice.

"You are an only son, I believe?"

"I am."

"Good!" And down went the note in the pocketbook.

"Your age?"

"Twenty-eight next birthday."

"Twenty-eight! Good. Is your constitution healthy?"

"I believe so. I have had the measles, whooping cough and mumps."

"Disorders peculiar to infancy. Good." And the Captain scribbled away again.

"Are you engaged in any business or profession?"

"None."

"Then how on earth do you live?"

"On my private income, Captain."

"Then all I can say is you're an uncommonly lucky fellow to be able to subsist on that. I only wish I could. What is your income?"

"About four thousand a year."

"Is it in house property, shares in limited companies or in 'governments?' If in public companies, I should be sorry to give two years' purchase for the lot."

"In the new four per cents."

"Good! I think I may say very good. What sort of temper are you?"

"Well, that's rather a difficult question to answer," said Willoughby, smiling for the first time.

"Hang it, sir, not at all!" returned the Captain. "If anyone asked me for my temper, I should say, 'Hasty, sir; confoundedly hasty!' And Choker Black's proud of it, sir; proud of it."

"Say about the average," answered Willoughby, timidly.

"Temper average," said the Captain, jotting it down. "I think these are about all the questions I have to ask you. You know my daughter by sight?"

"I have had the pleasure of seeing her frequently—from the window, sir."

"And you think you could be happy with her?"

"Think, Captain! I am certain of it."

"Very good. Now, harkye, Mr. Willoughby Vane. Marry her, treat her well, and be happy. Neglect her, blight her young affections by hardship or cruelty, and, hang me, sir, if I don't riddle you with bullets! I'm a man of my word, and I'll do what I say, as sure as my name's Choker Black!"

"I have no fear on that score, Captain. Unite her to me, and if a life of devotion—"

"I know all about that," said the Captain. "Keep your fine phrases for the girl's ears. Give me your hand, sir. I've taken a fancy to you."

"You flatter me, Captain!"

"Hang it, sir, no! Choker Black never indulges in flattery. Don't be afraid to grasp my hand, sir; it is yours as long as I find you plain sailing and straightforward. But if ever I suspect you of any artifice or deception, I'll knock you down with it. So now, I hope we perfectly understand each other."

"One word more," said Willoughby. "Am I to understand that you consent to our union?"

"Certainly. You can be married to-morrow if you please. Sir, the happiness of my dear child is my first consideration. I am not a brute—not one of those unnatural parents people read of in novels. Choker Black may be a fire eater on the field, but, at any rate, he knows how to treat his own flesh and blood."

with me, and I'll introduce you to my daughter at once."

Scarcely knowing what he was about, Willoughby did as he was told. They crossed the street together, and the Captain opened his door with a latch key.

"One moment, if you please," said Willoughby, who was titivating his hair and arranging his cravat.

"Are you ready now?" asked the Captain.

"Quite!"

"Mr. Willoughby Vane!" cried the Captain, ushering our hero into the drawing room. Then, waving his hand he added, "allow me to introduce you to my wife and daughter."

Willoughby looked exceedingly foolish as he bowed to the two ladies. On a couch by the fireside sat his enchantress looking more bewitchingly radiant than ever, his vis-a-vis being the tall, thin, angular woman in black that he had frequently noticed from over the way.

"What a contrast," thought Willoughby, "between mother and daughter!"

"Annie, my dear, Mr. Willoughby Vane is nervous, no doubt. You know the adage. Let us leave the young people together, and he'll soon find his tongue then, I'll wager," said the Captain, addressing the younger of the two ladies, who immediately rose from her seat.

"Stay, sir—there is some mistake here," said Willoughby. "This lady is"—and he pointed to the gaunt female.

"My daughter, sir," said the Captain. "My daughter by my first wife."

"And this"—ejaculated our hero, turning to the young lady.

"Is my second wife, sir!"

Mr. Willoughby Vane fled from his home that night. About a month later his almost broken hearted mother received a letter from him explaining the whole affair and the postmark bore the words, "Montreal, Canada."—Boston Journal.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

The Rothschilds have an $18,000 clock.

Umbrellas are made of varnished paper.

The canvas-back duck is the subject of a poem of praise by a Maryland man.

No parental care ever falls to the lot of a single member of the insect tribe.

Kentucky courts have decided that gas companies cannot collect rent for their gas meters.

Bananas are so plentiful in Martinique, West Indies, that a big bunch may be bought for a cent.

Commercial travelers are now allowed to take samples into Russia without paying duty on them.

It is stated by the attendants at zoological gardens that no ape will sleep flat on his back, as adult man often does.

The name Munich is derived from the fact that the monks owned the property on which the town now stands.

In 1783 the Dutch lost the vessel Antoinetta, an Indiaman, and with her sank $3,500,000, besides jewels of great value.

The Church of England boasts among its clergy one Eskimo. The clergyman in question is Rev. Robert Gibbons, and his parish is Parrsboro, Nova Scotia.

Peter Cooper's engine, the Tom Thumb, weighed about a ton; the wheels were two and a half feet in diamter, and the smokestack looked like a big "putty blower."

A comrade of Edwin Libby Post, G. A. R., of Rockmann, Me., has made with his knife 100,000 toothpicks within the last three years and sold them for the benefit of the post.

A preacher named John Smith died suddenly in the pulpit in the midst of his sermon at Penshar, England. Exactly forty years before to a day another preacher, also named John Smith, died suddenly in the same pulpit.

A novel alarm letter box has been invented. The principle is to let householders know when letters have been dropped in, their weight releasing a catch which allows a short spring to uncoil and set a vibrating hammer to ring a bell.

The pigmies of Central Africa are supposed to be the remains of an ancient race which once occupied the whole of tropical Africa and Southern Asia. They have lost their original language and history, and only remnants of their numbers remain.

Minnie Chew is a woman highway robber serving a term in the Ohio Penitentiary at Columbus. By wild screaming and wilder talking at night she has made the keepers so angry that they now keep her chained up in her cell, with a halter tied in her mouth to insure silence.

The winter days in Sweden are only six hours long. In the northern part of the peninsula the sun does not rise once for two months. This is made up for, however, by the

NEWS & NOTES FOR WOMEN

New Orleans has a woman's orchestra.

Susan B. Anthony is proud of her cooking.

The Queen of Belgium is a clever conjurer.

Christina Georgina Rossetti, the poetess, is dead.

Scarlet is mourning color for unmarried women in Brazil.

At a recent wedding in Kansas there were twenty-four bridesmaids.

Superstitious women, prejudiced against green, have been known to refuse lettuce.

Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt has dark hair, which she dresses in a fluffy and picturesque style.

Mrs. Maria Lawrence, of Palmer, Mass., is a member of the fire department of the town.

A Japanese bride's playthings are burned on her wedding day, typifying the end of her childhood.

An association to enable Mohammedan widows to secure second husbands has been formed in Turkey.

Some of the most valuable emeralds in the country are owned by Mrs. Joseph Drexel, of Philadelphia.

Mrs. Humphry Ward has received about $200,000 from the three books she has written in the last six years.

Miss Francis Willard is the third woman upon whom the degree of LL. D. has been conferred, the other two being Maria Mitchell and Amelia B. Edwards.

Miss Morrison, a San Francisco girl, recently graduated from the medical department of the University of California with the highest honors of the class.

Twenty female clerks are employed by a Sydney (New South Wales) insurance office. Their work is noted for being more correct than that of male clerks.

One of the surprising things to American women in England is the number of English women who marry men from five to twenty years younger than themselves.

Miss Emily Davies, who laid the foundation of Girton College, England, in 1869, is still living. Mme. Bodichon, who gave the first endowment to Girton ($5000), is dead.

A new departure in Russian journalism has been initiated in Helsingfers with the establishment in that city of a newspaper edited and conducted entirely by a staff of ladies.

The three women elected to the Legislature of Colorado have decided that they will not wear their hats in the legislative halls. They reached this decision after a special caucus.

Mary Anderson-Navarro says that for the first seven years she enjoyed the life of the stage. Gradually the work became irksome after that, and for the last year it was scarcely endurable.

Bracelets, by the way, are no longer sold in pairs. Only one arm is decorated nowadays, the left or right, as fancy dictates, and this may exhibit as many bracelet oddities as one cares to display.

Mme. Casimir-Perier, wife of the French President, according to private letters from Paris, manifests a disposition to be very gracious toward some social stars of the American colony there.

Charming toilets are made by Paris costumers for Parisiennes for $35 or $45, but let an English or American woman order a similar outfit and she will have to pay a third more on account of her nationality.

Miss Marie Celeste Stauffer, of New Orleans, to whom Samuel J. Tilden left $100,000, was married a few days since at New Orleans to George Preston Eastwick. The wedding and reception were fashionable affairs.

Another American woman has become an English Countess. This lady, who was Miss Corbin, married Mr. Walpole, nephew of the Earl of Oxford, and the Earl having lately died leaving only two daughters, the title goes to his nephew.

The only woman chemist in Paris is a Vassar girl, Miss Ida Welt. She has distinguished herself at the University of Geneva and at the University of Paris. The Academy of Sciences has just published her "Researches on Dissymmetrical Hydrocarbons."

Grandmamma's fashions in tea and dinner sets are now the order of the day, and the dainty treasures of the long ago are shown with great care and pride. Antique mirrors are also highly prized just now, the long and narrow shape being the most desirable.

It is a common belief among women that the moth will not attack any green material, and many of them make it a point to buy stuffs of green dye whenever the color is not [illegible]

French Postal Cards.

gue innovation of the postal stem will soon be adopted in Instead of the cards being sep- s they now are, they will be n the form of check books with A memorandum of the contents ard can be entered on the stub, sender can have this stamped postoffice before the card is d, so that a verified record of espondence can be kept.

Every Twinge

matism you should remember that at hand in Hood's Sarsaparilla. tism is caused by lactic acid in the lish settles in the joints. Hood's illa purifies the blood and removes

ood's Sarsaparilla Cures

. Therefore Sarsaparilla Rheumatism other remedies have failed. Give rial.

ffered intensely with Rheumatism, 's Sarsaparilla has perfectly cured ARRY F. PITTARD, Winterville, Ga.

's Pills are the best family cathartic

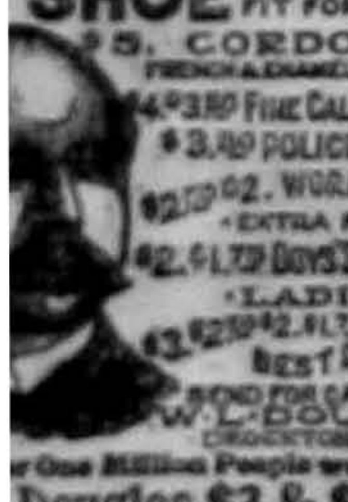
"WHITE AS A SHEET."

MANY people look like "pale death" from ANEMIA— erty of blood. 's most often caused by gen debility from lack of Nutri- remedial agent of undoubt- fficacy is

IPANS TABULES

hey "put the house in order" restoring the digestive func- s. Those who use them ju- ously are properly nourished soon

RUDDY WITH HEALTH!



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SEND FOR CATALOGUE
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shoes are equally satisfactory

e the best value for the money. al custom shoes in style and fit. aring qualities are unsurpassed. s are uniform,—stamped on sole. to $3 saved over other makes. dealer cannot supply you we can.

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"[illegible]" are the Best and Most Economical [illegible] and Cuffs worn; they are made of fine [illegible] both sides finished alike, and being reversi[illegible] is equal to two of any other kind. [illegible] well, wear well and look well. A box of [illegible] or Five Pairs of Cuffs for Twenty-Five

[illegible] Collar and Pair of Cuffs by mail for Six [illegible] style and size. Address

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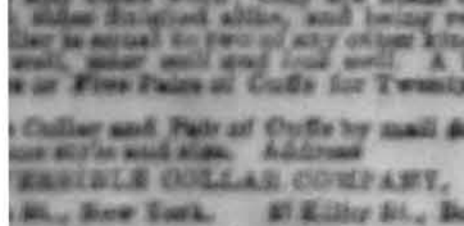

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Agents Wanted.
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RUPTURE Cured POSITIVELY [illegible]

[illegible]MORE TYPEWRITER, [illegible]graph, Graphophone. [illegible] Pittsburg, Pa.

[illegible]SION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D.C. [illegible]

[illegible]HORTHAND [illegible]

A HAPPY FELLOW.

From the meadow where I sit,
See a sky o' blue,
God was six days paintin' it
Jest fer me an' you.

Every time it strikes my eye
I keep sayin': "There's your sky!
Blue an' bendin'
An' unendin'!"
So I sing, an' never sigh.

Sunshine over hill an' glen—
Birds in every tree;
When God made the country, ten
Acres came to me!

Every time it blossoms fair
I keep sayin' "That's your share!
Roses growin'—
Rivers flowin'!"
So I'm happy everywhere

Spring or winter—rain or shine,
Don't care where I'm at,
So much of the country's mine—
Praise the Lord fer that!

Sky an' meadow, high or low,
I keep sayin' as I go:
"There's your birthright!"
Got the earth right—
That's why I'm a-singin' so
—Frank L. Stanton, in Truth.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"Takes after his father"—The boy with sawed-off trousers.—Puck.

Things are not what they seem. Free lunch, for instance, is not free.—Atchison Globe.

Tell a girl that she writes an interesting letter, and she begins to dream of writing a book.—Atchison Globe.

It is all right to court the Muse: but her editorial guardians make it awfully hard to get hold of any of her money.—Puck.

If we may judge by wigs and shaven faces, the barber seems to have been the most important eighteenth-century personage.—Puck.

The tide taken at the flood only bears a man on to fortune when he is smart enough to walk ashore before it can take him back.—Puck.

Caller—"Where are you going for your vacation, dear?" Mrs. Makebread—"Going to let cook go for a couple of weeks."—Inter-Ocean.

Mistress (thinking about dessert)—"What kind of pies are you most familiar with?" New Girl—"Baker's pies, Mum."—New York Weekly.

"I cannot live without you,"
The love-lorn suitor sighed;
"And I could not live with you,"
The wealthy maid replied.
—New York Morning Journal.

Harry—"I understand she gave you a flat refusal?" Jack—"Yes; nothing but a four-story brownstone would satisfy her."—Kate Field's Washington.

You can not raise flowers with last year's sunshine; but the rosiest flowers of fancy often spring from the glowing warmth of last year's overcoat.

Jinks—"I understand you were pretty well off before you were married." Blinks—"Yes; but I didn't know it."—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

Little Boy—"How old are you?" Miss Antique (confusedly)—"You should not ask a lady how old she is." Little Boy—"Oh, 'xcuse me. How young are you?"—Good News.

"Blamed if I see any fun in having to put up at a hotel," muttered Bilker to himself as he handed his watch and chain over to the clerk as security for his board.—Buffalo Courier.

The ancient knight leaned lightly upon his lance. "Marry—" The modern maid was on his neck in an instant. "Oh, Roderick," she cried, "This is so sudden!"—Pick Me Up.

Young Sculptor—"Well, Bronson, what do you think of that bust?" Bronson—"H'm—it may be a good bust—but, really, Chizzle, it strikes me as a bad break."—Harper's Bazar.

Oh, don't you remember Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice with hair so brown;
How she clipped it all off and bought a blonde wig
As soon as she got into town.
—Philadelphia Record.

Maude (at the piano)—"I do hate these finger exercises. I think they're just horrid." Edith—"Why, I think they're lovely. They do show off one's rings to such advantage, you know."—Boston Transcript.

Nettie—"What did Mr. Knowall write on the card he put in the basket of flowers?" Blanche—"For the one I love best." Nettie—"The horrid creature has bought them for himself."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

If marriage is a failure, as the critics oft have said,
And the wedding-bell but tolls Love's elegy;
If marriage is a failure, and love so soon is dead,
A clear case of [illegible] it must be.
—Carolyn Wells.

First Fakir—"Loaded down as usual." Second Fakir—"Yes. It's piano music for my daughter." First Fakir—"Apparently she gets it by the ton." Second Fakir (wearily)—"Yes, but she delivers it by the pound."—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Tried to Escape.

"Now, gentlemen of the jury," remarked the police court prosecutor for the twentieth time, "as further evidence of this defendant's guilt I will call your attention to his attempt to escape after arrest. No innocent man, gentlemen, tries to——"

"I object to such argument," roared the defendant's attorney. "There is not a scintilla of evidence to show that this man ever attempted to escape."

The prosecutor gazed at opposing counsel pityingly and resumed:

"As I was saying, gentlemen of the jury, no innocent man will try to escape when arrested for a crime he did not commit."

"Again I appeal to the court. There is absolutely no evidence that this man ever thought of escaping. On the contrary, he surrendered himself into custody as soon as he learned that a warrant had been issued for his arrest."

"Do you mean to say, sir," demanded the prosecutor, half indignantly, half scornfully, "that this man made no attempt to escape?"

"I do—most emphatically."

"Then, sir, tell me, if you can, why he pleaded not guilty, if it was not a deliberate attempt to escape the consequences of his unlawful act? Tell me that," and with an air of triumph the prosecutor resumed his argument.

Recognized Them at Once.

We were all telling mosquito stories at a New Jersey summer resort, when one particularly audacious man said: "Oh, that's nothing. I was off the coast at Barnegat last summer on a fishing trip, and while we were out on deck early in the evening, smoking and chatting, a great cloud of mosquitoes, all of them monstrous birds, came out from shore and settled on the boat; and do you know, in fifteen minutes they had stripped it of every inch of canvas, and left the masts bare as bean-poles?"

We held up our hands in deprecation at this tale, when another of the party exclaimed: "Well, don't be astonished. I can vouch for that. It was only a week after that I was on a trip along the coast, and the same swarm of mosquitoes came out after us."

The first speaker didn't seem to appreciate this unexpected support, for muttered: "Humph! They did, eh? Well, how did you know they were the same mosquitoes, eh?"

"How did I know?" repeated the other, with a chuckle. "How did I know? Why they all had on canvas overalls."—Harper's Magazine.

Melancholy Lot of Musicians.

The Boston Transcript recalls the tragic fate of those great composers who preceded Strauss, and whom Vienna once similarly lauded. Schubert was allowed to starve in the midst of the great capital; Mozart, living, was so treated that he wrote his greatest work, "Don Giovanni," for Prague, and when he died he was laid in a pauper's grave: Beethoven, to spite the Viennese, dedicated his ninth symphony to the King of Prussia. "But the elder Strauss," says the Transcript, "struck the keynote of Viennese musical taste, and his gifted son, the present Johann, kept up the family tradition."

Perpetual Celibacy.

It is believed that Jephtha's daughter was condemned, by her father's rash vow, to perpetual celibacy, because all the Jewish maidens hoped to be the honored mother of the Messiah.

—Her mother—Don't you find Jack rather rough? Priscilla—Yes, mamma. And yet he says he shaves every day.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY

Many years ago Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., compounded this medicine of vegetable ingredients which had an especial effect upon the stomach and liver, rousing the organs to healthful activity as well as purifying and enriching the blood. By such means the stomach and the nerves are supplied with *pure blood*; they will not do duty without it any more than a locomotive can run without coal. You can not get a lasting cure of Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, by taking artificially digested foods or pepsin—the stomach must do its own work in its own way. Do not put your nerves to sleep with so-called celery mixtures, it is better to go to the seat of the difficulty and feed the nerve cells on the food they require. Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness and Nervous Affections, such as sleeplessness and weak, nervous feelings, are completely *cured* by the "Discovery." It puts on healthy flesh, brings refreshing sleep and invigorates the whole system.

Mrs. E. [illegible] of No. [illegible] North Halsted St., Chicago, Ill., writes: "I regard my improvement as simply wonderful since taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in connection with his 'Pleasant Pellets' I have gained in every respect, particularly in flesh and strength. My [illegible]

To the Younger Cooks,

the beginners in the art of bread and cake making, there is no aid so great, no assistant so helpful, as the

Royal Baking Powder.

It is the perfect leavening agent and makes perfect food. Do not make a mistake by experimenting with any other.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

Ages of Royalty.

The King of Denmark is 76, Queen Victoria 75, the King of Sweden 65, the Emperor of Austria 64, the King of Belgium 59, the King of Roumania 55, the Prince of Montenegro 53, and the Sultan of Turkey and the King of Italy each 50.

Not Much.

Not much to give, a cup of water, yet its draught of cool refreshment drained by fevered lips will send more pleasure through the frame than when the juice of wine renews the joys of brighter days; not much to buy, a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, yet rubbed well on lumbago's twisting pains, will straighten up and cure more crooked backs than when the boys march forth on holiday parade. Not much to try it, anyway; for in all its world-wide mission to comfort those in pain, it never yet deceived, so that its name like household words is known to be remembered. It's the external wine of joy.

Arizona is almost exactly twice the size of Missouri.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

The celebrated Roquefort cheese is made of sheep's milk.

With Emphasis

we say that Ripans Tabules, the best and standard remedy for stomach and liver troubles, will cure your headache or billious attack. One tabule gives relief.

There are 108 applicants for the Conneticut Labor Commissioner's position.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures
all Kidney and Bladder troubles.
Pamphlet and consultation free.
Laboratory Binghampton, N.Y.

In 1893, there were 60,025 distilleries in operation in the German Empire.

I could not get along without Piso's Cure for Consumption. It always cures—MRS. F. C. MOULTON, Needham, Mass. October 22, 1894.

There are steel billiard balls.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflamation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 c. a bottle

London consumes 11 tons of salt daily.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation. 25 cts. 50 cts. $1.

Was Sweetly Affectionate.

Two thieves robbed a family at Waterloo, Mo., recently. After securing all the valuables about the house they kissed the old lady and her two daughters, after which all were bid a friendly good-night.

Oh, What a Time.

The discovery was made by a bride in Bloomfield, N. J., on her way to the church that she had on dark shoes instead of white. She insisted on returning to change them. As she was about to re-enter the vehicle, she fell and sprained her ankle. Before the carriage reached the church, a wheel rolled off and the bridal party had a severe shaking up.

Must Not Dance.

The teachers of Junction City, Kan. have been forbidden by the local educational board to attend more than one dance per week.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

FN U 5 '95

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

In a Peck

of trouble—the woman who washes without Pearline. Her work is never done, and it's never done well. With Pearline she can do twice as much, and have it done better. There is little work, less wear, never the least harm. Try Pearline, and see it go for dirt: when you see dirt—go for Pearline.

Beware

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—*send it back*. 385 JAMES PYLE, New York.

Hitch A Horse To A Hoe.

It's the up-to-date way of cultivating ground. But be sure and hitch him to the "PLANET JR." ALL STEEL HORSE HOE AND CULTIVATOR. Light, strong and easily controlled by convenient levers. Has separate parts for doing close hoeing, furrowing, or ordinary cultivating. Our free-for-all catalogue tells all about it. S. L. ALLEN & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

ANDREW PRICE, EDITOR

Marlinton, Friday, May 10, 1895

Official Paper of Pocahontas County.

Subscription ONE DOLLAR in advance. If not paid within the year $1.50 will be charged.

Entered at the post-office at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

A SUIT is now pending as to the copyright of Trilby and the right to produce the play on the stage. A Colorado manager has been giving the play, and they set up in Court that the book was first published in France in 1820 and in England in 1845, and that it became common property long since.

FROM the actions of some of our most severe christians we are led to believe that if they should meet in the better land some of the people they criticise daily and consign to purgatory, they would express their surprise, or should their prognostications be realized, and they alone be saved, they would not be too good (in our opinion) to say "I told you so!"

THE baseball season is in full swing, and at this writing Pittsburg is leading by a long score in the League games. Pittsburg, in this sense, means nine able-bodied men from Pittsburg, who have out-batted, out-fielded, and out-battered to the greatest degree in all contests so far. The baseball men seem to have absorbed the names of the cities, and constituted themselves sole representatives to the exclusion of other professions.

THE *Evening Post*, (*N. Y.*,) had the temerity to say that "The G. A. R. is an army of pension bummers." It was not allowed to pass unnoticed, and the Republican papers have been pouring hot shot into the abnormal mind who could say this of the defenders of the flag who had done everything but die in the defense of the country. As for the Southernor he has no right to say anything on the subject of pensions, but it may still be in place to suggest that as the war was a civil contest between the States, the pension system should have been kept within the bounds of reason and precedent, and been made the best instead of the worst feature of the war.

IT is to be noticed that the great endeavor of the press and politicians of the country, is to be a "shade more liberal than the government." It takes very well for a newspaper to be in favor of more concessions to the people—more money, bigger dollars, a tariff on articles consumed by the rich, and protection to the masses. At all times not the same, however, and when the liberal principle of the party not in power have hoisted them into the administration of affairs, they will find out that whatever they do, there is still a deeper depth, and will see that the enemy is laying down theories more liberal than any they have the power to put into practice, and so we descend step by step to socialism or some other form of dessolution.

A Correction.

CUMBERLAND, MD.,
April 27th, 1895.

Editor Pocahontas Times:

The TIMES reached me this P. M., and was read as usual with interest.

Under the "Bible Question" I discover your correspondent has not correctly answered, who was the father of Moses and Aaron, or his copy has led you into an error. The name of Moses and Aaron's father was Amram instead of Aaron as stated. Exodus 6:20 says so, and Numbers 26:59, instead of 57, states the same thing.

Yours truly,
ALEX ADAMS

Dunmore.

Fine, hot weather. Farmers are busy planting corn, and a large acreage will be planted. The prospect for wheat in the upper end of the county was never better so far. The apple crop promises to be large, but peaches mostly killed, as are a great many cherry trees and grape vines. The wool crop will be light, owing to the scarcity of sheep, and there is a mistake made in this county that people do not raise more sheep.

We see Auctioneer Swecker and Grandpap McLaughlin back from Randolph Court. They think the prospect good for a railroad from Elkins to Cheat Bridge, as there is talk of Dewing building a large sawmill and a pulp factory at Elkins.

Capt. Jack is still working on Cheat River this summer, clearing up the logs, etc.

We understand the lumbering business at Alexander and on Gauley is looking up, and there will be a great deal of timber cut this season.

There is talk of extending the railroad from Pickens to Mingo Flats and also to Addison. It is generally thought there will be a good deal of railroad built throughout the State this year.

Big preparations are being made in Beverly for the races which will take place July 3d and 4th. Quite a number of fine race horses are there now.

Q. W. Poage was in town Sunday.

Miss Lucy Siple is in town to stay awhile.

There is still a good deal of fire in the woods.

Mrs. N. D. Swecker and K. D. Swecker, D. R. Taylor and "Stonewall" are off on a visit to Knapp's Creek.

William Taylor bought a first-class wagon last week from Zin & Co., at Huttonsville.

We see a great deal of improvement going on at Point Lookout north of Green Bank.

Mr. Robert Brown has moved into town, and will erect a large work-shop.

We understand that Mr. P. D. Arbogast will build there this summer.

Work has already begun on the new M. E. church.

We understfind that the people there, will soon have a postoffice. This is a move in the right direction. There is also talk of a mail route from Frost to Green Bank by way of Glade Hill. This would be another good thing for that neighborhood. The mail route should be extended from Driftwood to Dunmore.

Mr. J. W. McCalpin died Sunday evening at the Big Spring, and was buried at Dunmore Tuesday evening.

SAMPSON ZICKAFOOSE.

Commencement.

Preparations have been going on to have entertaining musical and literary exercises by way of a commencement of the music school taught by Miss Anna Wallace and the select school by Mr. W. S. Wysong. Next Tuesday evening is the time set. An enjoyable time is expected.

E. H. SMITH
IS NOW
SELLING
OUT
HIS EXTENSIVE LINE OF
DRUGGIST'S SUNDRIES,
PERFUMES,
STATIONARY, ETC.,
AT COST.

If you are needing any thing in this line it will pay you to call.

He as usual has a full line of DRUGS and CHEMICALS, and is always ready to supply the trade with such as they need in this line.

If you cannot call in person send your order by mail and it will receive prompt and careful attention.

Three of a Kind! What to buy? Where to buy? How to buy?

—READ THE ANSWER IN THIS ADVERTISEMENT—

FIVE POINTS OF MERIT
Progressive business ideas.
Honest Business Principles.
New Desirable Goods.
Superior Quality of Goods.
Lowest Possible Prices.

NOTE SOME PRICES.

Calico 4c per yard. Sateens 9c and up. Manville Zephyr 12c per yd.
Lawns, White, Black, Both Plain and Fancy 10c and up.
40 in. wide White Lawn 12c. Taffetta Moire 20c.

GENTS. FURNISHING GOODS.

Shirts in Endless Variety 27 Cents and up.
Good Laundried Shirt, in blue, slate or in stripes, 49 cents.

SHOES, SLIPPERS, ETC.
Ladies' Dong. Oxfords, 90c.
" Tan " $1.60.

Clothing Cheaper than Ever Before.

Fine all-wool black diagonal suits, $6.25 & up
Ladies' Trimmed Hats, 50 cents and up

Honest dealing has been my success.
Rest assured that I handle nothing but first-class goods. The best proof of my assertions is to come and see.
Yours for Bargains,

Marlinton, W. Va. P. GOLDEN.

Speaking of Goods,
LET US REMIND YOU
OF THE STOCK OF GENERAL MERCHANDISE
OF S. W. HOLT.

He is supplied as usual with attractions for
Spring and Summer.

SEE
Our Elegant Line of Dry Goods.
Choicest Lot of Family Groceries.
An Extensive Stock of Notions.
Finest Line of Shoes in the County.

Come in to see us when in town and we will
PUT YOU ON THE TRACK
To Save Money.

Marketable Country Produce Bought and Sold

Road Letting.

SEALED BIDS WILL BE RECEIVED FOR PUTTING IN GOOD REpair and tollable order the Huntersville and Warm Springs turnpike from the Lockridge Ford, near D. B. McElwee's residence, to the top of the Allegbany Mountain at the State line, until noon on the 20th day of May, 1895. Bidders to state in bids what they will put the road in tollable order for, and what amount in addition to the tolls they will put said road in tollable order with the privilege of taking tolls on same for a term of 5 years. The court reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

S. L. BROWN,
Clerk County Court.

8t)

BLACKSMITHING
AND
Wagon Repairs.

C. Z. HEVNER.
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Shops situated at the Junction of Main Street and Dusty Avenue, opposite the postoffice.

FIRE FIRE

Insure against loss in the
Peabody Insurance Co.,
WHEELING, W. Va.

Incorporated March, 1869.
Cash Capital $100,000.00.

N. C. McNEIL,
MARLINTON W. Va.

R. MATHERS
BOOT & SHOEMAKER,
—HAVING LOCATED IN—
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Proposes to do first class handmade work promptly and neatly. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited. Satisfaction guaranteed. Repairing neatly and promptly done.

☞ Shop near Marlinton House.

For Sale.

I have at my place near Academy, four male pigs 8 weeks old, for sale at reasonable prices.

These pigs are of the purest thoroughbred Berkshire stock, and were bred by E. J. Wayland, of Virginia. The sow "Lilly May" is a registered animal as is also the sire "Gov. Joe," and these pigs have the right to be entered for registration. Anyone desiring to improve his stock of hogs, will do well to correspond with me, and I can give him the complete pedigree, running back many generations. The sow "Lilly May" took the 1st premium at both of the Staunton fairs last fall under one year old.

R. M. BEARD.
Academy, W. Va.

4t.

FOR RENT.—The pasture lands of the heirs of C. E. Warwick, deceased, on Stoney Creek. For terms apply to R. E. L. Doyle, on the premises, or address John C. Warwick, Hinton, W. Va.

PATTERSON SIMMONS
MARLINTON, W. VA.
Plasterer ... Contractor.
Work done on short notice.

LEADER 176.

FRENCH COACH STALLION (IMPORTED.)

Black; foaled May 11, 1888; bred by M. Tribout, of Chateau de Almeneches, department of Orne; got by the government stallion Ciceron II; DAM, Paquerette (brown) by Omega out of a daughter of Hussein.

This horse, imported by M. W. Dunham, and owned by the undersigned company, will stand an early season in Pocahontas, at the following places, commencing about April 20th:

ACADEMY............Joe McNeel's,
EDRAY...............S. B. Moore's,
(Possibly at CLOVER LICK.)

It is the intention of the owners of this horse to make two seasons with him, giving the earlier season to Pocahontas and the later to Greenbrier.

"Leader" is a very handsome horse, stylish and large, and has taken first premium over a large lot in the State of Illinois. The judge said to the crowd that he was "the best colt to suit him he had ever seen."

TERMS; TO INSURE: One mare $8; two mares, bred by same owner, $15; three mares, bred by same owner, $21.

GREENBRIER LIVE-STOCK CO.

J. A. SHARP & CO.
—Have Established a Firstclass—
Harness and Saddlery
Store and Shop,
—AT—
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Something that has been needed in this county for years.

They carry a complete line of
HARNESS, SADDLES, COLLARS, HARDWARE, and TRIMMINGS.
Both Factory and Handmade.
At Rockbottom Prices.

ALSO,
THE UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT,
Is fitted out with a complete stock of latest and best designs, and coffins can be furnished on shortest notice.

☞ Successors of G. F. Crammett, who is employed by the firm.

FEED, LIVERY
—AND—
SALE STABLES.

First-Rate Teams and Saddle-Horses Provided.

☞ Horses for Sale and Hire. ☜

SPECIAL ACCOMODATIONS FOR STALLIONS.

A limited number of Horses boarde.

All persons having horses to trade are invited to call. Young horses brokee to ride or work.

J. H. G. WILSON,
Marlinton w. Va.

MARLINTON HOUSE.
Located near Court House.
Terms.
per day 1.00
per meal ... 25
lodging .. 25
Good accommodations for horses at 25 cents per feed.
Special rates made by the week or month.
C. A. YEAGER, Proprietor.

G. C. AMLUNG,
FASHIONABLE
BOOT AND SHOEMAKER
EDRAY, W. VA.
All work guaranteed as to workmanship, fit and leather.
Mending neatly done.
Give me a call.

C. B. SWECKER,
General Auctioneer
and Real Estate Agent.
I sell Coal, Mineral and Timber Lands. Farms and Town Lots a specialty. 21 years in the business. Correspondence solicited. Reference furnished.
Postoffice—Dunmore, W. Va., or Alexander, W. Va.

M. F. GIESEY,
Architect and Superintendent,
Room, 19, Reilly Block,
Wheeling, W. Va.

HOME NEWS

—A new and choice line of millinery in rooms over TIMES office.

—Fresh salt fish at J. D. Pullins & Co's. at 7 cts per lb. •

—All kinds of canned goods at J. D. Pullins & Co. •

—Go to J. D. Pullins & Co. to buy your tobacco and cigars. •

—A dance was held in the dismantled Marlinton Hotel last Monday night.

—New hats and trimmings arriving weekly at Mrs. Cunningham's. •

—Go to J. D. Pullins & Co. and price fine shoes before buying elsewhere. •

—Best Silver Drip Syrup at J. D. Pullins &. Co's. at 50 cents per gallon. •

—Call at J. D. Pullins & Co. and examine his fine stock of shoes before buying elsewhere. •

—An artesian well is being sunk by Bird & Moore for the court-house and the prospects are good for wholesome water.

—J. D. Pullins & Co. are still in the ring with a complete line of groceries, etc., and are constantly adding to their already very complete stock. •

—Mr. Will Tyree, of Academy, has a beautiful bay horse, a fine traveler, which he has trained to stoop whenever his rider wishes to mount him.

—If you need anything in the grocery line go to J. D. Pullinr & Co's. grocery store, and if you "don't see what you want, ask for it." •

—Messrs. J. L. Sheets and Gorden, have commenced logging on William's River, having undertaken a large job as sub-contractors under contractor Gray.

—Mr. A. Gunther now gets in his stone onto the new court-house by means of an "elevated railroad.' He has several expert workmen setting stone, and the work is progressing rapidly.—*Webster Echo.*

—It is said that Randolph county has more standing timber than the States of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut combined, and has a greater area than Rhode Island—*Webster Echo.*

– Dr. Price has been employed to make weekly professional visits to the William's River lumber camps, where about three-hundred men are at work. At the present time mumps are prevailing among the men.

—An old gentleman of this county once said in illustration of his averment, that the Pocahontas winters were mild, that "At Christmas the laurel was in full leaf, and the hens laid as big eggs as they did in June."

—While in the village one day last week Mr. Allan Levisay exhibited a bottle which is an heirloom in his family. Its possession can be traced back for more than a hundred years. It is a fine piece of workmanship, and valuable as a curio.

—Attorneys L. M. McClintic, W. A. Bratton and County Clerk S. L. Brown, have each made an important addition to their office furniture in Remington type-writers. This is the best type-writer made, and are probably the only first-class type-writers ever in use in the county'

—There is an interesting fact connected with the occupancy of the land pre-empted by John McNeel, the pioneer of the Little Levels. He settled near the place where Mr. M. J. McNeel now resides. The old log-house, and stone spring-house, he built yet remain. With the exception of a few fragmentary lots, his vast possessions comprising thousands of acres are still in the possession of his descendants and bid fair to remain for another century or two.

—The ladies of Marlinton with their helpers met at the Marlinton church on Friday and did wonders in the way of brightening up the interior. With its new tower, fresh paint, and the deft finishing touches of the many skillful, busy hands put on floor, pews, windows, and pulpit, last week, the church presents a very attractive appearance, and speaks well for the four denominations that make up the congregation that gather Sabbath after Sabbath within its walls.

—In Summers county, Miss Lelia Honaker, a pretty 18 year old girl, was saved from death by suicide in a peculiar manner. She went to the bank of a river and plunged in, and her clothes caught on two fish-hooks which were set at that place. A watchman of a bridge near the place, came to her rescue, and pulled her out by means of the fish-lines. She was unconscious, but was resuscitated. Her step-brother John Carter committe a suicide about a month ago.

—Ladies' trimmed hats from $1 up to $6 at Mrs. Cunningham's.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mr. John E. Campbell, editor of the Alleghany *Sentinel*, and family have been visiting friends and relatives in Pocahontas.

Mr. Wm. A. G. Sharp, a prominent citizen of Frost, was in town last Monday,

Mr. B. S. Dever, of Knapp's Creek, made Marlinton a business trip last Saturday.

Points Moore, who recently startted to New Mexico, to seek a milder climate on account of pulmonary troubles, has located in Colorado.

Capt. E. A. Smith has retnrned from Ronceverte.

Mr. S. D. Price, of Jackson's River, was in town a few days last week.

Capt. Wm. L. McNeel is prostrated by another attack of paralysis, but at last advices the indications were favorable for an early recovery.

Dr. Page Barlow returned last Thursday with his bride, and is at home near Edray. Congratulations are hereby extended in honour of this auspicious event.

Mr Jacob Sharp' a prominent citizen of near Edray, is much indisposed by chronic ailments, and is greatly prostrated by nervous debility.

The Highland *Recorder* makes complimentary mention of Dr. and Mrs. Cunningham, and Misses Maud and Daisy Yeager, who were in Monterey.

Died.

REV. E. F. ALEXANDER.

Died, at the residence of Mr. John R. Warwick, near Green Bank, W. Va., on the 6th of May, Rev. Edgar Floyd Alexander, pastor of the Presbyterian church, surrounded by faithful and loving friends. May the God of all comfort lighten the grief in his distant home by the knowledge of his duty faithfully done. He was buried on the 8th, 10 a. m., at Liberty church, Green Bank. L.

MISS ELIZABETH BRUFFEY.

Died: of consumption, May 1, 1895, aged 17 years, oldest daughter of William and Martha Bruffey, on Hill's Creek, after a few months suffering. She was a Christian lady, highly respected by all who knew her, but the hand of death has been laid on her, and she has been taken from among her friends, who will mourn their loss, but she left a testimony behind, that she was ready to go at any time.

Asleep in Jesus, far from thee
Thy kindred, and their graves may be,
But there is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep.

W. B. H.

Elk.

Perhaps a few items from this part of the country would not be objectionable.

Rev. Sharp preached an interesting sermon here last Sunday, at which time a Sunday School was organized.

The farmers are busy planting corn.

Oats are looking fine this season and the outlook for good crops is favorable.

Randolph Hambrick had a horse choked to death on oats last Saturday night.

John Hannah, who has been visiting his daughters in Randolph and Webster counties, has returned home.

Draper Wees an accomplished stone-mason, from Highland county, will work on Elk this Summer. Those who want work done in this line will do well to call on him.

FARMER'S BOY.

The White House of the Confederacy is now used for a colored school house.

There are twenty-five women running country papers in Kansas.

Clover Lick.

We are having fine growing weather. Just now small grain is looking well. Some corn has been planted.

Mrs. Sallie Ligon is improving in health, we are glad to state.

Dr. Ligon has been called to see Rev. E. F. Alexander, who is very sick. Mr. Mack McAlpine, also is very ill at this writing.

Mr. Howard meeks has been quite unwell for some weeks with rheumatism. He is getting better,

Mr. Andrew Myers, of Virginia, is here doing some work on his farm.

R. H. Dudley is having a lot of the "Ligon Fence" built. This is the fence for this country and every farmer ought to invest in a right to use the patent.

Joe Gibson, of Monterey, is here drumming for wool for Bishop & Bro., and offering 16 cents per lb. in goods which seems very cheap.

NOT DROWNED.

Peter Kramer, who was supposed to have been drowned, has turned up again, and is now visiting his brother, Phillip Kramer.

NEW BIRD.

Howard Showalter, of this place, and Joe Gibson, of Monterey, on their way to Linwood, caught on the top of Elk Mountain a queer bird of the species of water fowl, and pronounced by good naturalists to be a curlew. The curlew is an aquatic bird of the *genus numenias*, and the grallic order. It has a long bill; its color is diversified with ash and black; and the largest species spread more than three feet of wing. It frequents the seashore in winter, and in summer retires to the mountains. This bird is of the same family with the wood-cock and sand-piper and is much prized for food. Its various species are widely scattered over both continents.

Dr. John McLaughlin, of Addison, has been to see his relations in this county.

Sheep buyers get your mutton faces fixed up! There is a fine lot of lambs in this neighborhood.

BLUBAKER.

Lobelia.

Fine growing weather. Corn planting is the order of the day. Fine prospects for fruit, in this section of the county.

Mr. R. W. Hill, of Academy, took a fine lot of cattle to the mountains last week.

Mr. H. L. Casebolt has a fine cow for sale, near Lobelia.

Mr. John Eagle, who went to Webster to work, cut his foot so badly, that he has not been able to work since March the 15th.

Wanted: a lady to take charge of house and family, good house, reference furnished on application, W. B. HILL, Lobelia, W. Va.

Rev. D. C. Hedrick preached two grand sermons at Mt. Olive Saturday and Sunday.

Rev. Clark and family are at home on a visit, from Highland county, Va. OBSERVER-

That Same Old Hawk.

This town has several alarms every day. Every family keeps a lot of chickens, and there is a certain hawk which is absolutely fearless of man and drops down in plain view to capture a fresh victim. Shots, scare-crows, and noise are nuts to him, and he is thriving on his fare. A lady informed a reporter that it was the "*Impidentest* critter she ever seen." This is an awful "cuss-word" with her set, and generally used only in speaking of some of our young men who loaf about town. The hawk ought to be abated, and if only the town had been incorporated a reward would be placed on his head by the council. We lack organization.

Biblical Question.

In reply to a query of our Green Bank correspondent, as to which verse in the Bible contains all the letters of the alphabet except one, Messrs. Lewis Yeager and Lock Kee give the same answer, to-wit: Ezra 7:21 contains all the letters of the alphabet except the letter J.

Miss Maud Mason, of Huntersville, also sends the correct answer, and asks the question, how often does the word *and* occur in the Old Testament?

A man named Damet has just passed an examination in theology at Troy, Kansas.

Green Bank.

We are having fine growing weather. Corn plauting is the order of the day in this part of the county.

Messrs. E. F. and C. O. Arbogast will have near fifty acres in corn this season.

Died: On the 6th of May, 1895, at Mr. J. R. Warwick's, Rev. E. F. Alexander, after eight days of great suffering caused by stricture of the bowels. Our hearts are heavy for we loved him as a brother, for no one knew him but to love him, and he was never known to speak harshly of any one. His remains were laid to rest in the beautiful grove at Liberty church, of which he was pastor.

Loving friends weep not for me;
I long to be at rest,
How happy, happy shall I be
When pillowed on my Saviors breast
Oh, the hope the hope is sweet,
That we soon in heaven may meet,
There we all shall happy be—
Rest from pain and sorrow free.
(Written by a friend.)

Died: On the 5th inst, at her home two miles above here, 'Aunt' Jenny Gillispie, after a long life, she being 86 years old. She was a member of the Methodis church, South, and enjoyed the religion of Christ daily.

J. H. Curry is suffering from something like lagrippe, and has in a measure lost his speech again.

Mr. William H. Hull is off to Beverly to attend Court. Miss Leila accompanied him to her aunt's, Mrs. W. T. McClintic.

Born: To Mr. and Mrs. Snoden Cooper, a girl, (not a boy, as stated in last week's issue.)

BIG FOOT.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

State of WEST VIRGINIA,
POCAHONTAS COUNTY, to wit:

At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of said County, on Monday, May the 6th, 1895.

James M. Turner
versus
Samuel D. Bright, Elizabeth Bright, his wife; Medora Tracy; Phebe R. Ervine; E. N. Ervine, her husband; Eliza Stone and Daniel Stone, her husband; the unknown heirs of Mary Wilfong, deceased; Emma Rider, heir of Ann Turner, deceased, and Hugh Rider, her husband; Sarah Doyle and George W. Doyle, her husband; J. C. Arbogast, Administrator of John W. Davis, dec'd; Robert G. Slaton; and Robert Ervine.

The object of this suit is to obtain a decree of partition of the lands of John Bright, deased, among his heirs, containing abont 45 acres, on which Robert Ervine now resides, if fractionable, and if not, to sell said land and divide the proceeds among those eutitled thereto. And it appearing by affidavit filed that Emma Rider, Hugh Rider, Elias Wilfong, George W. Doyle, Sarah Doyle, and the unknown heirs of Mary Wilfong, deceased, are non-residents of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the first puplication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Witness: J. H. Patterson, Clerk of our said Circuit Court, this 6th day of May 1895.

J. H. PATTERSON,
ANDREW PRICE, p. q. Clerk.
M8-4t.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

State of West Virginia, Pocahontas County, to-wit. At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of said county, on Monday, May 6th, 1895.

In the matter of School Lands:
Pocahontas county, W. Va.,
B. M. Yeager, Commissioner.

State of West Virginia,
VS.

A tract of 243¾ acres, a tract of 30 acres, a tract of 20 acres, a tract of 1¼ acres, a tract of 3¾ acres, a tract of 30 acres, a tract of 10 acres, a tract of 3 acres, a tract of 271 acres a tract of 2308 acres, a tract of 304 acres, a tract of 1623 acres, a tract of 277 acres, a tract of 100 acres, a tract of 219 acres, a tract of 76 acres, a tract of 800 acres, a tract of 2 acres, a tract of 11 acres, a tract of 6 acres, a tract of 84 acres, a tract of 1500 acres.

THE object of this suit is to obtain a decree from the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County to sell the above named tracts of land for the benefit of the school fund of West Virginia, having been forfeited for the non payment of taxes.

The following tracts set out below are those of the above named tracts in which non-residents are interested as owners or claimants, with the general description and location of each:

1st—A tract containing 30 acres, situated in Edray District of said county, forfeited in the name of Francis Adkinson for non entry on the land books of said county, now owned by the heirs of Hannah Cloonan, and being a part of the old Abel Adkinson tract.

2d—A tract of 1¼ acres, patented to George Craig, June 30th, 1845, forfeited for non-entry on the land books of said county, lying on the waters of Knapp's Creek, and adjoining the lands of the Frederick Burr Estate.

3d—A tract of 3¾ acres, patented to George Craig, June 30th 1845, forfeited for non-entry on the land books of said county, and lying on the waters of Knapp's Creek and adjoining the lands of the Frederick Burr Estate.

4th—A tract of 3 acres of land situated in or near the town of Huntersville, forfeited in the name of George Craig for non-entry on the land books of said county.

5th—A tract of land containing 271 acres forfeited for the non-payment of taxes for the year 1892, in the name of Samuel B. Campbell, and purchased by the State of West Virginia, situated on the West Branch of Greenbrier River.

6th—A tract containing 304 acres, forfeited in the name of G. W. McDanald for the non-payment of taxes thereon for the year 1891, and purchased by the State of West Virginia; said land is situated on Thorny Flat, on Elk, in said county.

7th—A tract containing 1623 acres, situated near Big Spring, on Elk, in said county, forfeited in the name of G. W. McDanald, for the non-payment of taxes thereon for the year 1891, and purchased by the State of West Virginia.

8th—A tract containing 76 acres, situated on the waters of Knapps Creek, adjoining the lands of I. B. Moore and others, and forfeited in the name of Lanty Lockridge and W. Cleek for the non-payment of taxes thereof for the year 1892, and purchased by the State of West Virginia.

9th—A tract containing 800 acres, situated on Middle Mountain in said county, and forfeited in the name of Henry White and Joseph Seebert's heirs, for the non-payment of taxes thereon for the years 1891 and 1892, and purchased by the State of West Virginia.

10th—A tract of 11 acres, forfeited in the name of Peter Herold, on the waters of Elk in said county, adjoining the lands of Susan McLaughlin, for non entry in the land books of said county.

11th—A tract of 84 acres, on Knapps Creek situated in the Gap above Huntersville, in said county, in the name of of George E. Craig's estate, for the non entry on Land Books.

12th—A tract of 1500 acres of land, on the waters of William's River, in said county, forfeited in the name of John Hamer and John J Jones' Heirs, of the State of Ohio, for non entry on the Land Books of Pocahontas County for more than five years.

And it appearing by affidavit filed that John Cloonan, J. B. Cloonan, Allie Cloonan, J. M. Craig, the unknown heirs of Samuel B. Campbell, G. W. McDanald, R. S. Turk, J. C. Lewis, Mrs. M. C. Warwich, A. G. Lockridge, Lee Lockridge, C. Treat Seebert, Mary Seebert, Peter Herold or his unknown heirs, John Hamer and the unknown heirs of John J. Jones, The Sherwood Company, a corporation existing under the laws of the State of Maryland, are non-residents of the State of West Virginia, and that each one is interested as an owner or claimant in one or more of the above named tracts of land, it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Witness, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said Court, this 6th day of May, 1895. J. H. PATTERSON,
Clerk.
L. M. MCCLINTIC, P. Q. [m10.

All officers in the Austro-Hungarian cavalry must hereafter learn telegraphy.

No night was ever yet so dark that morning did not come.

New York, Paris and Berlin combined lack forty-two square miles of having as great an area as London.

Among the European countries Germany by far outstrips her neighbors in the number of electric railways, both in operation and course of construction.

As the year 1895 advances, it will, in all probability, be found that manufacturing, commercial and agricultural interests will show signs of returning prosperity.

Cadetships to Woolwich and Sandhurst, in England, to St. Cyr, in France, to the German, Austrian and Russian military academies, are all obtained by open competitive examinations or by appointments, tempered by the same.

Night refuges in Paris shelter the arts. The nine establishments in 1893 were used by 137 actors, forty-three singers, seventy-one musicians, twelve pianists, twenty architects, 398 artists (painters), fourteen authors and eighteen journalists.

Twenty years ago Dr. E. H. Dewey, of Meadville, Penn., wrote a book proving that the way to be healthy was to go without breakfast. The cult has lived since then, and, according to the New London (Conn.) Day, there are more than one hundred persons in that town who eat no breakfast.

The proportion of women suicides to that of men is small; whether because their moral courage is less, their moral courage more or their woes lighter, it would be interesting to know. It may, however, be safely assumed that the last named is not the reason, observes the New Orleans Picayune.

The importance of forestry is urged by Professor W. T. Thistleton Dyer on account of the probability that the supply of timber may be exhausted before that of coal. It further appears in view of our complete dependence upon the products of the vegetable kingdom for the necessaries of our existence.

One of the tendencies of the age in the way of railroad improvement, noted by the New York Telegram, is the increased length of rails. The Pennsylvania has laid a few miles of sixty-foot rails, and the Lehigh Valley has been trying forty-five-foot rails. Now the Columbus, Hocking Valley and Toledo will lay a few miles of the sixty-foot rails as an experiment. The utility of the long rail is that it requires fewer joints, and, in consequence, affords smooth riding.

The growth of scholarships in the leading universities of this country is one of the best signs of educational progress, declares the San Francisco Chronicle. A scholarship can only be obtained by a good student who has mastered his specialty, but at Cornell University the system is now tried of offering eighteen scholarships, each worth $200 for two years, to freshmen who pass certain special examinations in addition to the usual test for matriculation. If many of our colleges spent less money on buildings and more on scholarships the work done would be greatly improved in quantity and quality.

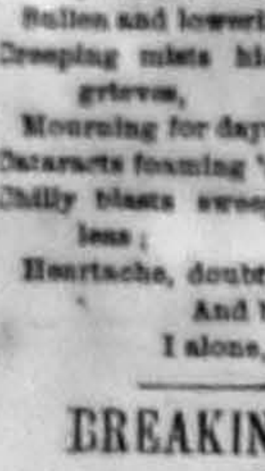
"Dime Novel" Beadle, the man who became famous as the publisher of "dime novels" long before cheap literature was so plentiful as it is now, died at residence in Cooperstown, N. Y., recently, announces the New Orleans Picayune. Seeing the immense profit to be made on cheap and sensational literature, in 1858 Mr. Beadle established a printing office for that purpose in New York, and thus became the forerunner of the many concerns which now flood the country with flashy stories—stories that fill the small boy's heart with delight and his soul with crime. Parents and police who have been called on to discipline little boys whose heads have been turned by the wild adventures of "Blue Mink, the Bowery Tough," and stories of that ilk, hardly regard Mr. Beadle as a public benefactor, but, on the other hand, one must remember with abiding gratitude that he inaugurated the movement that put the best thoughts—the greatest books—within the reach of the poorest.

LIFE'S CONTRASTS.

Perfume of roses and warbling of birds,
Sweetest of sweet June days,
Kindliest glances and tenderest words,
Shadiest woodland ways;
Murmuring brooklets and whispering trees,
Drowsiest song of the soft humming bees;
Hope, love, trust, peace
I and he, he and I.
And besides—

Wintry winds rustling the fallen, dead leaves,
Sullen and lowering the sky;
Creeping mists hiding and earth as she grieves,
Mourning for days gone by;
Cataracts foaming 'neath bare, leafless trees,
Chilly blasts sweeping o'er lone, barren leas;
Heartache, doubts, tears,
And besides—
I alone, only I.

BREAKING THE ICE.



WHEN William Larker irrevocably made up his mind to take Mary Kuchenbach to the great county picnic at Blue Bottle Springs, he did not tell his father, as was his custom in most matters. To a straight-laced old Dunkard like Herman Larker the very thought of attendance upon such a carousal, with its round dancing and square dancing, would have seemed almost impiety. Henry Kuchenbach was likewise a member of that strict sect, but not quite so narrow is his ideas as his more pious neighbor. Yet to him also the suggestion of his daughter being a participant in such frivolity would have met with scant approval.

But William was longing to dance. For many years he had secretly and fondly cherished the belief that he was possessed of much inborn ability in that art—a genius compelled to remain dormant by the narrowness, the strictness of his family's ideas. Many a rainy afternoon had he given vent to his desire by swinging corners and deux-et-deux-ing about his father's barn floor, with no other partner than a wheat sheaf, and no other music than that produced by his own capacious lips.

It was for this reason that when on one beautiful July day William Larker, attired in his best—a plain black frock coat, trousers of the same material reaching just below his shoe-tops, a huge derby hat no longer black, but green, as a result of long exposure to the elements, and a new pair of shoes well tallowed—stepped into his buggy, tapped his sleek mare with the whip and started at a brisk pace toward the Kuchenbach farm, his stern parent believed that he was going to the great bush-meeting at Bunkertown, twelve miles up the pike, and was devoutly thankful to see his son growing in piety, and when Mary Kuchenbach, buxom and rosy, wearing a plain black dress, the sombreness of which was relieved solely by a white kerchief about the neck, and a gray poke bonnet, as became one of her sect, climbed up and took the vacant place beside him, Henry Kuchenbach, standing at the gate with his wife by his side, called after them as the vehicle rattled away: "Be sure an' tell Preacher Book when he comes this way to stop in an' get that crock o' sausages we've be'n keepin' fur nissus."

And good Mrs. Kuchenbach threw up her hands and explained: "Ain't them a lovely pair?"

"Yes," replied the husband grimly, "an' they've be'n keepin' company six years now, an' that there fellow ain't never spoke his mind."

Meantime the buggy sped along the smooth road, the rattle of its wheels, the clatter of the sleek mare's hoofs and the thrill call of the killdee skimming across the meadows being the sole sounds that broke the silence of the quiet country. A mile was gone over and then the girl said falteringly: "B-e-e-ll, a'n't et wrong?"

William in response hit the horse a vicious cut with the whip and replied:

"Et don' seem jest right to fool 'em, but you'll fergit 'bout et when we git dancin'."

"I a'n't never b'n ter one o' them picnics an' I feel afraid."

Then there was a silence between them—a silence broken only at rare intervals, when one of the pair ventured some commonplace remark, which was always rewarded with a laconic reply of "Yais" or "Yer don't say?"

Up hill and down rattled the buggy, following the crooked country road across the wide valley. Over three low, wooded ridges, then several miles up the broad meadows that line the picturesque Juniata it wended its way, until at length the green grove in the centre of which lies the Blue Bottle Spring was reached.

The festivities had already begun. The outskirts of the woods were filled with vehicles of every description—buggies, buckboards, spring wagons, omnibuses and ancient phaetons.

The horses had been unhitched and tied to trees and fences, and were munching their midday meal of oats, gnawing the bark from limbs or kicking at the flies, while their owners gave themselves up to the pursuit of pleasure. After having seen his mare comfortably settled at a small chestnut, from which she began playfully tearing all the foliage, and taken the lunch basket on one arm and his companion on the other, William Larker proceeded eagerly to the inner portion of the grove, the portion from whence came the sounds of the fiddle and cornet.

They passed through the outer circle of elderly women, who were unpacking baskets and tastfully arranging their contents on table-cloth, spread on the ground—jars of pickless cans of fruit, bags of sandwiches, bottles of cold tea, and the scores of other dainties necessary to pass a pleasant day with nature. They went through another circle of peanut, watermelon, lemonade and ice-cream venders, about which were grouped many elderly men discussing the topics of the day and exchanging greetings, and at length arrived at the centre of interest, the dancing platform. The young Dunkards joined the crowd, which was watching the course of the dance with eager interest.

An orchestra of three pieces, a bass viol, a violin and a cornet, operated by three men in shirt sleeves, sent forth wheezy strains to the time of which men and women, young, old and middle-aged, gayly swung corners and partners, galloped forward and back, made ladies' chains and gentlemen's chains, winding in and out and then back and bowing until William Larker and his companion fairly grew dizzy. The crowd of dancers was a heterogeneous one.

There were young men from the neighboring county town, gorgeous in blazers of variegated colors; there were young farmers whose movements were not in the least impeded by the sombre, heavy clothing, or the high-crowned, broad-rimmed hats that they wore; there were a few particularly forward youths in bicycle attire, and three gay young men from the neighboring city of Harrisburg, whose shining high silk hats and dancing pumps made them the envy of their more rustic companions. The women, likewise, in beauty and dress, went to both extremes. Gayly flowered, airy calico, cashmere and gingham bobbed about among shining, frigid satins and silks as modest as their owners in demeanor. Now in apparently inextricable chaos; now in perfectly orderly form—six sets; now winding into a dazzling mass of silk, calico, high silk hats and blazers, then out again went the dancers.

"Oh, a'n't et grand!" exclaimed Mary Kuchenbach, clasping her hands.

"Thet's good dancin', I tell yer," her companion replied, enthusiastically.

She had seated herself upon a stump, and he was leaning against a tree a few feet away.

"Good dancin'. Jest look at them three ceety fellers, with their high shiny hats, a swingin' corners. Now a'n't they cuttin' it? Next comes 'a la-man all.' Jest watch 'em—them two in th' fur set, th' way they throw their feet—th' gal in pink with th' feller in short pants and a striped coat. Now back. Thet there's dancin', I tell yer, Mary. 'Gents dozey-dough' next. Thet 'ere feller don't call figgers loud enough. There they go—bad in the near set—thet's better. See them ceety fellers agin—swingin' partners! Grand chain! Good all 'round—no—there's a break. See thet girl in blue sating—she's turned too soon. Thet's better—tother way—bow yer corners—now yer own. All over."

The music stopped and the dancers, panting from their exertions, fanning and mopping, left the platform and scattered among the audience.

William Larker's eyes were aglow with excitement. The opportunity of his life had come. He was to dance to real music, with a real flesh and blood partner, after all those years of secret practice with a wheat sheaf in the seclusion of his father's barn. He would put his arms around Mary Kuchenbach, a feat for the accomplishment of which he had probably longed more than the other. While his companion, seated upon the stump, gazed curiously, timidly, at the gay crowd around her, he, his hands thrust deep in his pockets, stood frigidly before her, mentally picturing the pleasure to come.

His feet could hardly keep still when a purely imaginary air floated through his brain, and he fancied himself "dozy—doughing" and "goin' a'visitin'" with the rosy girl beside him.

The man with the bass viol began to rub resin on his bow; the violinist was tuning up and the cornetist giving the stops of his instrument the usual preliminary practice, when the floor manager announced the next dance. One after another the couples sifted from the crowd and clambered upon the platform.

"Two more couple," cried the conductor.

"Come 'long, Mary. Now's our chanc'," whispered the young Dunkard to his companion.

"Oh, B-e-el, really I can't. I never danced in puberlick afore."

"But you kin. Et ain't hard. All yer'll hev ter do is ter keep yer feet a-movin' an' do what the feller that's callin' figgers says."

The gil hesitated.

"One more couple!" roared the floor master.

"You kin dance with th' best uv 'em. Come along."

"Really, no. I'm too nervous. Just wait."

The twang of the fiddle commenced; the cracked, quavering notes of the horn arose above the buzz of conversation.

"Bow yer partners—corners," cried the leader. And the young man sat down on the stump in disgust.

"We'll hev ter git in th' next," he said. "Why it's dead easy. Yer see, this 'eres only a plain quadre-ll. Youse orter see one 'et ain't plain. One of them where they had such figgers ez 'first lady on th' war dance,' like they done at the big weddin' up at Bunkertown three years ago. These is plain. I've never danced before meself, but I've seen 'em do it, an' I've be'n practicin'. All you'll hev ter do is mind me."

And so the following dance found the pair on the platform among the first. The girl trembling, blushing and self-conscious; the young man self-conscious, but triumphant and composed.

"Bow yer partners," cried the floor master, when the orchestra had started its scraping.

Down went the gray poke bonnet; down went the great derby, and a smile of joy overspread the broad face beneath it.

"Swing yer partners!"

The great arms went around the plump form, lifting it off its feet; their owner spun round, carefully replaced his burden on the floor, bowed, smiled and whispered, "Ain't et grand?"

"Corners!"

The young woman in blue satin gave a slight scream that was metamorphosed into a giggle as she felt herself swung through space in the arms of the muscular person toward whom she had careened. Her partner, one of the young city men with a high silk hat, grinned and whispered in her ear, "Oat cake."

"Leads for'a'd an' back!"

William Larker seized his partner's plump hand and bounded forward, bowing and twisting, his free arm gesticulating in unison with his legs and feet. He was in it now, in the thick of the dance; in it with his whole heart. Whenever there was any dozy-doughing to be done William was there; if a cousin went "visitin'" he was with them; when "Ladies in the center!" was called he was there; in every "Grand chain" he turned the wrong way; he gripped the ladies' hands until they inwardly growned; he tramped on and crushed the patent leather pumps of the young city man, and in response to a muttered something smiled his unconcern, bolted back to his corner and swung his partner, and whispered: "Ain't it grand." The young women giggled facetiously, and winked at their acquaintances in the next set; the forward youth in the bicycle costume talked about road-sweepers, and the city young man said "Oat cake."

But the young Dunkard was unconscious of it all to the end—the end that came most suddenly and broke up the dancing.

"Swing yer partners!" bawled the floor master.

William Larker obeyed. A ragged bit of the sole of his shoe, worn through by shuffling, caught in a crack and over he went, his partner clasped tight in his arms, off the high platform.

There was blood on the big boulder and a gash in William's scalp when he was picked up a moment later and carried down to the spring. The doctors poured water over him and bandaged up his head, and when he recovered his senses he found himself the center of all eyes.

His first glance fell upon the white face of Mary Kuckenbach, who, seated on a stump, was weeping heartily, despite the efforts of a large crowd of sympathizing women to allay her fears. He looked up and his eyes met those of the young woman in blue satin, who was looking down on him, and he saw her giggle, and turn and speak into the crowd. He thought that he noticed a high silk hat and heard the word "Oat cake," and then and there he resolved to return and never again depart from the quiet ways of his fathers.

They drove home in the early morning. William Larker and Mary Kuchenbach. And they had crossed the last ridge and were looking out over the broad valley toward the dark mountains at the foot of which lay their homes, when the first word was spoken.

The girl looked at her companion and said: "Be-el, ain't dancin' dang'rous?"

The young man cut the mare with the whip, blushed, and with much confusion, replied: "Yais, kinder. But—but—I'm sorry I drug you off th' platform like that."

She covered her mouth with her hand and giggled. William just saw the corner of one of her eyes as she looked up at him from under the gray bonnet, and replied: "Oh! I didn't min' that. Et was jes' lovely—tell we hit."

The mare swerved to one side toward the fence and the driver seized the rein he had dropped and pulled her back into the beaten track. Then the whip fell from his hands and he stopped and clambered down into the road and recovered it. But when he regained his seat in the buggy he wrapped the reins twice around the whip, and the intelligent beast trotted home unguided.—New York Sun.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

They cut glass now by electricity.

A horseshoe to be affixed without nails has been invented.

Leon Lilienfeld, a young chemist in Berlin, has produced artifical white of egg.

An injured nail on the right hand will be renewed ten days or two weeks sooner than if on the left.

Parisians are introducing porous glass for windows on account of its alleged ventilation facilities.

Cast-iron blocks are being substituted for granite blocks along the tramway rails in Paris streets.

A new application of electro-plating is the sealing of cans of fruits and meat, and of bottles of chemicals.

A fatal fall from a great height is said to be painless, as unconsciousness precedes the crash of concussion.

The extreme cold of the poles is mainly due to the fact that the Arctic Ocean is certainly, and the Antartic probably, a land-locked sea.

Lord Kelvin estimates that the "running slow" of the earth in its daily rotation round its axis amounts to twenty seconds per century.

Careful computation shows that the total capacity of generators and motors in use in railway work in the United States aggregate half a million horse-power.

Southampton, England has a furnace for burning garbage which cost $18,000. It consumes from twenty-five to fifty tons of garbage daily at an annual expense of $1100.

Soap has been substituted for wax on the recording surface of the phonograph by a Berlin inventor. The advantage gained is that soap is unaffected by ordinary changes of temperature.

An enterprise on foot is the collection of wave power on the seashore by building conical tunnels in the rock, up which the billows will send the water to be collected for use in elevated reservoirs at the top.

An instrument known as the "gastograph" has been constructed for the purpose of recording the action of the stomach of a patient under treatment, the movements of the food while it is undergoing chemical action being carefully and minutely recorded by means of electricity.

According to Invention, a building has recently been erected by Herr Wagner, an architect at Limburg, solely of materials formed of ashes, without any admixture of sand. It is claimed that hard natural stones of almost every variety have been successfully imitated with this very cheap material.

The Danger From Matches.

We wonder how our ancestors managed to get along at all before the invention of matches; they are so indispensably handy that we keep them in every room of the house, the "men folk" carry them in their pockets, leave them hanging in their "other clothes" in a dozen closets in all portions of the house; we have a handful resting within reach while we sleep; they are dropped here and there as we attempt to handle them; if it is light, and we readily see them, they are picked up, otherwise they are left till a more convenient season—which generally does not come, simply because they are forgotten, being "only a match"—we can get plenty more for a cent, and time is too valuable to be wasted over so insignificant a trifle.

The moral is obvious; familiarity has bred contempt, and in the use of these dangerous little conveniences we have become extremely careless. It is time to turn over a new leaf. Keep matches in but a few places in the house or the office. Let those few be fireproof receptacles, in which the matches could burn to ashes without endangering anything. Remember that combustion cannot go on without a supply of air, and for that reason, as well as to prevent accidental scattering, the match boxes should always be kept covered.—Good Housekeeping.

Jacketing Guns.

The officers at the Washington Navy Yard have decided to return to the old system of jacketing guns. The recent test of the Sellers method has proved somewhat unsatisfactory. It was tried in the case of an eight-inch nickel steel gun, and while the jacket was put in place, the operation was attended with some difficulty. Under the Sellers plan the jacket is heated in a horizontal furnace, and the tube is then inserted in it. Hereafter all the big guns will be assembled in the old way by heating the jacket in a vertical pit and then dropping it over the gun tube. The workmen have become so expert in the operation under the old system that accidents rarely occur, and the officers have concluded that better results can be obtained under it than under the Sellers plan.—Washington Star.

IN THE RANKS.

A CAVALRYMAN'S LIFE IN THE REGULAR ARMY.

A Hard Time at First—Learning to Drill and Ride—In the Barracks—Play Mixed With Work.

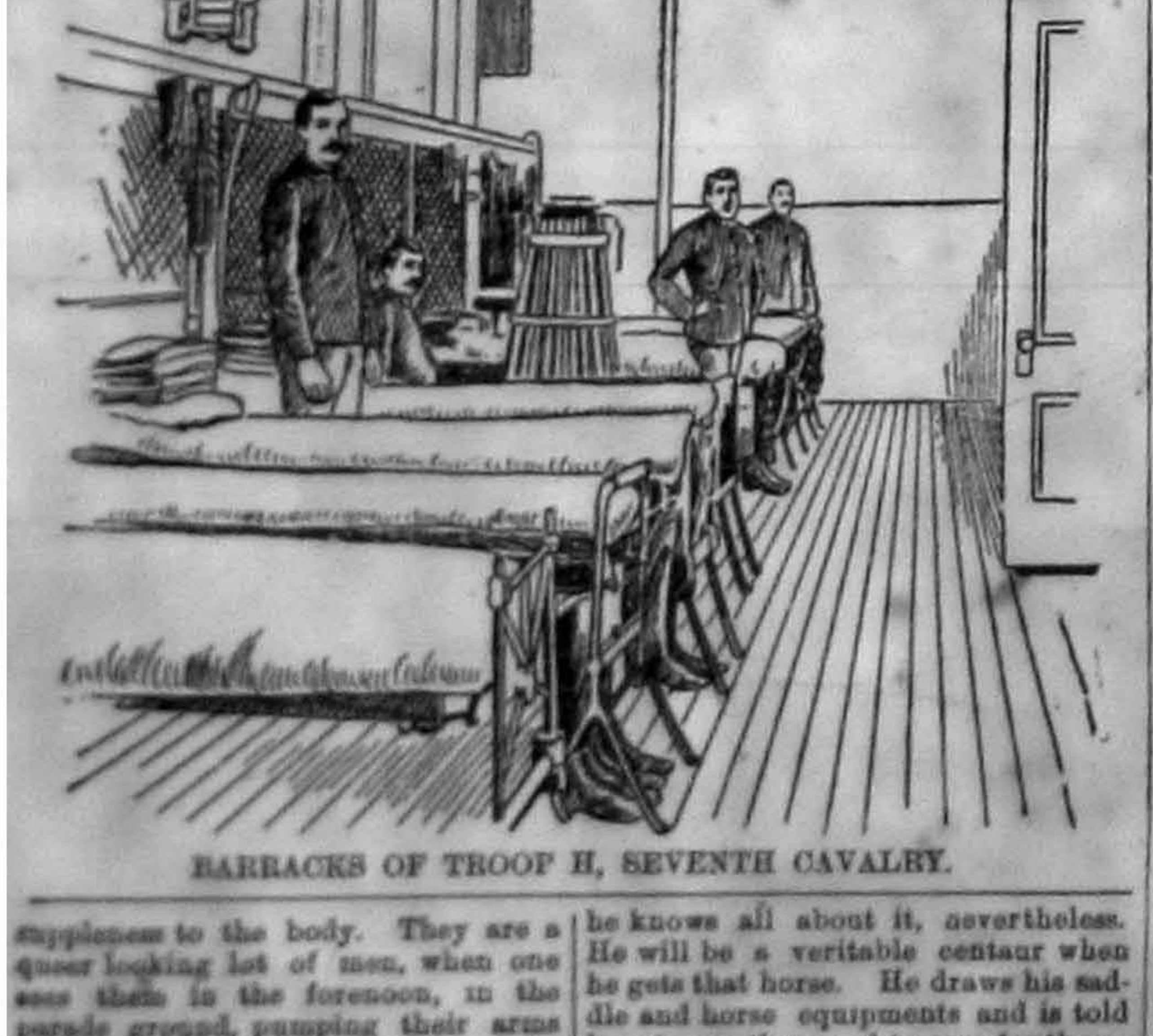
THE life of a soldier in the service of Uncle Sam is but vaguely understood by civilians, says W. J. Rouse in the New York Recorder. Many people imagine that the enlisted man has nothing much to do but to loaf around in warm barracks, eat good food in plenty, draw and spend his pay and worry his mind about nothing. His position is secure and his salary is certain, therefore what better could a man want?

This is doubtless the opinion of many men when they enlist as recruits, but before the two years necessary to the making of a good soldier have elapsed he finds that soldiering is anything but a bed of roses.

After a citizen has signed the enlistment papers at the recruiting officer's office in the city, has been examined and accepted and assigned to a troop in the cavalry service—assuming that he has enlisted in that arm of the service—he is sent to the post where his troop is stationed. At Fort Riley (Kansas) there are detachments of recruits now in process of training for cavalrymen, and it is of their daily life that this article will treat.

The recruit is either sent to the post from Fort Sheridan, Jefferson Barracks, David's Island or Columbus Barracks, according to the locality of his former home, and when he arrives at the post is sent to the recruit barracks. Lieutenant Lewis, of the Second Cavalry, is now in charge of recruits, and Sergeant Dolan, Troop I, Seventh Cavalry, one of the oldest men in the cavalry service, is their drill master. If the recruits arrive in citizens' clothes, uniforms and other clothing necessary to the soldier are given to them. The clothing is warm, substantial and well made.

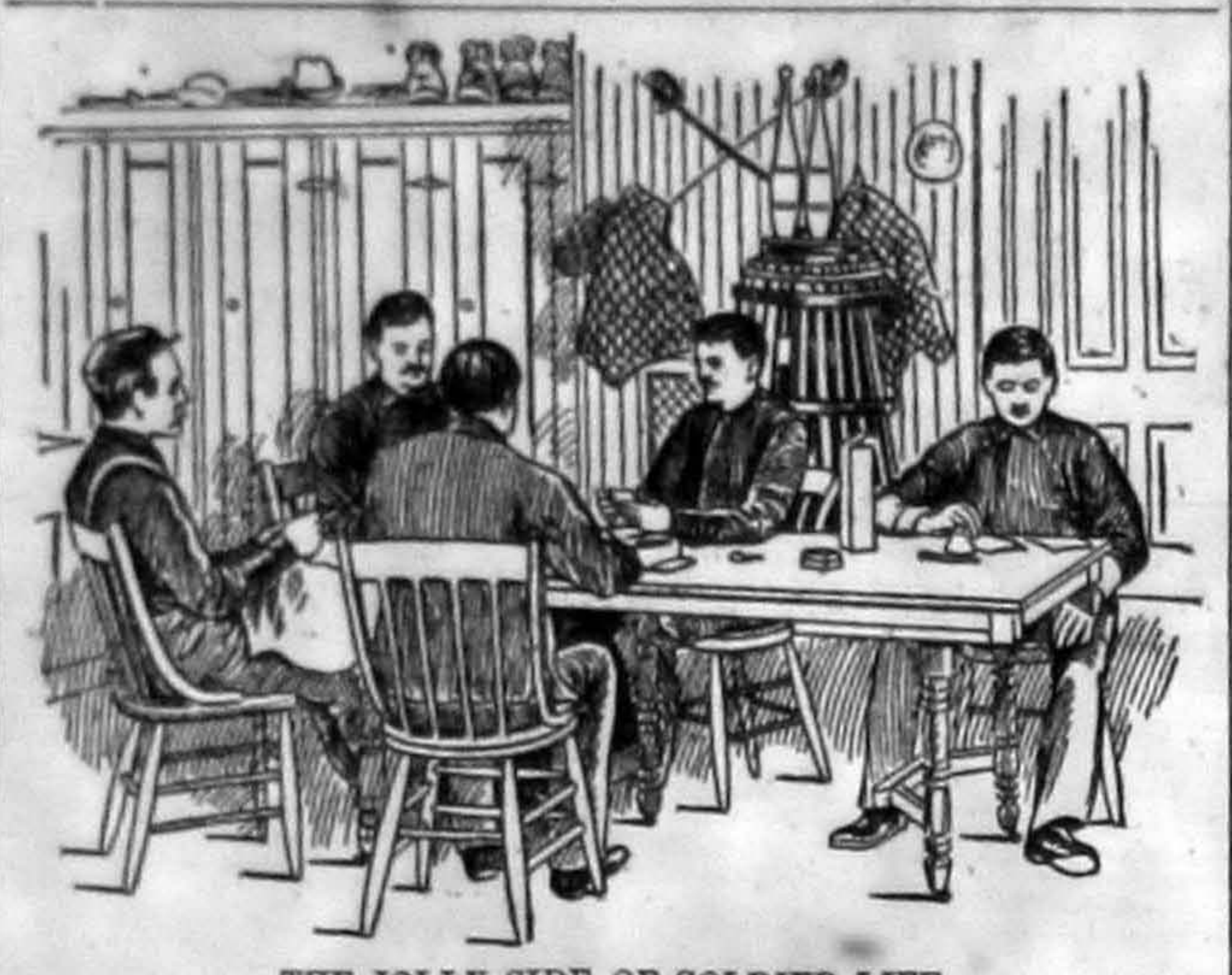
The newcomers are put through a thorough medical examination by the surgeons, immediately upon their arrival and are all vaccinated. When they are ready to begin soldier life in earnest they are issued arms and equipments and their education fairly begins. But they do not have a fine horse to ride, nor are they placed at once in the ranks of the troop to which they have been assigned, by any means. There is a probationary period averaging sixty days, during which the poor recruits wish they were safe at home again every time the sun goes down. Their instructions begin in a very tame manner. A drill master takes them out upon the broad parade ground, surrounded on three sides by the quarters of the cavalrymen, and there puts them through their paces, in full view of the old soldiers, who "guy" them unmercifully at times. After they have been taught to stand in a comparatively straight line, to march in fours and in single file, they are taught a "setting up drill," which is a series of calisthenic exercises, tending to strengthen the muscles and give agility and suppleness to the body. They are a queer looking lot of men, when one sees them in the forenoon, in the parade ground, pumping their arms up and down like the fans of a windmill and turning this way and that as the drill master utters his sharp, authoritative commands. If the recruit is cumbersome or sluggish in his movements, or is inclined to be funny, means are always found to make him look upon the serious side of the business and that without delay.



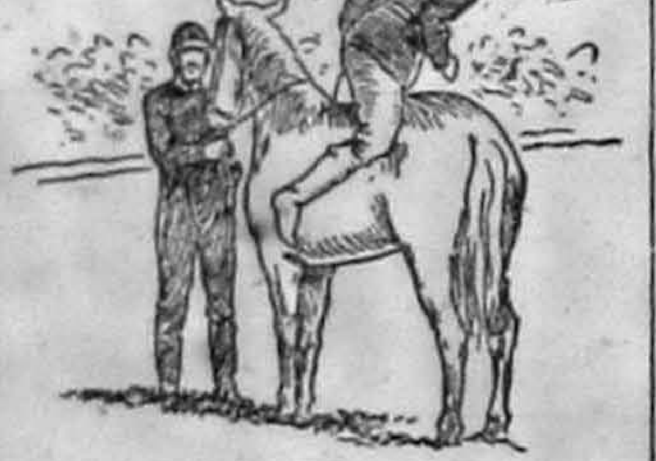
BARRACKS OF TROOP H, SEVENTH CAVALRY.

One of the first facts that dawn upon the brain of the new men is that there is a very wide gulf between an officer and an enlisted man. He is educated to this fact carefully and thoroughly and is shown how properly to salute an officer when necessary. This is a lesson he never forgets, for it is put into daily use as long as he is a soldier.

After marching, and facing, and wheeling, and walking over the rough parade ground until he is tired and stiff and sore, the recruit is given his arms. He is taught the sabre and carbine drill dismounted and later the manual of the pistol is added. Days elapse before he progresses to this point, however, and they are days of the hardest sort of work, which seem never to have an end. He eats ravenously at the big mess hall during this time, for he has not yet cultivated that abhorrence for steamed beef that will come to him later. He will see the day when he will hate the sight of a cow alive or dead, and will not be on speaking terms with a butcher for the remainder of his natural life. But he hasn't attained that point yet. He has an appetite entirely out of proportion to Government rations, and would eat three times his portion of everything if he could get it. The easy marching and slow drills he has seen and which he thought were nothing allied to work are beginning to have weight. The tedium is becoming oppressive and he longs for the time to come when he will be able to look out of his barracks and see some other poor recruit "pounding sand" on that terrible parade ground as he has been doing.



THE JOLLY SIDE OF SOLDIER LIFE.



NO LONGER A NOVICE.

But there comes a day when he is told that he is to have a horse. He hails it with delight. He has never been on a horse's back in his life, but he knows all about it, nevertheless. He will be a veritable centaur when he gets that horse. He draws his saddle and horse equipments and is told how to use them and to care for them, as well as to groom his horse properly. That is one of the things he didn't think of, but he finds that half an hour every day, from 4.30 to 5 o'clock in the afternoon, has to be spent at the stables, and that if his horse is not groomed to the satisfaction of the inspecting officer, the half hour may lengthen remarkably. But he learns to do this work satisfactorily, and after a few months' practice, does it speedily as well as thoroughly.

But to go back to the morning of his first ride. He enters the great riding hall, which is the largest in the world, except one, and there, in the middle of the hall, sees an officer on a horse. He never imagined a man looked so well on a horse before. Of course, he will be a rider, too, in a day or two. The column of recruits, mounted now upon regular cavalry horses, move forward at a walk. Isn't it delightful. Covering more distance than they used to cover on the parade ground pounding sand and without effort.

The horses are wheeled into single file, and then comes the command "trot!"

The illusion of luxury is dispelled! That horse seems to come down stiff-legged, all four at one time, and the recruit's anatomy receives such a succession of jars that his teeth clatter and he grabs the tree of the saddle for support. The sharp eye of the officer is upon him, however, and he has to let go of that dear saddle instanter. Bumpety, bump, he goes around the big hall, time and again. Will the command "halt" never come?

Two hours of torture, and his forenoon's work is finished. When he gets off his horse his knees tremble under him and he walks from choice at a broad-gauge gait. When he sits down to his dinner the board benches seem to be full of lumps, spots become sore, and for a week he is in a frame of mind to prefer a hot griddle and harder than he ever noticed them to be before. He is experiencing some of the delights of soldiering, but he still has a little pluck left.

The second day is worse than the first, and he loses small portions of skin from the constant rubbing of the saddle. These to a cavalry saddle to sit upon. He cannot stop, however, for he has set out to be a soldier and a soldier he will be if his flesh and bones hold out.

Before he is fairly accustomed to the use of his feet in the stirrups, and just when he is beginning to catch the knack of supporting himself upon them and relieve that terrible bumping, his sabre and carbine are given him, and he is instructed in their use, mounted.

That is the last straw. He has no use of his hands to help balance himself, and he gets a worse pounding than ever. But all good times must have an end, and within a few weeks he rides fairly well in the riding hall and the period of galling unpleasantness is at an end. His education in riding, the use of sabre, carbine and pistol progress rapidly, and eventually, say at a period averaging about sixty days from his arrival at Fort Riley, he finds himself in his troop an "instructed recruit," ready for any service which the troop may be called upon to perform. But he still has that odious name clinging to him and will have it until another detachment of recruits join the troop. Then he will be called a cavalryman and the newcomers will be recruits until the next detachment comes.

Turning now to the old soldiers, that is, all those who have served three years or thereabouts—and some of them have served nearly thirty—let us see how they live, and what they do. Reveille is sounded at 6.30 in the morning, and breakfast is at 7. The drill hour comes some time between 8 and 12 o'clock, according to the schedule laid down for each troop, and after drill comes dinner. At 4.30 in the afternoon "stables" is sounded, and every man not on special duty or on sick report, must groom his horse to the satisfaction of the officer in charge. At 5.30 or 6 o'clock, according to the season of the year, supper is served in the mess hall, and after that the men amuse themselves in their quarters, playing cards, checkers, chess and other games until bed time.

Some of the troops have literary associations and libraries. Books, novels, periodicals and magazines are to be found here in profusion, and in the society or amusement halls are billiard and pool tables, boxing gloves, fencing foils, dumb bells, etc., which are in constant use by the men. Of course other duty is to be performed other than the routine work. About every fifteen days the soldier is detailed for guard duty, and he may be detailed by the officers for special duty at any time. Some of the men, in most cases Swedes or Germans, work for the officers during the hours they are free from duty in their troops. These men are in many cases looked upon with disfavor by their comrades for doing menial service, and the soldiers call them "dog robbers." There are some excellent men, however, who are not averse to earning almost double pay in this way, and it is a question whether their judgment is not better than that of the other men who look down such work as menial.

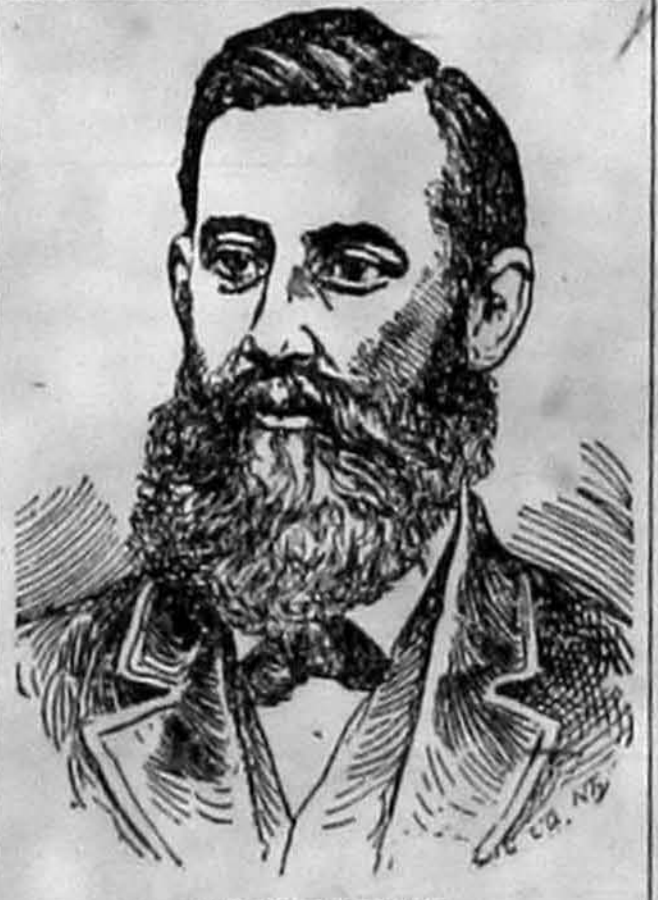
The barracks are roomy, well ventilated, clean to a degree, and very comfortable. The cots are of iron, with good mattresses and plenty of blankets. The rooms are all heated by steam, and are supplied with wash and bath rooms for the use of the men. Each barrack is under the charge of a first sergeant, who is responsible for the cleanliness of the rooms, as well as for the property of the troop. These non-commissioned officers have a room to themselves, in the same building with their troops.

Troop messes were abandoned some years ago at Fort Riley, and a consolidated mess was substituted. This derives some income from the canteen and store, but nothing very magnificent in the way of menu is served. There is beef and substantial food in plenty, and the men all admit that the quality is of the best, but a system of cooking by steam is in use here, and roast beef is unknown. Steam beef is to all intents and purposes like boiled beef, and boiled beef 365 days in the year is monotonous to say the least. The men have sweetened coffee, without milk, and bread without butter, at every meal. The officers agree that the Government ration should be so changed as to feed the men at least properly. The old ration, established for field use in war times, is still in vogue, and the men are allowed only about eleven cents a day for subsistence. There can be no doubt that radical changes are needed in the department, and ought to be made, if the sentiments and opinions of both officers and men amount to anything. As matters in the mess hall now are, the men frankly admit that no cause for desertion in the army is so strong as the mess hall. Many of the men take their meals at the restaurant in the canteen, as long as their pay lasts. These men therefore are simply soldiering for their board, and not the best board at that.

Aside from this one point, Fort Riley is an ideal military station. The buildings and everything in them is of the best, and the location of the post is one of the most delightful in the United States.

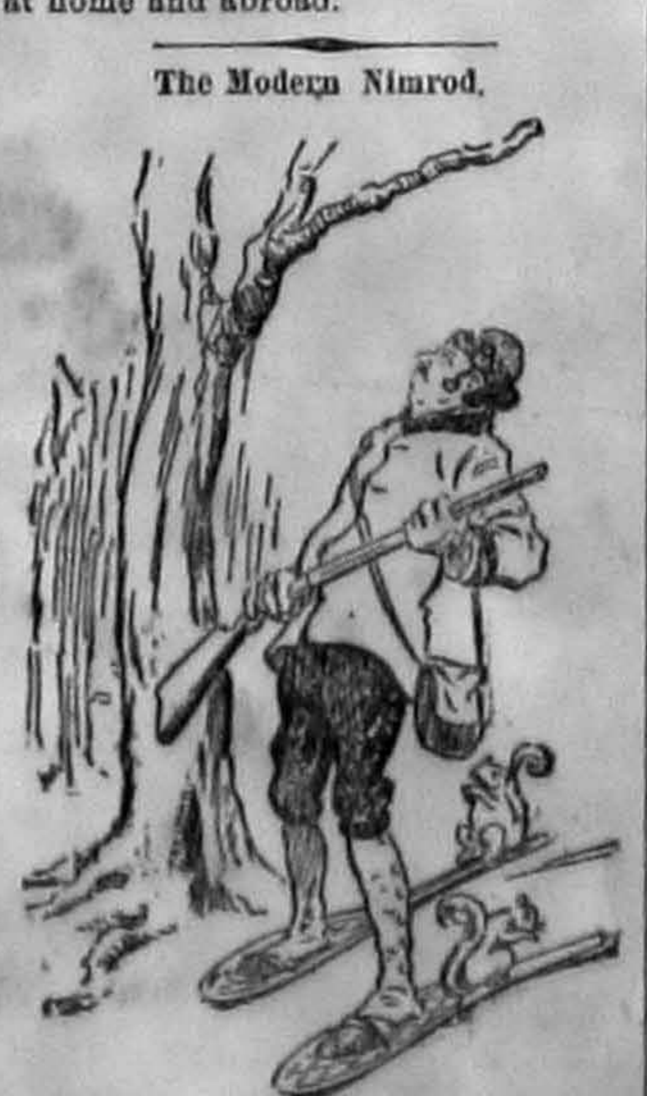
A Noted Yacht Designer.

This is the picture of the noted yacht designer of Bristol, R. I., who has gotten up one successful America's Cup defender and has submitted plans for a fast sailer to meet Lord Dunraven's new challenger. Mr. Herreshoff designed the Vigilant, the Colonia, the Gloriana, the Drusilla, the Mineola and many other boats which have distinguished themselves at home and abroad.



NAT HERRESHOFF.

The Modern Nimrod.



He looks for game on every limb,
Whilst they are making game of him.
—Truth.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS

SUNNING WOOL GARMENTS.

A thing about which women are apt to be careless is the proper sunning and airing of their wool garments. Men of refinement are most particular to see that each woolen suit is hung out of doors after a single wearing, as they realize that colored worsteds never quite lose the smell of dye and also contract an unpleasant animal odor, even when the person is kept scrupulously clean. In this matter it is wise to give both skirts and coats an occasional sunning, and winter, as well as summer, waist linings will become somewhat unpleasant after continued use. An easy and efficacious way of refreshing them is to use water dashed with ammonia and lightly applied with a small stiff brush. It is not necessary to let the moisture penetrate the goods, but if deftly done only the lining is allowed to get wet.

FINE LAUNDRY WORK.

The exquisitely fine silkwrought table-linen of the present day demands something more in the cleansing process than the ordinary laundress is likely to give it. The washboard and boiling suds are scarcely the thing for this modern luxury, and as the housewife is frequently lacking in the knowledge requisite for doing such work to the best advantage, it will soon be in order to have specially detailed servants for this purpose.

It has been suggested that there are, in almost every well-to-do community, women, young and old, who want something to do. While they would not, perhaps, take up ordinary washing as a business, there would be no objection to arranging for the renewing of the beauties of such elegant articles. It takes experience, judgment and some knowledge of chemicals to do such work to the best advantage.

One lady, whose household looks to her hands for all of its provisions, has for some time been doing up table-linen for her acquaintances and for a few of the wealthy families who appreciate such an undertaking. She found it impossible to cleanse these articles without fading on account of the acids and alkalies in the soap she was able to purchase, so she went to work and made her own soap, and with the happiest results. Instead of an occasional piece she now has all she can do with the help of a skilled assistant. The finest colored embroideries, the most elegant laces and fringes, are made to look like new by her careful fingers and a goodly income is the result of her painstaking and industry.—New York Ledger.

SEASONABLE SALADS.

Onion Salad—Break white bread or biscuit into bits, dry in the oven until sufficiently brittle to rub through a sieve. Boil four eggs hard. With two teacupfuls of sifted crumbs mix two small onions chopped, the chopped whites of two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, a teaspoonful of salt, a little pepper, and three tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Add lukewarm water to make a smooth mass, place in a glass dish, smooth the top, and rub the yolks of the eggs through a sieve to cover. Cut the remaining whites into rings and scatter over the top.

Potato Salad—Pare or boil six or eight potatoes the size of an egg; slice thin while hot, and mix with the slices a tablespoonful of chopped onion, and four tablespoonfuls of chopped boiled beets. Let stand two hours then mix in lightly a French dressing.

French Dressing—Beat till well blended two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, a scant teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper, and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Beat till light and foamy.

Bean Salad—Drain a pint of lima beans which have been boiled in salted water till tender but not broken, cut a medium-sized boiled potato in thin slices while hot. Mix with a fork, beans, potatoes, two tablespoonfuls of any cold chopped meat and a teaspoonful of dry mustard. Place in a salad bowl and pour French dressing over the top.

Codfish Salad—Pull codfish into thin strips, soak twelve hours in cold water, then change to fresh and let lie half an hour. Remove the moisture with a soft towel, dip in melted butter, and broil. While warm shred finely and when cold add a very little vinegar. Place on the top of some finely shredded cabbage and serve with mayonnaise dressing.

Mayonnaise Dressing—Beat the yolks of two eggs with half a teaspoonful of salt and a teaspoonful of mustard. Beat in, a little at a time, sixteen tablespoonfuls of melted butter. When a smooth paste results, dilute with vinegar until it is the consistency of thick cream. This dressing keeps well if closely corked.

Ham Salad—Chop remnants of cold boiled ham, mix with a stalk or two of celery cut in bits, or season with celery seed and pour over bacon dressing.

Cold Cream Dressing—Stir to a cream the yolks of two eggs, a scant teacupful of thick cream, two tablespoonfuls of white sugar, three of vinegar, a dash of salt and mustard.—American Agriculturist.

MMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

MMISSIONER'S OFFICE,
Marlinton, W. Va.,
April 23, 1895,

D. W. Sharp
vs. } In Chancery.
Barlow, et als.

RSUANT to a decree of the t Court of Pocahontas Coun. ndered in the above styled on the 2d day of April, 1895, , as Commissioner appointed d decree, proceed at my office e town of Marlinton, West nia, on the 29th day of May, to take, state, and report to at its next term the following rs, viz:

An account of all liens upon land of the defendant, Silas Barlow, with their respective ounts and priorities, showing whom such amounts are due payable.

A statement showing all the ds owned by the defendant, as L. Barlow, together with fee simple and rental value reof.

Any other matter deemed per- ent by myself or required by y party in interest.

n under my hand this 23d day pril, 1895.

W. A. BRATTON,
Commissioner.

OTICE TO LIEN-HOLDERS.

all persons holding liens by ment or otherwise on the real e or any part thereof of Silas arlow:

pursuance of a decree of the uit Court of Pocahontas Coun made in a cause therein pend to subject the real estate of said Silas L. Barlow to the sat- tion of the liens thereon, you hereby required to present all ns held by you and each of you inst the said Silas L. Barlow, ch are liens on his real estate or part of it, for adjudication to at my office in the town of Mar- on, in said county, on or before 29th day of May, 1895.

iven under my hand this 23d of April, 1895.

W. A. BRATTON,
4) Commissioner.

Commissioner's Notice.

t a Circuit Court continued and l for the county of Pocahontas, the court-house thereof, on rsday, April 4th, 1895.

State of West Virginia
vs.
One hundred acres
and
Fifteen acres

the matter of forfeited lands.

On motion of B. M. Yeager, Com. sioner of School Lands of this nty, the above cause of the State West Virginia vs. One Hundred res and Fifteen Acres is referred N. C. McNeil, one of the Com- sioners of this Court, who shall e, state, and report to court the owing matters of account, viz:

st—Whether or not the two cts set forth in the bill as waste l unappropriated lands, are real waste and unappropriated.

d—If waste and unappropriated exact location of said tracts, l all other things required to be ported under chapter 105 of the le of West Virginia, 1891, as ended by the Acts of West Vir ia, 1893.

But before proceeding to take l state and report he shall pub h in the POCAHONTAS TIMES, a wspaper published in this coun and post at the front door of the urt house for four consecutive eks, a notice of the time and ace of taking said account.

A copy, Teste:
J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

The plaintiff and all unknown imants of any part or parcel of e above named 100 acre and 15 re tracts of land, will take notice at on the 29th day of May, 1895, my office in the town of Marlin , Pocahontas County, West Vir nia. I will commence the dis arge of my duties under above cree, at which time and place u and each of you can attend and otect and defend any interests u may have in said tracts of land ven under my hand this 17th day April, 1895. N. C. McNEIL,
9 4t.] Commissioner.

Notice to Trespassers.

All are hereby notified not to tres ss on my land in any way by hunt g, fishing, tearing down fences or grazing or salting stock on the ountain land belonging to the St. awrence Company, which adjoins y farm, and is now in my posses- on. WM. L. HARPER.

ril 10, 1895.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE,
Marlinton, W. Va., Apr 23, 1895.

Andrew C. Wooddell's adm'r.
vs.
Andrew C. Wooddell's heirs, et als.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered in the above styled cause on the 2d day of April, 1895, I will, as Commissioner appointed in said decree, proceed at my office in the town of Marlinton, in said county, on the first day of June, 1895, to take, state, and report the following matters of account, towit:

1st.—A statement of the accounts of Levi Gay as Administrator of Andrew C. Wooddell.

2d.—An account of debts due from Andrew C. Wooddell at the time of his death, with their amounts, priorities, and to whom due.

3d.—A settlement of the partnership accounts of Andrew C. Wooddell and W. A. Shearer, who were partners in running and operating a steam sawmill at the time of the death of the said A. C. Wooddell.

4th.—A statement showing whether A. C. Wooddell was insolvent at the time he executed the trust deeds to S. B. Moore and Lloyd Moore of which attested copies are filed as parts of the bill in the aforesaid cause, marked Exhibits "E" and "H" respectively.

5th.—A statement showing what will be a reasonable fee to allow plaintiff's attorney for prosecuting this suit.

6th.—Any other matter deemed pertinent or required by any party in interest.

And if for any reason the said report shall not be completed on said day, the same shall be continued from day to day until completed.

Given under my hand this 23d day of April, 1895.

W. A. BRATTON,
a264 Commissioner.

Notice to Creditors.

To the Creditors of Andrew C. Wooddell, Deceased:

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said Andrew C. Wooddell to the payment of his debts, you are hereby required to present your claims against the estate of the said Andrew C. Wooddell, for adjudication to W. A. Bratton, Commissioner, at his office in the said office on or before the 1st day of June, 1895.

Witness, J. H: Patterson, Clerk of the said Court, this 15th day of April, 1895. J. H. PATTERSON,
a19. Clerk.

Commissioner's Sale.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county rendered on the second day of April 1895, in the chancery cause of Jas. V. Cackley's executor against Jas. T. Rose

The undersigned special Commissioner will proceed to sell on the 18th day of June, 1895, in front of the court house door of Pocahontas County, at public auction, to the highest bidder, the tract of land conveyed by James V. Cackley to the said James T. Rose, in the bill and proceedings in above cause mentioned. This land is situated upon the waters of Stamping Creek adjoining the lands of A D Grimes' estate, the lands formerly owned by Charles Stewart, and others, is very fertile and well watered and has upon it a comfortable dwelling and necessary outbuildings.

TERMS OF SALE:—sufficient cash in hand to pay the costs of suit and expenses of sale, and the residue upon a credit of 6 and 12 months, the purchaser giving bonds with approved personal security for the deferred payments, bearing interest from date, and a lien to be retained until all the purchase money is paid. N. C. McNEIL,
Special Commissioner.

I, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do certify that bond has been executed by the above Special Commissioner as required by law

J. H. PATTERSON,
a194t] Clerk.

Notice.

All persons are hereby notified not to pass through my place with horses or to trespass on my land in any other way, and that all trespassers will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

CINDA A. SHINNEBERRY.

William Was Right, But—

Col. William R. Morrison, says the Washington *Post*, has spent a great part of his career in hotels, and one of his theories has been that the mind can be so trained that a hotel fire ought not to distract the reasoning faculties when presence of mind is needed. He impressed his theory strongly upon Mrs. Morrison by instructing her how to act if they were ever in a hotel that was on fire.

He and his wife were aroused from their slumbers one night by an alarm. The hotel in which they had their rooms was afire, and there was great confusion and tumult among the guests.

"Now is the time to put into practice what I have always preached to you, my dear," said the colonel. Don't get excited. Put on all your indispensable apparel and take your time. Don't lose your head. Just watch me."

He calmed Mrs. Morrison's anxiety, handed her the articles necessary to her toilet, put on his collar and cuffs, took his watch from under his pillow and placed it in his vest pocket, put on his hat, and walked with Mrs. Morrison out of the burning building into the street.

"Now, my dear," he said when they were safe, "don't you see what a grand thing it is to keep cool and act with a deliberate purpose in an emergency like this? Here yon are dressed, and over yonder are several ladies in complete dishabille."

Just then Mrs. Morrisno for the first time glanced at her husband. "You are right, William," she said, "It is a grand thing to keep cool and act deliberately, but if I had been you I would have stayed in the room long enough to put on my trousers."

◆

Tee estimated population of the world on Jan. 1, 1895, was 1,500,000,000.

◆

Twenty lives lie between the Empire of Germaey and the British throne.

◆

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Important to You.

Having resumed the practice of veterinary surgery (limited) I will treat the following diseases in Pocahontas and adjoining counties, viz: ring-bone bone-spavin curb pollevil, fistula, and heaves. Terms, specific and cures guaranteed. I am also general agent for Eldred's Liquid Electricity, which is a specific for all kinds of fevers, sore-throat, cuts, sprains, bruises, bowel-troubles, and pains of every discription, external or internal. Its timely use will prevent all kinks of contagious diseases. Address,

T. J. WILLIAMS.
Top of Alleghany, W Va

In Poor Health

means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected.

Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

Brown's Iron Bitters

If you are feeling out of sorts, weak and generally exhausted, nervous, have no appetite and can't work, begin at once taking the most reliable strengthening medicine, which is Brown's Iron Bitters. A few bottles cure—benefit comes from the very first dose—*it won't stain your teeth*, and it's pleasant to take.

It Cures

Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver
Neuralgia, Troubles,
Constipation, Bad Blood
Malaria, Nervous ailments
Women's complaints.

Get only the genuine—it has crossed red lines on the wrapper. All others are substitutes. On receipt of two 2c. stamps we will send set of Ten Beautiful World's Fair Views and book—free.

BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

DR. G. C. OSGOOD,
Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

DR. J. F. KINCHELOE,
Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY,
Boston, Mass.
ALLEN C. SMITH, *Pres.*,

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

IT TICKLES YOU

THE INSTANT RELIEF YOU GET FROM

LIGHTNING HOT DROPS.

CURES Colic, Cramps, Diarrhœa, Flux, Cholera Morbus, Nausea, Changes of Water, etc.
HEALS Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Scratches, Bites of Animals, Serpents, Bugs, etc.
BREAKS UP Bad Colds, La Grippe, Influenza, Croup, Sore Throat, etc.

SMELLS GOOD, TASTES GOOD.

SOLD EVERYWHERE AT 25C AND 50C PER BOTTLE. NO RELIEF, NO PAY.

HERB MEDICINE CO. [Formerly of Weston, W. Va.] SPRINGFIELD, O.

Waverley BICYCLES.

Are the Highest of All High Grades

Warranted Superior to Any Bicycle Built in the World, Regardless of Price, or the Name of the Maker.

Read the following opinion of one of the most prominent American dealers, who has sold hundreds of these wheels:

RICHMOND, VA., Oct 2, 1894.

Indiana Bicycle Company, Indianapolis, Ind.:

GENTLEMEN—The Waverly Scorcher and Belle came to hand yesterday. We are afraid you have sent us the high priced wheel by mistake. You can't mean to tell us this wheel retails for $85? We must say that it is, without exception, the prettiest wheel we have ever seen, and, moreover, we have faith in it, although it weighs only 22 lbs., for of all Waverleys we have sold this year and last (and you know that is a right good number), we have never had a single frame nor fork broken, either from accident or defect, and that is more than we can say of any other wheel, however high grade, so called, that we sell. We congratulate ourselves every day that we are the Waverley agents.

Yours truly, WALTER C. MERCER & CO.

High Frame, Wood Rim, Detachable Tire, Scorcher, weight 22 lbs . . $85.

Steel Rims, Waverly Clincher, Detachable Tires, weighs 25 lbs $85

Regular Frame, same weights $85

Ladies' Drop Frame, same weights and Tires . . $75

26-inch Diamond, Wood Rims, weight 21 lbs . . $74

A - GOOD - AGENT - WANTED.

In every town a splendid business awaits the right man. Get our Catalogue "J." Free by mail.

INDIANA BICYCLE CO.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

The Confederate Veteran

and the

Pocahontas Times, $1.65.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VOL. 12, NO. 42. MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, MAY 17, 1895. $1.00 IN ADVANCE.

Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, ... J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, ... R. K. Burns.
Clerk County Court, ... S. L. Brown.
Clerk Circuit Court, ... J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, ... C. O. Arbogast.
Commissioners Co Court { C. E. Beard, G. M. Kee, A. Barlow.
County Surveyor .... George Baxter.
Coroner, ... George P. Moore.

County Board of Health: Dr. J. W. Price, L. M. McClintic, M. J. McNeel, J. C. Arbogast.

Justices: A. C. L. Gatewood, Split Rock; Charles Cook, [illegible]; H. Gross, Huntersville; Wm. L. Brown, Dunmore; G. R. Curry, Academy; Thomas Bruffey, Lobelia.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, third Tuesday in June, and third Tuesday in October.

County Court convenes on the first Tuesday in January, March, October, and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

LAW CARDS.

N. C. McNEIL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts o Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme C urt of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,
ATT'Y. AT LAW & NOTARY PUBLIC
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. A. BRATTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

ANDREW PRICE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will be found at Times Office.

SAM. B. SCOTT, JR.
LAWYER,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

All legal business will receive prompt attention.

PHYSICIAN'S CARDS.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,
DENTIST,
MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
BEVERLY, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in The Times.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office next door to H. A. Yeager's Hotel. Residence opposite Hotel. All calls promptly answered.

J. M. BARNETT, M. D.,
HAS LOCATED AT
FROST, W. VA.

Calls promptly answered.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

State of West Virginia, Pocahontas County, to-wit. At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of said county, on Monday, May 6th, 1895.

In the matter of School Lands: Pocahontas county, W. Va., B. M. Yeager, Commissioner.

State of West Virginia,
VS.
A tract of 243¾ acres, a tract of 30 acres, a tract of 20 acres, a tract of 1½ acres, a tract of 3¾ acres, a tract of 30 acres, a tract of 10 acres, a tract of 3 acres, a tract of 271 acres a tract of 2308 acres, a tract of 304 acres, a tract of 1623 acres, a tract of 277 acres, a tract of 100 acres, a tract of 219 acres, a tract of 76 acres, a tract of 800 acres, a tract of 2 acres, a tract of 11 acres, a tract of 6 acres, a tract of 84 acres, a tract of 1500 acres.

THE object of this suit is to obtain a decree from the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County to sell the above named tracts of land for the benefit of the school fund of West Virginia, having been forfeited for the non payment of taxes.

The following tracts set out below are those of the above named tracts in which non-residents are interested as owners or claimants, with the general description and location of each:

1st—A tract containing 30 acres, situated in Edray District of said county, forfeited in the name of Francis Adkinson for non entry on the land books of said county, now owned by the heirs of Hannah Cloonan, and being a part of the old Abel Adkinson tract.

2d—A tract of 1½ acres, patented to George Craig, June 30th, 1845, forfeited for non-entry on the land books of said county, lying on the waters of Knapp's Creek, and adjoining the lands of the Frederick Burr Estate.

3d—A tract of 3¾ acres, patented to George Craig, June 30th 1845, forfeited for non-entry on the land books of said county, and lying on the waters of Knapp's Creek and adjoining the lands of the Frederick Burr Estate.

4th—A tract of 3 acres of land situated in or near the town of Huntersville, forfeited in the name of George Craig for non entry on the land books of said county.

5th—A tract of land containing 271 acres forfeited for the non-payment of taxes for the year 1892, in the name of Samuel B. Campbell, and purchased by the State of West Virginia, situated on the West Branch of Greenbrier River.

6th—A tract containing 304 acres, forfeited in the name of G. W. McDanald for the non-payment of taxes thereon for the year 1891, and purchased by the State of West Virginia; said land is situated on Thorny Flat, on Elk, in said county.

7th—A tract containing 1623 acres, situated near Big Spring, on Elk, in said county, forfeited in the name of G. W. McDanald, for the non-payment of taxes thereon for the year 1891, and purchased by the State of West Virginia.

8th—A tract containing 76 acres, situated on the waters of Knapps Creek, adjoining the lands of I. B. Moore and others, and forfeited in the name of Lanty Lockridge and W. Cleek for the non-payment of taxes thereof for the year 1892, and purchased by the State of West Virginia.

9th—A tract containing 800 acres, situated on Middle Mountain in said county, and forfeited in the name of Henry White and Joseph Seebert's heirs, for the non-payment of taxes thereon for the years 1891 and 1892, and purchased by the State of West Virginia.

10th—A tract of 11 acres, forfeited in the name of Peter Herold, on the waters of Elk in said county, adjoining the lands of Susan McLaughlin, for non entry in the land books of said county.

11th—A tract of 84 acres, on Knapps Creek situated in the Gap above Huntersville, in said county, in the name of of George E. Craig's estate, for the non entry on Land Books.

12th—A tract of 1500 acres of land, on the waters of William's River, in said county, forfeited in the name of John Hamer and John J Jones' Heirs, of the State of Ohio, for non entry on the Land Books of Pocahontas County for more than five years.

And it appearing by affidavit filed that John Cloonan, J. B. Cloonan, Allie Cloonan, J. N. Craig, the unknown heirs of Samuel B. Campbell, G. W. McDanald, R. S. Turk, J. C. Lewis, Mrs. M. C. Warwick, A. G. Lockridge, Lee Lockridge, C. Treat Seebert, Mary Seebert, Peter Herold or his unknown heirs, John Hamer and the unknown heirs of John J. Jones, The Sherwood Company, a corporation existing under the laws of the State of Maryland, are non-residents of the State of West Virginia, and that each one is interested as an owner or claimant in one or more of the above named tracts of land, it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Witness, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said Court, this 6th day of May, 1895. J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

L. M. McCLINTIC, P. Q. [m10.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

{ State of WEST VIRGINIA,
{ POCAHONTAS COUNTY, to wit:

At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of said County, on Monday, May the 6th, 1895.

James M. Turner
versus
Samuel D. Bright, Elizabeth Bright, his wife; Medora Tracy; Phebe R. Ervine; E. N. Ervine, her husband; Eliza Stone and Daniel Stone, her husband; the unknown heirs of Mary Wilfong, deceased; Emma Rider, heir of Ann Turner, deceased, and Hugh Rider, her husband; Sarah Doyle and George W. Doyle, her husband; J. C. Arbogast, Administrator of John W. Davis, dec'd; Robert G. Slaton; and Robert Ervine.

The object of this suit is to obtain a decree of partition of the lands of John Bright, deased, among his heirs, containing about 45 acres, on which Robert Ervine now resides, if fractionable, and if not, to sell said land and divide the proceeds among those entitled thereto. And it appearing by affidavit filed that Emma Rider, Hugh Rider, Elias Wilfong, George W. Doyle, Sarah Doyle, and the unknown heirs of Mary Wilfong, deceased, are non-residents of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the first puplication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Witness: J. H. Patterson, Clerk of our said Circuit Court, this 6th day of May 1895.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.
ANDREW PRICE, p. q.
M8-4t.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE,
Marlinton, W. Va.,
April 23, 1895,

D. W. Sharp vs. *S. L. Barlow, et als.* } *In Chancery.*

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered in the above styled cause on the 2d day of April, 1895, I will, as Commissioner appointed in said decree, proceed at my office in the town of Marlinton, West Virginia, on the 29th day of May, 1895, to take, state, and report to Court at its next term the following matters, viz:

1st—An account of all liens upon the land of the defendant, Silas L. Barlow, with their respective amounts and priorities, showing to whom such amounts are due and payable.

2d—A statement showing all the lands owned by the defendant, Silas L. Barlow, together with the fee simple and rental value thereof.

3d—Any other matter deemed pertinent by myself or required by any party in interest.

Given under my hand this 23d day of April, 1895.

W. A. BRATTON,
Commissioner.

NOTICE TO LIEN-HOLDERS.

To all persons holding liens by judgment or otherwise on the real estate or any part thereof of Silas L. Barlow:

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said Silas L. Barlow to the satisfaction of the liens thereon, you are hereby required to present all claims held by you and each of you against the said Silas L. Barlow, which are liens on his real estate or any part of it, for adjudication to me at my office in the town of Marlinton, in said county, on or before the 29th day of May, 1895.

Given under my hand this 23d day of April, 1895.

W. A. BRATTON,
a264) Commissioner.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE, Marlinton, W. Va., Apr 23, 1895.

Andrew C. Woodдell's adm'r.
VS.
Andrew C. Wooddell's heirs, et als.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered in the above styled cause on the 2d day of April, 1895, I will, as Commissioner appointed in said decree, proceed at my office in the town of Marlinton, in said county, on the first day of June, 1895, to take, state, and report the following matters of account, towit:

1st.—A statement of the accounts of Levi Gay as Administrator of Andrew C. Wooddell.

2d.—An account of debts due from Andrew C. Wooddell at the time of his death, with their amounts, priorities, and to whom due.

3d.—A settlement of the partnership accounts of Andrew C. Wooddell and W. A. Shearer, who were partners in running and operating a steam sawmill at the time of the death of the said A. C. Wooddell.

4th.—A statement showing whether A. C. Wooddell was insolvent at the time he executed the trust deeds to S. B. Moore and Lloyd Moore of which attested copies are filed as parts of the bill in the aforesaid cause, marked Exhibits "E" and "H" respectively.

5th.—A statement showing what will be a reasonable fee to allow plaintiff's attorney for prosecuting this suit.

6th.—Any other matter deemed pertinent or required by any party in interest.

And if for any reason the said report shall not be completed on said day, the same shall be continued from day to day until completed.

Given under my hand this 23d day of April, 1895.

W. A. BRATTON,
a264 Commissioner.

Notice to Creditors.

To the Creditors of Andrew C. Wooddell, Deceased:

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said Andrew C. Wooddell to the payment of his debts, you are hereby required to present your claims against the estate of the said Andrew C. Wooddell, for adjudication to W. A. Bratton, Commissioner, at his office in the said office on or before the 1st day of June, 1895.

Witness, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said Court, this 15th day of April, 1895. J. H. PATTERSON,
a19. Clerk.

Important to You.

Having resumed the practice of veterinary surgery (limited) I will treat the following diseases in Pocahontas and adjoining counties, viz: ring-bone bone-spavin curb pollevil, fistula, and heaves. Terms, specific and cures guaranteed. I am also general agent for Eldred's Liquid Electricity, which is a specific for all kinds of fevers, sore-throat, cuts, sprains, bruises, bowel-troubles, and pains of every discription, external or internal. Its timely use will prevent all kinks of contagious diseases. Address,

T. J. WILLIAMS.
Top of Alleghany, W Va

Rev. E. F. Alexander.

The Rev. Edgar Floyd Alexander died May the 6th, 1895, at the home of Mr. John Warwick, near Green Bank, after an illness of one week.

He was a native of North Carolina, eldest son of Mr. D. L. Alexander, of Harrisburg, Cabarrus County. Immediately after his graduation at Union Seminary three years ago he was invited to supply the churches of Liberty, Baxter, Frost, and Driftwood, and was soon after installed pastor of the same. This pastoral relation was of a very pleasant character. Pastor and people became more attached as they came to know one another better. On the 28th of April he preached at Dunmore, from Matthew 9:36–38, "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that he will send forth laborers into his harvest." This proved to be his last preaching service. Monday afternoon, after spending most of the day at Col. Pricharrd's he set out for Green Bank, apparently in good spirits. On the way he was seized with severe cramps, and being met by Mr. Warwick, who noticed there was something ailing him, persuaded him to return with him to the house and rest awhile. He did so, and was never able to reach his home. A complication of diseases developed and after a week's suffering Mr. Alexander died, at 4 p. m., a few minutes after a touching prayer for his father and mother, brother and sisters, his congregations, and the heathen far away had been fervently offered up.

He was buried May the 8th, in the grove close by Liberty church. The services were conducted by Rev. D. S. Sydenstricker, D. D., assisted by Revs, Maxwell and Price. The text was first Corinthians, 15:58, "Knowing that your labor is not in vain in the Lord." The obsequities were attended by one of the largest assemblies ever seen in this region. Though an exceedingly busy season, stores, shops, and farms were vacated, and a more than Sabbath stillness prevailed while the funeral exercises were in progress.

The acting pall-bearers were Elbert Warwick, Hunter Moomau, Wardell Arbogast, Matthews Hanna, Paris Yeager, and Robert Oliver. The selection of the acting pall-bearers was for the purpose of illustrating the peculiar esteem in which the deceased was held by young people of the various persuasions that attended his ministry. The honorary pall-bearers were S. B. Hanna, W. L. Brown, Dr. Moomau, J. B. McCutcheon, C. Pritchard, A. Dysard, C. Lightner, Geo. Kerr, Ed. McLaughlin, and John Doyle, elders and deacons of the various congregations present.

The grave was turfed and then decorated by a profusion of flowers, tastefully arranged as crowns, crosses, and anchors, expressive of the affectionate respect cherished for his memory by the ladies of his congregations.

"Soldier of Christ, well done,
Praise be thy new employ,
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Savior's joy."

W. T. P.

An Unfortunate Admission.

"You began practice in Arkansas, did you not, doctor?"

"Yes," replied the physician, "I did. I would have gotton along all right, if it had not been for my diploma. It occurred to one of the natives to ask what it was. 'My diploma,' I answered. 'It is from one of the best schools in the country.' 'You don't mean to tell me,' said the old man, 'that you hadter go to school to larn your trade, do ye?' 'Certainly, said I. 'That is enough for me,' said the old man, 'any feller that hain't got no more natural sense that he has to go to school to larn to be a doctor, an' him a grown man, ain't no man for me,' and he jammed his hands into his pockets and walked out. I stayed six weeks more and gave it up.—*Indianapolis Journal.*